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December 13, 1930

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

RONALD McLEOD

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"All Quiet on the Western Front"
By
ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

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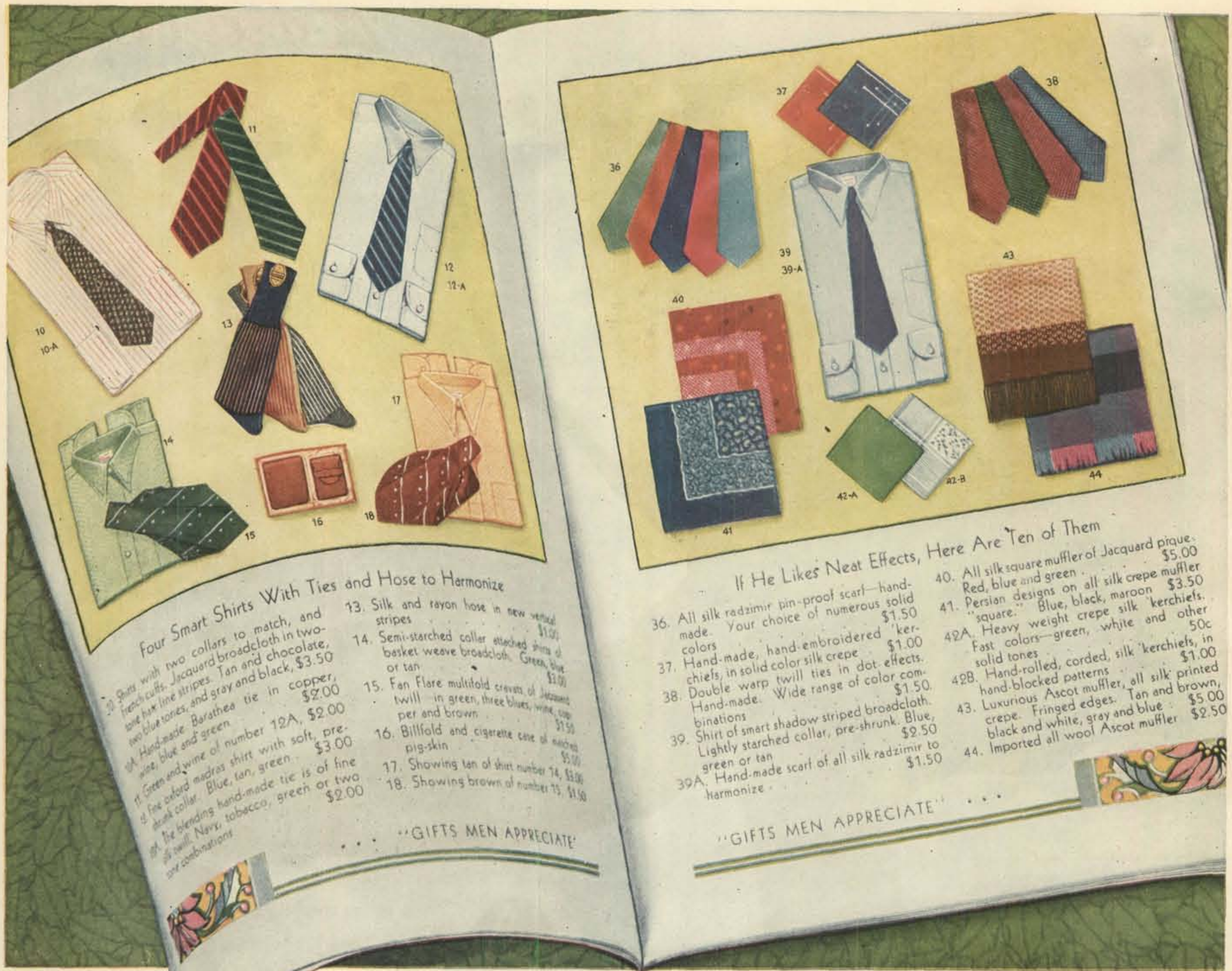
the whole world
will read**

Dec. 13, 1930



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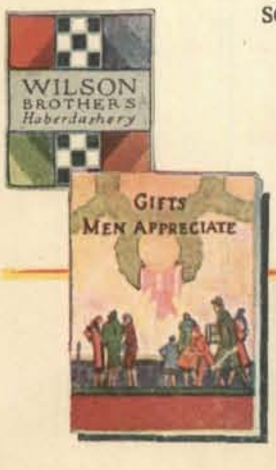

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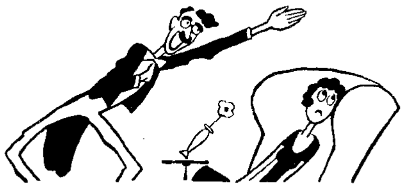
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

ACCORDING to Jack O'Hearts, who went into the importing business shortly after the Volstead Act became law, St. Pierre "is a little squirt of a burg sort of huddled up alongside some big rocks off *Newfoundland and very hard to get to, any* way you go." It was there that Jack met Lily, a very sweet little girl, indeed. Louie the Lug met her also, but Louie turned out to be no good, which is why he does not sing tenor in the quartet at Good Time Charley's joint in New York, or anywhere else for that matter.

Damon Runyon tells the story in "The Lily of St. Pierre," a tale that rings with barber-shop chords and underworld discords.



A WOMAN who has our deep sympathy is Mrs. Groucho Marx. A comedian, of all people, should do no homework, but Groucho just can't stop being a funny man. It's a sad life and no one realizes it more than Mr. Marx, but he hasn't the nerve to break the habit. He makes a full confession, which Mrs. Marx has heard before, in his article "My Poor Wife!"

—

STEPHEN MOREHOUSE AVERY'S short story "The Most Beautiful Girl" is about an artist who draws magazine covers and illustrations and a very young woman who represents France in an international beauty contest. What a pair! There's never any doubt about who loves whom and to that extent your nerves are spared; but the suspense furnished by a low person named Billings is more than adequate. Billings, we might as well warn you, will stop at nothing.

—

TOM CAMPBELL, the famous farmer, has returned lately from his second trip to Russia. At the request of the Soviet government he has helped in the planning of their agricultural program. In an interview with Owen P. White, Mr. Campbell tells of Russian collectivized farms so large that they make his own 75,000-acre farm in Montana look like a garden patch.

Mr. Campbell was permitted the utmost freedom in observing and photographing Russian farms. What he saw is told in "Wheat on the Grand Scale."

MANNER does it; front does it; gilt-edge does it. Foresight, skill, manner—he possessed them all, and his reward already filled his eyes like fruit on a tree. "A plate-glass front and a fast fade-out." That's Tachman on his way out of an auction-room with a stolen diamond necklace in his pocket. William J. Neidig tells you how "Front Does It!"

—

W. B. COURTNEY takes you through the air with the early birdmen, Bleriot, Rodgers, Beachey, Ralph Johnstone, Robert Collier and their gallant fellow pioneers; Herr Remarque continues his great novel "The Road Back;" the Short Short Story, Grantland Rice, Sol Metzger and others provide a full program. And what are you going to give *me* for Christmas, Father?

THIS WEEK

December 13, 1930

Cover—Ronald McLeod

Page 7—Erich Maria Remarque

The Road Back, Part I: A sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Page 10—William G. Shepherd

Gunmen Dodge This City: The city being Milwaukee, the hard-boiled.

Page 12—Lucian Cary

Food After Midnight: A love story and a tasty snack.

Page 14—Don Marquis

The Other Woman: The utmost in courage and sacrifice.

Page 16—Rob Wagner

Talkie Troubles: The confusion of tongues.

Page 19—Grantland Rice

What's Wrong With Football? Money, for one thing.

Page 20—John B. Kennedy

Tasmanian Terror: A fistic romance.

Page 22—Walter Davenport

Yes, Your Excellency! Huey Long of Louisiana.

Page 23—Zane Grey

Robbers' Roost, Part X: Adventure, very Western.

Page 25—Uncle Henry

Easy to Take: Food for the mob.

Page 26—William MacHarg

The Ring: A Detective O'Malley short story.

Page 29—The Short Short Story

Why Gloria Smiled: By Stewart Robertson

Page 30—Marie Beynon Ray

Be Your Own Gem Expert: Easy lessons in jewels.

Page 43—Milton C. Work

How Would You Play It?

Page 49—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

Prosperity Preferred: By all.

Page 64—Word Hunt

Page 72—Sol Metzger

With His Back to the Enemy.

Page 78—Editorial

Any Week

NOT feeling any too strong just at present, we shall take care to avoid any gathering which might include Dr. B. C. Abernathy of Sondheimer, Louisiana, and Mr. W. J. Mortimer of California. You who wisely read this column every week recall Dr. Abernathy's ferocious denunciation of President Hoover, calling Mr. Hoover names that even Mr. Charlie Michelson, head sniper for the Democrats, would deprecate. Mr. Mortimer advises us that "any red-blooded American would be very glad to kick Dr. Abernathy ten blocks" and that he, Mr. Mortimer, is full of that kind of blood. We publish this merely to rally all peace-loving citizens to assist us in keeping the two gentlemen apart. Alone we don't feel quite up to it.

—

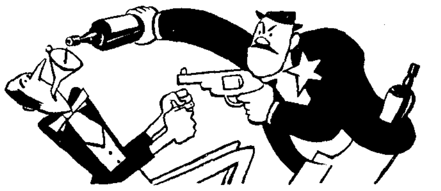
MR. GUY HAYTHORN of Wichita, Kansas, appears with what looks like an idea. Having listened too long to rival candidates for public office denounce each other as bandits, racketeers, liars and so on up to rather serious accusations, he finds himself shocked to hear, after the last vote had been thoroughly counted, the losers congratulating the winners and the latter speaking tenderly of the former. Why, Mr. Haythorn wants to know, doesn't the victor, invested with police powers, have his opponent arrested for being a burglar, a pirate and a stick-up impresario? Or was the loser right all along in calling his conqueror a liar? Thank you, Mr. Haythorn.

—

"THOMAS of Harvard" threatens to keep writing until we tell him "who in this whole wide world has the eye to see 'beneath the billowing folds of the alluring costume a pair of nicely slim hips?' " The story he refers to is Richard Connell's "The Duchess of Yorkville." And just to put an end to the controversy we give him the name of the possessor of that eye: Richard Connell.

—

HERE'S Mr. J. Sheldon Evans of Oakland, California, with a contribution for Dr. Wickersham. He suggests a law to give to every citizen two quarts of liquor a day and compel him to drink it. A heavy penalty would fall upon any caught shirking or disposing of their booze in any other way.



AND Mrs. Ernestine Fralich of Duluth, Minnesota, thinks that improvement would be inevitable if we paid our legislators according to their value to government. She suggests a nonpartisan board (where have we heard of bodies so called before?) to decide each week how much we owe each representative and senator, the legislators having no representation before the board during its deliberations.

Leaving you to make the smart cracks.

—

THAT buzz of industry that one hears in Ohio, according to Mrs. Joseph R. Klingensmith of Sandusky, is nothing more important than large numbers of voters thumbing through the records to find out just when Dr. Fess will have to run again for the Senate.

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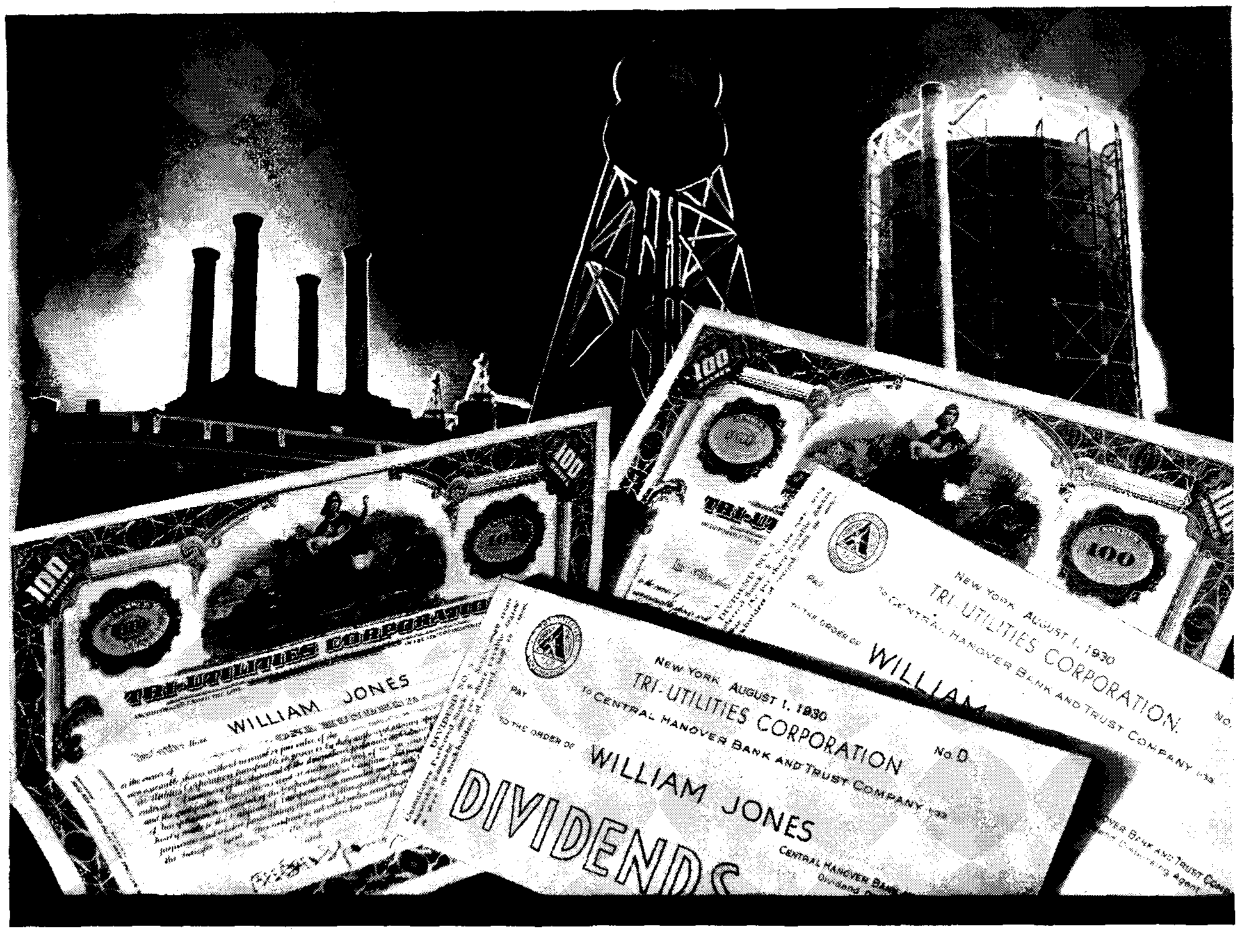
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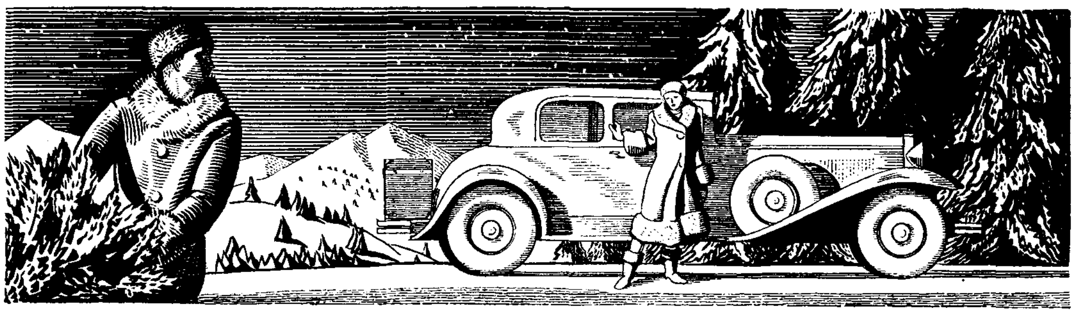

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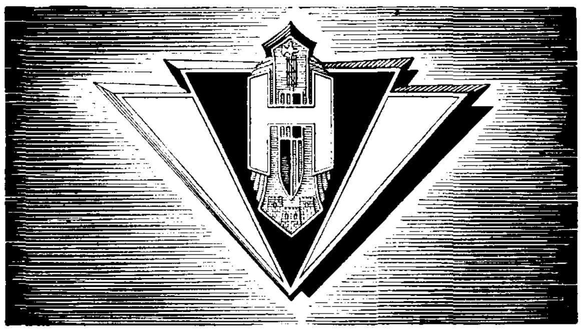

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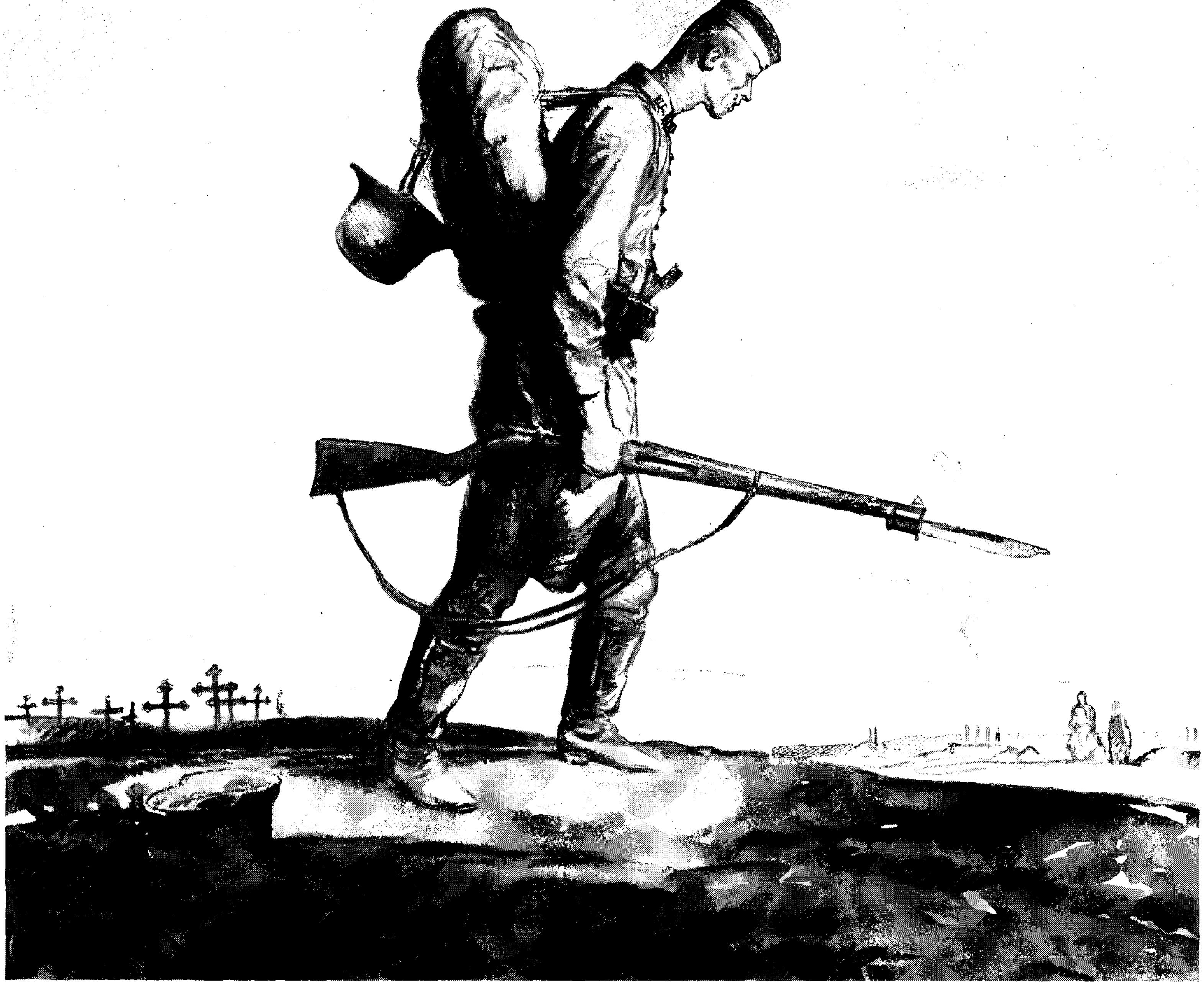


The Road Back

A sequel to All Quiet on the Western Front

ROADS stretch far through the landscape, the villages are lying in gray light; trees rustle, leaves are falling, falling.

Along the road, step upon step, in their faded, dirty uniforms tramp the gray columns. The unshaved faces beneath the steel helmets are haggard and wasted with hunger and long peril, pinched and dwindled to the lines drawn by terror and courage and death. They trudge along in silence; silently, as they have marched over so many roads, have sat in so many trucks, squatted in so many dugouts, crouched in so many shell holes—without many words; so they now trudge along this road back home into peace. Without many words.

Old men with beards and slim lads scarce twenty years of age, comrades without difference. Beside them their lieutenants, little more than children, yet leaders in many night attacks. And behind them the army of slain. Thus they tramp onward, step by step, sick, half-starving, without ammunition, in thin companies, with eyes that still fail to comprehend it: escaped from that nether world, on the way back into life.

We march slowly, for we are tired and have wounded with us. Our group thus lags behind little by little. The country is hilly, and when the road climbs we can see from the summit the remnants of our own troops withdrawing before us, and behind us the dense, endless lines that follow after. They are Americans. Their columns pour on through the avenues of trees like a broad river, and the restless glitter of their weapons runs over them. But around them lie the quiet fields, and the treetops in their autumnal colors tower solemn and unconcerned above the oncoming flood.

We camp for the night in a little village. And in the morning as we are about to start forward two of the men complain of pains. Max Weil takes his first aid bundle from his pack and digs out a thermometer. Korthaus puts it under his armpit without ado, but Ludwig Breyer, who besides the wound in his arm has dysentery also, declines it because he does not want to cause any unnecessary trouble. So we have first to persuade him.

Both of them are feverish. Weil renews their bandages as well as may be. Also he still has some aspirin tablets and these they swallow. Then we assemble our baggage.

Behind the houses in which we have billeted there flows a stream lined with willows. A narrow path runs beside it. We follow it. Kosole is in front. Just where the path opens into the highroad he suddenly springs back and shouts—

"Look out!"

On the instant our rifles are up and we scatter. Kosole crouches in the ditch by the roadside ready to fire; Jupp and Trosske duck, and spy out from behind a clump of elders; Willy Homeyer lays hold on his belt of hand grenades; even Breyer and Korthaus are ready for fight.

Along the village street come some Americans. They are laughing and talking together. It is an advance patrol that has overtaken us.

Adolf Bethke alone has remained unperturbed. He steps forward a few paces. Kosole stands up again. The rest of us recover ourselves also and, embarrassed and sheepish, readjust our belts and our rifle slings—to be sure, it is some days now since fighting has stopped.

At sight of us the Americans halt suddenly. Their talk stops. Slowly they approach. We retire against a shed to cover our backs, and wait. The wounded men we place in the middle.

After a minute's silence an American, tall like a tree, steps out from the group, stands before us and with a gesture greets us: "Hello, Kamerad!" Bethke raises his hand in like manner. "Kamerad!"

The tension relaxes. The Americans advance. A moment later we are surrounded by them. Hitherto we have only seen them so closely when they were either prisoners or dead.

It is a strange moment. In silence we gaze at them. They stand about us in a semicircle; great, powerful fellows, in whom it is at once apparent that they have always had plenty to eat. They are all young; not one of them is nearly so old as Adolf Bethke or Ferdinand Kosole—and they are not our oldest by a long shot. On the other hand none of them is so young as Albert Trosske or Karl Bröger—and they are by no means the youngest of us.

They are wearing new uniforms and new overcoats; their boots are watertight and well-fitting; their rifles are good and their pouches full of ammunition. They are all fresh and unused.

As against these fellows we are a perfect band of robbers. Our uniforms are bleached with the mud of years, the rains of the Argonne, the chalk of Champagne, the bog waters of Flanders; our overcoats ragged and torn by barbed wire, shell splinters and shrapnel, cobbled with crude stitches, stiff with clay and in some instances even with blood; our boots broken, our rifles worn out, our ammunition almost at an end; we are all alike dirty, all gone to wrack, all weary. No man can now imagine what we once were. Like a steam roller the war has passed over us. Breyer, Trosske, Bröger and I are school fellows from the grammar school and the seminar; but for a long time now we have not differed in anything from the others, we belong to them and they to us. Ludwig Breyer, it is true, has stripes on his shoulder straps; but our real leader is the shoemaker, Adolf Bethke.

Yet more troops gather around us. The square is filled with curious eyes. We stand in a corner grouped about our wounded men—not because we are afraid, but because we belong together. The Americans nudge one another and point at our old, worn-out gear. One of them offers Breyer a piece of white bread, but he does not take it, though hunger is in his eyes. Suddenly with a suppressed cry someone points to the bandages on our wounded. These are of crêpe paper, made fast with pack thread. They all have a look, then retire and whisper together. Their friendly faces are filled with pity when they see that we have not even got muslin bandages.

The man who first addressed us has now put his hand on Bethke's shoulder. "*Deutsche—gute Soldat*," he says, "*brave Soldat*—"

The others nod eagerly.

WE MAKE no answer. We are not yet able to answer. The final weeks tried us bitterly; we were all waiting for peace and yet had to go again and again into the battle, losing men to no purpose. But we made no fuss; we did as we had always done; and at the end our company had thirty-two men left of two hundred. And so we came out from it thinking no more, feeling no more than that we had truly done what had been laid upon us to do.

But now, under the pitying eyes of these Americans, we perceive how futile it has all been. The sight of the interminable, well-equipped columns discovers to us against what hopeless odds in man power and material we made our stand. We bite our lips and take stock of ourselves, a ragged band of men, a remnant of mournful valor and disconsolateness, half-starved, sick, piteous, all of us scarred and none of us whole—and just because we do realize how much it has been in vain, all the suffering, all the dying, there now awakens in us a last and sorrowful pride, near to the point of tears were we still able to weep.

Bethke withdraws his shoulder from under the American's hand; Kosole stares ahead into vacancy; Ludwig Breyer draws himself up—we grip our rifles more firmly; our knees stiffen; our eyes become harder and our gaze does not falter. We look back once again over the country whence we have come; our faces become tight with suppressed emotion, and once again the searing thought passes through us: all we have done, all we have suffered, and all that we have left behind.

We do not know what is the matter with us; but if a harsh word were now loosed against us it would sting us to fury, and whether we wanted to or not we should burst forward, wild and breathless, mad and lost, to fight—in spite of everything fight once again.

A thick-set sergeant with a ruddy face shoves his way through to us. Over Kosole, who stands nearest him, he pours a flood of German words. Ferdinand winces, it so astonishes him. "He talks just the same as we do," he says in amazement to Bethke, "what do you make of that, now?"

The fellow speaks better and more fluently even than Kosole himself. He explains that he was in Dresden before the war, and had many friends there.

"In Dresden?" asks Kosole, even more staggered. "I was once there for a couple of years."

The sergeant smiles as though that identified him once and for all. He takes out a packet of cigarettes and offers it to Kosole, who reaches out for them eagerly; there is not one of us but would willingly give his soul for a good cigarette. Our own are made of beech leaves and dried grass, and even those are only the better sort. Valentin Laher declares that the ordinary ones are made of seaweed and dried horse-dung, and Valentin is a connoisseur of such things. We must have smoked mattresses of it, whole forests.

Kosole blows out the smoke lingeringly, with relish. We sniff enviously. Laher changes color. His nostrils quiver. "Give 's a draw," he says imploringly to Ferdinand. But before he can take the cigarette another American offers him a packet of Virginia tobacco. Valentin looks at him incredulously. He takes it and smells it. His face lights up. Then reluctantly he returns the tobacco. But the other declines it and points energetically at the cockade on Laher's forage-cap, which is sticking out from the top of his haversack.

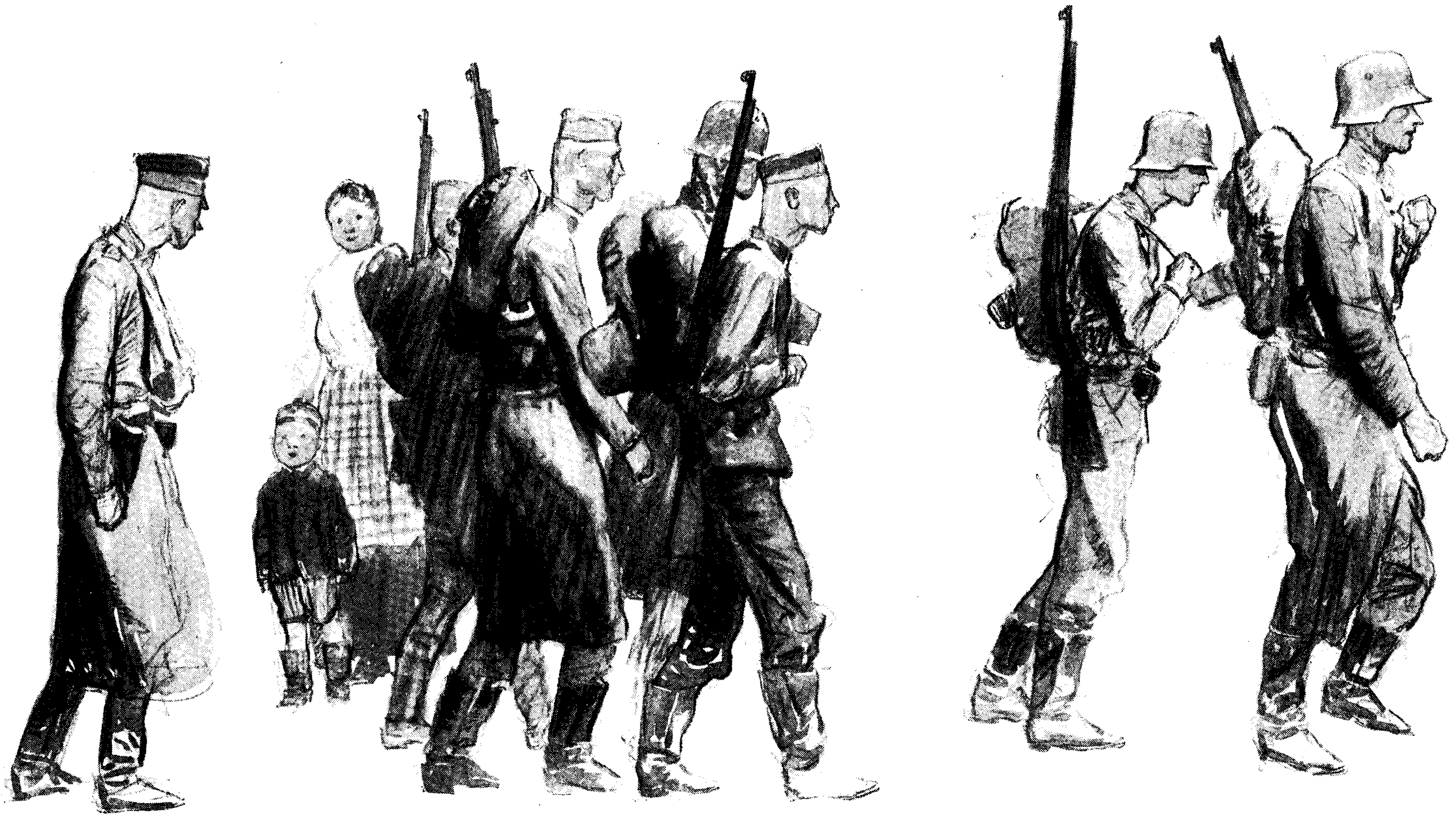
Valentin does not understand. "He wants to exchange the tobacco for the cap-badge," explains the sergeant from Dresden. Laher understands that even less. This corking tobacco for a tin cockade? The man must be crazy. Valentin would not swap his packet for a commission. He offers the cap, badge and all, to the American, and with trembling hands greedily fills his first pipe.

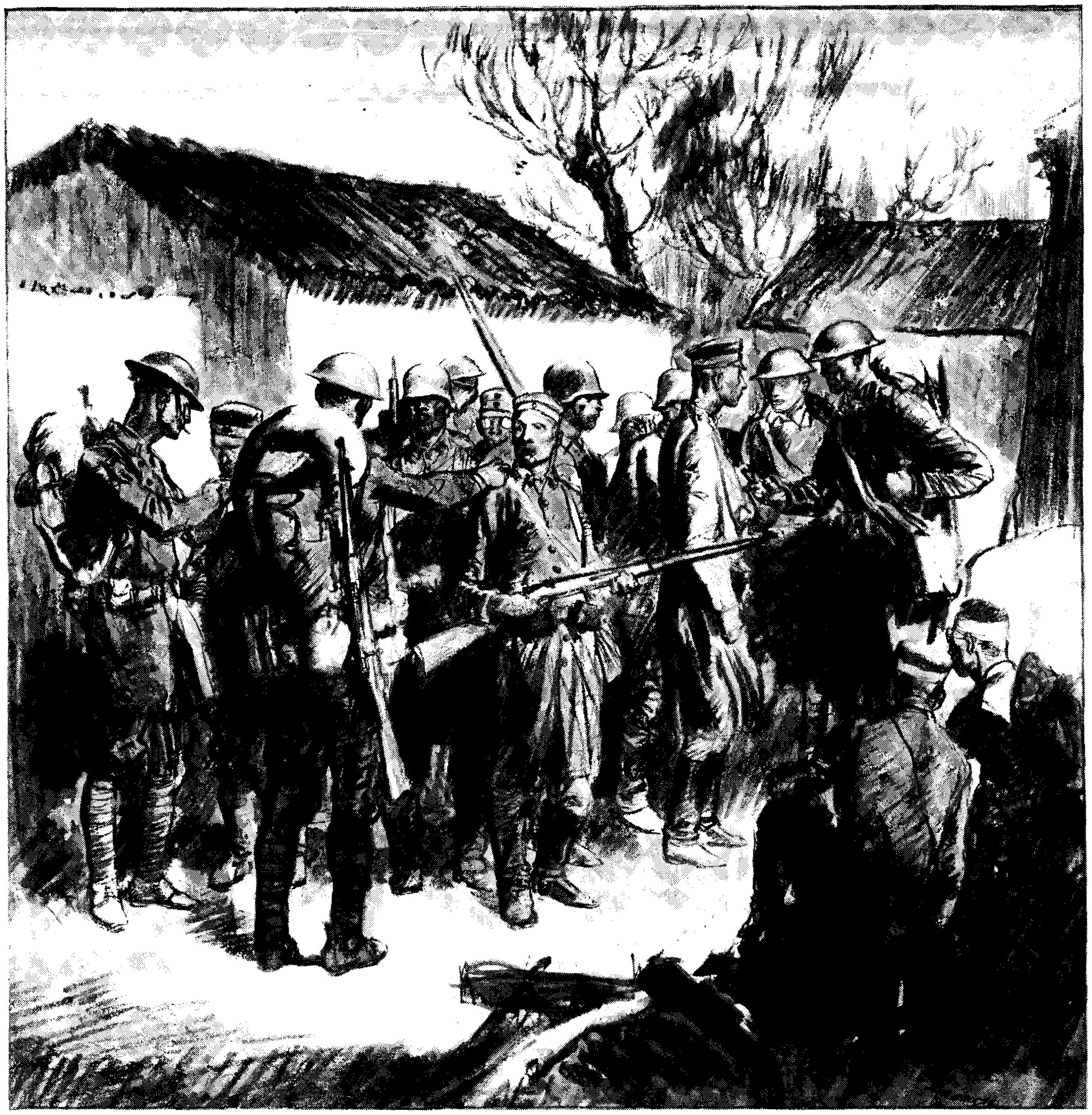
And now we perceive what is afoot. The barter begins. It is evident that the Americans have not long been in the war; they are still collecting souvenirs, shoulder straps, badges, belt buckles, decorations, uniform buttons. In exchange we stock ourselves with soap, cigarettes, chocolates and tinned meat.

Even our wounded are in luck. An American with so much gold in his mouth that his face looks like a brass foundry is anxious to get some pieces of bandage with blood on them in order to be able to prove at home that they actually were made of paper. He is offering first-rate biscuits and cigarettes in exchange. With the utmost satisfaction he carefully stows the rags away in his pocketbook, especially those belonging to Ludwig Breyer. That is actual lieutenant's blood. Ludwig must write on it in pencil the place, his name and regiment, so that people in America may see the thing is not a fake. But for Breyer with his dysentery the biscuits are an absolute godsend. Tjaden thereupon tries in vain to get someone to purchase his puttees as being a personal present from Hindenburg. But he looks too grimy, no one will believe him.

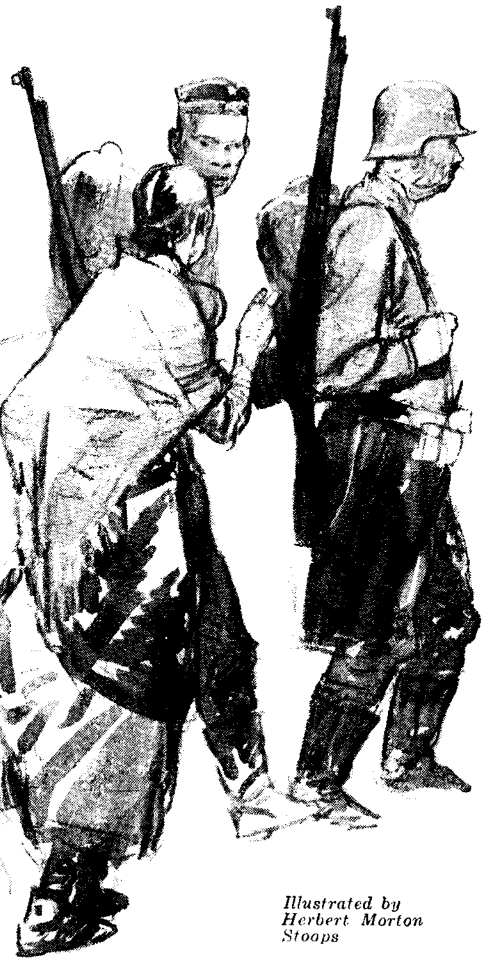
ARTHUR LEDDERHOSE makes the best coup. He produces a box of Iron Crosses that he found in an abandoned orderly-room. An American, just as wizened as himself, with just such another lemon-yellow face, wants to buy the whole box at one deal. But Ledderhose merely gives him one long, knowing slant from his screwed-up eyes. The American returns the look as impassively, just as seemingly harmless. Here something that has survived all the chances of war and death flashes between them—the spirit of trade.

Ledderhose's antagonist soon sees that there is nothing doing. Arthur is not to be tricked: his wares will be decidedly more profitable disposed of in retail, and so he sells them until the box





"Deutsche—gute Soldat," he says. The others nod eagerly. We make no answer. We are not yet able to answer



Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

is empty. About him there rises gradually a pile of goods, butter, silk, eggs, linen and money, so that at the finish there he stands on his bandy legs looking like a department store.

We take our leave. The Americans call and wave after us. The sergeant from Dresden is indefatigable. Even Kosole is moved as far as an old soldier can be. He also grunts a few words of farewell and waves his hand; but in him all this has still an aspect of menace. Then at last he says to Bethke: "Real decent fellows, eh?"

Adolf nods. We go on in silence.

From the villages the folk stare after us. At a railway crossing there are flowers in the watchman's window. A woman with ample breast suckles a child. She has a blue dress on. Dogs bark after us. We smoke vacantly.

Ludwig Breyer eats his biscuits. He can no longer endure our own bread, there is too much roughage in it, and Ludwig's stomach is too weak for rasping medicine.

MARCHING, marching. Now we have reached the zone of field ambulance stations, of supply depots. A spacious park with plane trees. Under the trees stretchers and wounded. The leaves fall and cover them with red and gold.

A gas hospital. Bad cases that cannot be moved away. Blue faces, green beeswax faces; dead eyes, eaten by acid; wheezing, choking, dying men. They all want to get away; they are afraid of being taken prisoner. As though it were not a matter of indifference where they shall die.

We attempt to cheer them, telling them they will be better cared for by the Americans. But they do not listen. Again and again they call to us to take them with us. A few who are able to walk join us and try to hobble along. They do not believe that all will get away before the Americans come. One of them has a hemorrhage, and within four minutes is dead.

The cries are terrible. The pallid faces seem so unreal in the light out here in the open. But the beards are most awful. They take on a life of their own, they stand out stiff, fantastical, growing, luxuriating over the sunken jaws, a black fungus that feeds and thrives the more they sag and waste away.

Some of the badly wounded reach out their thin gray arms like children. "Take me with you, comrades," they say, imploring. "Take me with you, comrades." In the hollows of their eyes already lurk deep, strange shadows from which the pupils struggle up with difficulty like drowning things.

Others are quiet; they follow us with their eyes as far as they can. One has turned over. He is lying on his belly and has his head buried in his arms. It may be that he is unwilling to see us, but perhaps it is just that he has a shot in the buttocks and has to lie like that.

THE cries sound gradually fainter. The road drags on toilsomely. We are carrying a lot of stuff; it would never do for a man to come back home bringing nothing with him. Clouds hang in the sky. During the afternoon the sun breaks through, and birch trees, with now only a few leaves left, hang mirrored in puddles of rain along the way. Soft blue haze is caught in the branches.

While I march with pack and lowered head, on the side of the road, I see an image of bright, silken trees lying in the pools of rain. In these occasional mirrors they are displayed clearer than in reality. They get another light and in another way. Embedded there in the brown lies a span of sky, trees, depths and clearness and I suddenly shiver. For the first time in many years I feel again that something is still beautiful, that this in all its simplicity is beautiful and pure, this image in the water pool before me—and in this shiver my heart leaps up. For a moment all that other falls away, and now for the first time I feel it; I see it; I comprehend it fully: Peace. The weight that nothing eased before lifts at last, something unknown and new takes wing; peace, white peace, trembling horizon, tremulous expectancy, first glimpse, presentiment, hope, exaltation, imminence: Peace.

Sudden panic, and I look around; there behind me on the stretchers lie my comrades and they still call. It is peace, yet they must die. But I tremble for joy and am not ashamed. And that is odd.

Because no one can ever wholly feel what another suffers, is that the reason why wars perpetually recur?

In Belgium we are fired on from behind the houses.

We storm the gardens and find nothing but a few discarded German infantry rifles. They have been either cast away or sold to the Belgians by fellows serving behind the line. But the few shots ever fired from them have sufficed to bring Heinzmann down. He was the oldest of us. Forty-two years old; four years at the front without ever a scratch—and now two bullets in the lung, shot from behind.

We search the houses. A couple of old women are sneaking about in the kitchens like crows. Otherwise all is empty. The echo of our steps sounds mocking on the stairs behind us. We root through the beds and stab into the wardrobes. Nothing.

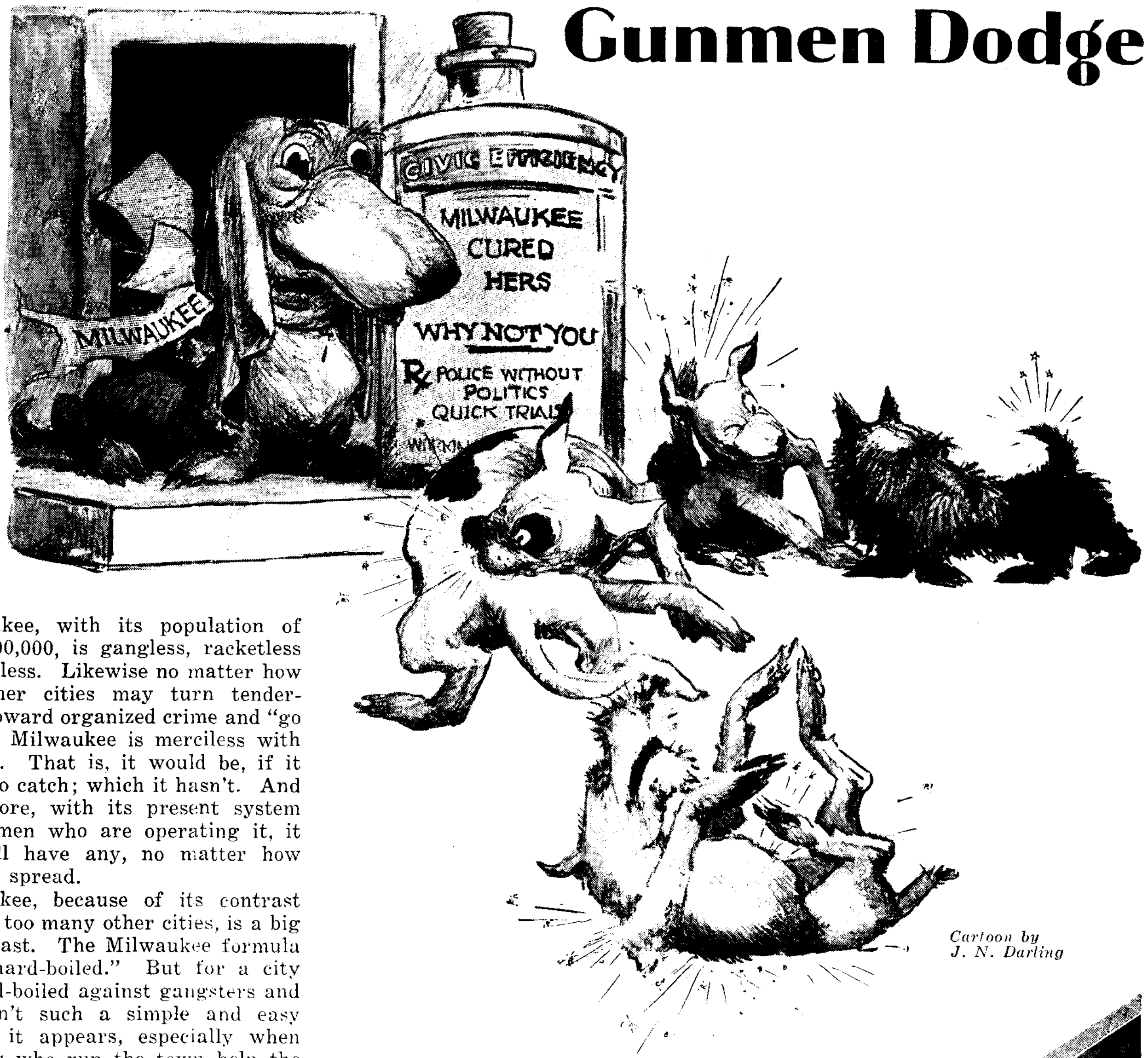
HEINZMANN dies hard. A month ago a fellow in C Company, returning from leave, came hotfoot to Heinzmann to tell him that his wife was unfaithful. Kosole and Willy Homeyer punched him black and blue for it—but too late is too late. Thereafter Heinzmann spoke hardly at all; only when he was drunk he would curse so that even Kosole could not stand it. He lived for nothing but the time when he should get back home and have his revenge.

Now there he lies, and the blood flows foaming out of his mouth. His hands contract. Kosole is squatting beside him, saying savagely: "You, Heinzmann, I will see to it for you, be sure of that. I'll smash her mug so that

(*Continued on page 59*)

Gunmen Dodge

There are few holdups on the streets of Milwaukee; no professional murders; no gangs and gunmen to keep you ducking. Its burglary insurance rates are low; more than 200 per cent less than those of Kansas City, for instance. There's a reason for this paradise of law-abiding citizens. It is so simple you'll wonder why your town doesn't use it!



Cartoon by J. N. Darling

MILWAUKEE is where the Chicago yeggs buy their machine guns." I had that all put down in my notebook; it was information given me two years ago by an eminent citizen of Chicago, highly loyal but also highly misinformed. The tip looked good, however. All I had to do was to go ninety miles to Milwaukee, find a sporting goods shop and buy a machine gun—which was what, as a magazine reporter, I was trying to do, and then write my story.

But I did not go to Milwaukee. And it was Alfred J. Lingle, the Chicago crime reporter, who, as it later developed, was a sort of public relations counsel for organized crime and who was finally murdered by Chicago gunmen, who saved me the trip.

"Milwaukee!" he exclaimed. "Why, these boys here give Milwaukee the run-around all the time. Even the Big Fellow (he meant Al Capone) wouldn't go there any more than he'd hop into a Sicilian volcano. The boys don't go to Milwaukee."

I found the man who had been selling the machine guns to Chicago's crooks; he was right in Chicago. As to the dangers that lurked in Milwaukee for even Al Capone, himself, I was not at that time curious.

That wasn't such a very exciting statement two years ago: "The boys don't go to Milwaukee." There were lots of other cities the "boys" didn't go to either; indeed, at that time, they were confined almost solely to the city of Chicago. The gunman with his customs of "putting on the spot," "taking for a ride," "giving the works" and gang massacre was peculiar to Chicago and its vicinity. He made the city unique.

The fact that the single city of Milwaukee was more free of crime than the single city of Chicago would have made, say two years ago, only a quarrelsome story such as might be written about the rival cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis.

That was two years ago; but today it's different. Chicago is losing its criminal uniqueness. The shooters or their methods have spread out to other cities. They're working in Kansas City, St. Paul, Cleveland, Detroit and other cities; gangdom of the Chicago type is spreading. Street battles occasionally occur in these other towns. Dead bodies, riddled with bullets, are found, hurled from speeding motor cars, along the roadsides. Chicago ways are becoming only too general in other cities.

But *not* in Milwaukee. Lingle was right; with all the spreading out of the "boys" to various other cities and the inter-city expansion of their "business," they did not go *there*, then. And they don't go there today.

Milwaukee, with its population of almost 700,000, is gangless, racketless and killerless. Likewise no matter how many other cities may turn tender-hearted toward organized crime and "go Chicago," Milwaukee is merciless with gangsters. That is, it would be, if it had any to catch; which it hasn't. And what's more, with its present system and the men who are operating it, it never will have any, no matter how gangsters spread.

Milwaukee, because of its contrast with only too many other cities, is a big story at last. The Milwaukee formula is: "Be hard-boiled." But for a city to be hard-boiled against gangsters and crooks isn't such a simple and easy thing as it appears, especially when politicians who run the town help the crooks instead of helping the citizens.

The System in Chicago

Chicago, for instance, isn't hard-boiled against crooks. It can't be at present, in spite of the anger which is being expressed by Chicago business men against a certain publicly listed twenty-eight undesirable citizens. The reason is that, in almost every district in Chicago, the precinct or ward *political* official has more power than the precinct or ward *police* official. The *police* official in any precinct or ward doesn't move against a criminal unless he knows the neighboring *political* captain of the district is willing to have him do so. He arrests no "friend of the boss." And only too many other cities, no matter how much hot water they're in with vice and crime, are becoming

Cops are careful in the town that Mr. Schlitz made famous. Here's one showing the correct way to reprove an erring motorist

J. T. Janssen, Milwaukee's former police chief, whose reputation for integrity and as a strict disciplinarian became nation-wide

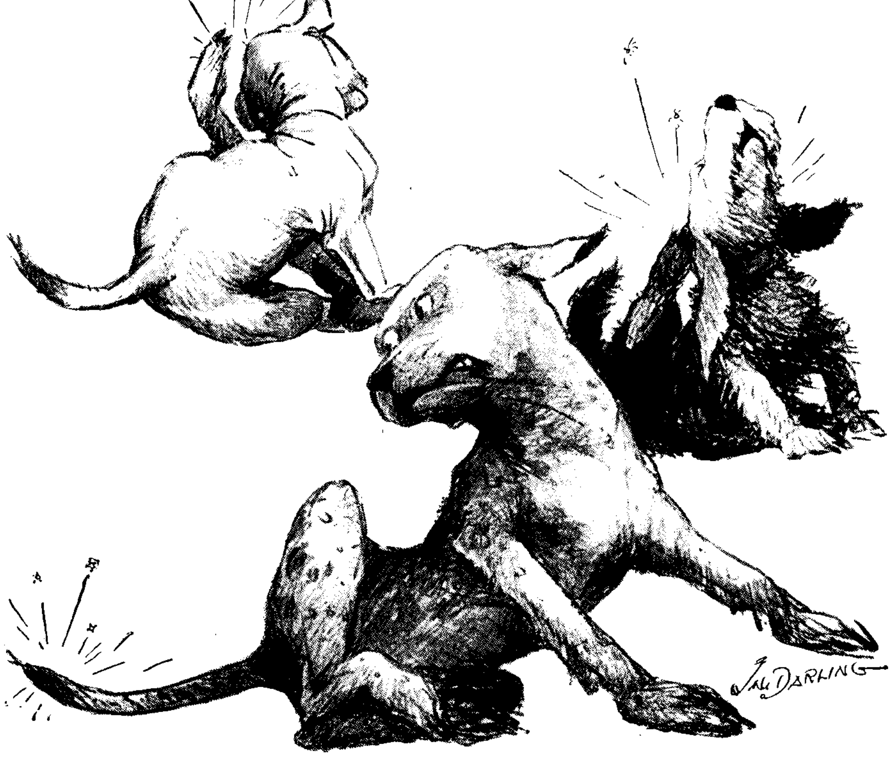
this City

By William G. Shepherd

Jacob Laubenheimer, Sr., for many years first inspector under Chief Janssen, and his son, Jacob, Jr., Milwaukee's present police head

Leland M. Benfer

All wrong, this system, according to Police Chief Laubenheimer. Milwaukee cops don't use your car for a foot rest



as "soft-boiled" with criminals as is Chicago.

It is *not like that* in Milwaukee.

In the first place, the city of Milwaukee has had but two chiefs of police in forty-six years. Neither chief has had anything to do with politics, and politics has had nothing to do with either chief. When a politician went up against a policeman in Milwaukee, the policeman, unless he was obviously in the wrong, won.

Why, the police department of Milwaukee is not afraid even of the newspapers. Here's what one wise editor told me: "In most of the cities where I've previously worked the newspapers always had a pull with the police. We have several hundred employees on our newspaper in this town but if any one of them gets into trouble with the police for traffic violations, drunkenness or anything else, we never say a word to the police. We wouldn't think of asking any favors because we know it wouldn't do any good; might only make things worse. Besides, we want to be free to criticize if we want to.

"And we don't give the police any favors, either. We aren't always putting the names and pictures of policemen into our papers, unless they do something really big. In some towns you'll see the newspapers reporting that Officer So-and-so did this or that or said this or that. That's done to curry police favor. Well, we *don't* do it. We report that So-and-so was arrested, but we don't say what policeman arrested him unless the officer was exceptionally brave. We expect policemen to be brave. We don't coddle individual policemen or police officials with publicity and make heroes out of them. And what's more, the police authorities ask us not to."

The Function of Police

Somehow it was pounded into the heads of Milwaukee citizens, years ago, that policemen are public servants, paid out of the citizens' tax money and that they have a job to do. Even the policemen themselves realize this. When one of them doesn't do his job well the chief hears from the citizen involved and the policeman hears from the chief. When a citizen goes into the police department to make a complaint and opens his remarks by saying "I'm a taxpayer," the policemen don't burst out laughing at him as they do in some towns.

"The newspapers are sitting pretty in this town," my editor friend concluded. "A little fifty-dollar police graft would make a seven-column head which would stir the town to its depths. And the police know it. So do the aldermen. So do the mayor and all the other town and county officials."

There's something really tough about being a policeman in Milwaukee.

Policemen in many other American cities, including, most likely, your own, get their jobs through politicians. They hold them through politicians. When they get into trouble in the department through laziness, drunkenness, graft or inefficiency, the politician can help them out.

It's not like that in Milwaukee. Politicians can't help a policeman there. The chief of police, who is appointed by the mayor but cannot be removed by him, picks his own policemen from young men secured by official advertising, men who are put through vigorous mental and physical tests. The chief of police is practically the hire-and-fire boss of the department. There is something strikingly military in the fashion in which the chief can put an erring policeman into hot water.

Now, given a police department established on this basis, we are beginning to get to the kernel of Milwaukee's secret of being hard-boiled against crime. It is this:

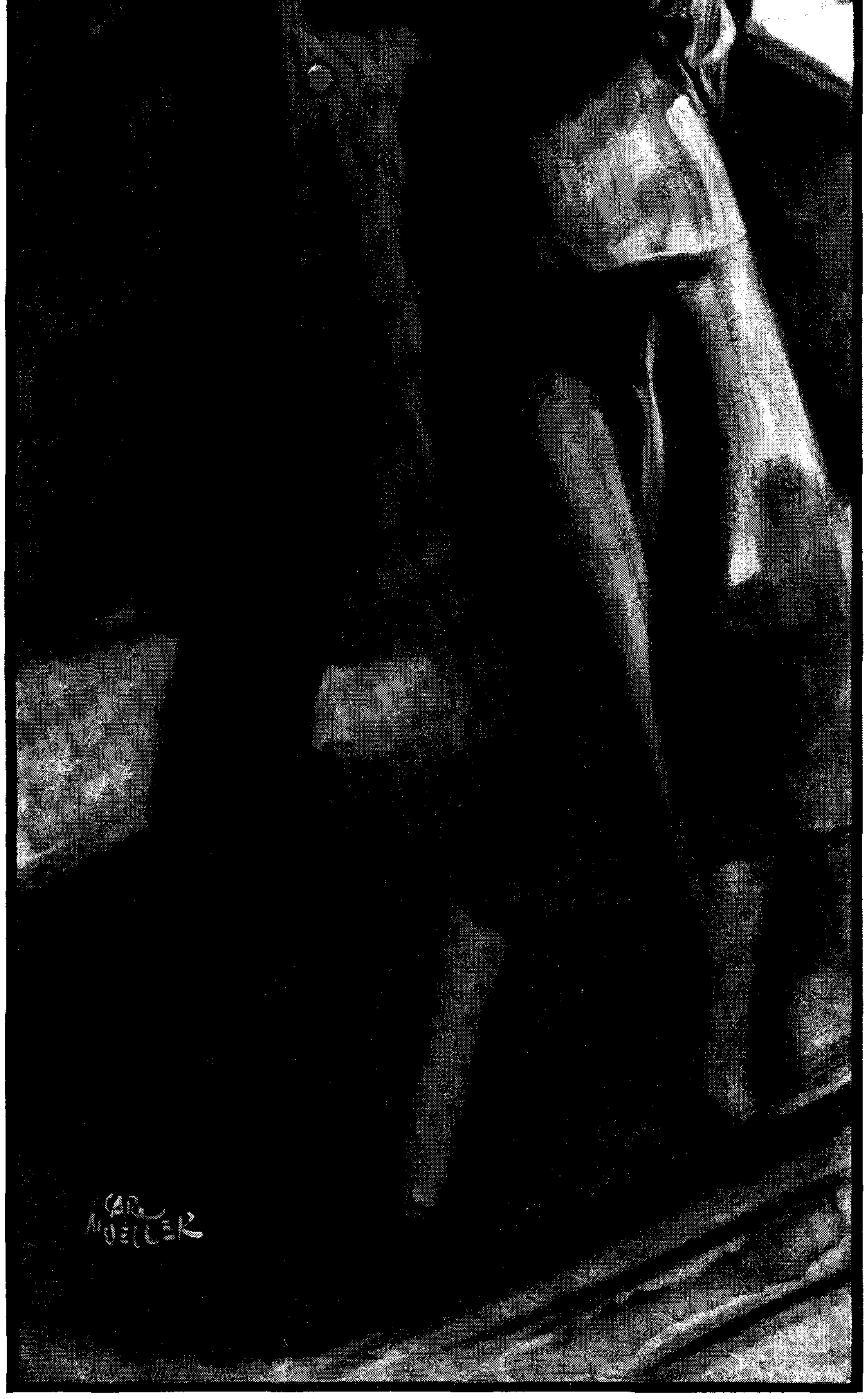
There are no customary cushions of politics, rules, systems or laws between the police and the criminal in Milwaukee. For example, no grand jury handles the cases of prisoners. And the county attorney under political pressure cannot set trials for them when he pleases or even put them off entirely, as in some communities. The judge sets trials and tells the county attorney when to appear in a criminal case.

We once had present in the United States a gigantic prize fighter named Carnera. Suppose his managers were to pit him, some time next fall, in the Yale bowl, in a wrestling match against the entire Yale football team. Rules, of which the public knows nothing, are prepared for the contest of one man against eleven. Great crowds throng to the stadium. They behold the sight of one man rushing forward against an onrushing eleven—though this sight could be no more absurd than that which citizens of most of our great cities may view almost daily in the contest of law and order against crime.

But more absurdity is to follow. Carnera grasps the first man he can get his hands on, raises him high into the air and throws him onto his back. And that ends it all! Carnera has won! The rules, it seems, not understood or appreciated by the public, did not provide that Carnera must throw the entire team on its back. If he could throw only one man, he would be the winner. All the rest of the team, in such case, would be whipped.

Fully as silly as such an imaginary encounter would be is the method most of our cities follow in dealing with criminals. Many units of law enforcement are apparently arrayed against the criminal. There's one policeman or more, a jailer with his deputies, a

(Continued on page 67)



Jimmy stood beside her while she peeked in the window. There was no mistaking the meaning of that scene

Food after Midnight

If you want to learn the deepest secrets of happy marriage, watch what goes on out by the ice box, when the world is sleeping

By Lucian Cary

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

IT WAS so perfect something had to bust.

Jimmy Gardiner was driving Constance Trenholme out the river road to Long Nook, where the Trenholmes live. A fiery September sun had gone down behind the western hills, leaving a golden haze, through which they moved, side by side, their shoulders touching, in deep delight.

Constance was going to be late for dinner and the Trenholmes were giving a dance that night and Constance had things to do at home, but they prolonged the moment as for eight days they had been prolonging their many hours together under the impression that hours were only moments. Jimmy drove slowly, so slowly that now and again on a practically level road he had to drop into second gear to keep from stalling the motor. When he did that Constance looked at him and they smiled.

Once he stopped the car under a big oak tree that overhung the road and waited for the car behind them to pass and go on out of sight. They kissed. For two miles after that they hardly spoke. They were so much in love they did not need to speak. Each knew what the other was thinking and feeling without words.

But they were approaching Long Nook in spite of themselves. It is only nine miles from Westport to the Nook, and how are you going to spend much more than an hour in doing nine miles in a hundred-horsepower roadster even if you are in love? When they reached Long Nook they would have to separate. Jimmy had to drive back to Westport and eat his dinner and dress for the dance. They would not see each other for three hours.

"Oh, Jimmy," Constance said, "I'm so absolutely happy."

Jimmy looked at her tenderly while the car wandered off the road and would have gently bumped a tree if he hadn't caught it. He had thought the first time he had seen Constance that she was the most charming of all the charming Trenholme girls. She outshone each of the others in her quiet way. She was still quiet, still awfully well brought up, but now she had that amazing glow that comes to a woman in love.

HE WAS warmed by that glow, as any man who met her would have been. And he was flattered—as no other man could have been. For it was he and he alone who had aroused that glow. It was all the more flattering because she was so good, so poised, so civilized. He didn't know much about women, being a hard-working young man, but he had some idea of how lucky it was for him that Constance Trenholme could give her heart as fully as some primitive woman.

"I like everything about you," Jimmy said. "I like your manners. I like the way you wear your clothes. I like your name." He repeated her name, dwelling on it: "Constance Trenholme—what a nice sound it has. I like Connie, too. I even like your family."

"You should like my family," she said, "because they're really awfully nice."

"What I mean," Jimmy said, as if he hadn't told her before, "is that it's grand to be crazy about you. It's the grandest thing that ever happened to me. And these other things don't deserve to be mentioned beside that. Only, as long as I am crazy about you, it's sort of nice that I like everything about you—absolutely everything."

"I know," Constance said, "because I like everything about you. What if I'd fallen madly in love with some man there was something wrong about, or that my family couldn't stand, or that didn't care for the things I care for?"

"You'd have refused him," Jimmy said.

"No," Constance said gravely. "If I loved him the way I love you I couldn't help myself. I'd have to marry him even if he were a thug or a gangster."

JIMMY smiled. He was an architect, like his father before him, and he came of a family as sound as the Trenholmes.

"I don't see how there could be any objection to our marrying," he said. "There is nothing to get around—nothing to explain or argue about."

"Even my father and mother will be glad," Constance said. She glanced up at him. "It would be rather fun to tell everybody at the dance tonight, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," Jimmy said. "I've liked keeping it a secret so far. But I can't stand keeping it much longer. I'm so proud of it I want everybody to know it."

"I'd like to tell my father and mother and each of my sisters and brothers separately," Constance said, "and warn each one not to tell anybody else and then see how long it takes before everybody at the party knows."

Jimmy grinned. "Do that," he said. "Your little sister, Bobbie, will give it away if nobody else does. She'd die before she'd tell anything she was supposed not to, but she'll give it away."

Constance laughed. "Yes, Bobbie will. Because she's crazy about you. She told me solemnly that if she were sixteen instead of fifteen she'd marry you."

Jimmy drove through the Trenholmes' gate. On one side was the wide, rambling, weather-beaten old house, with many wings and additions; on the other was the mill pond, with the old mill wheel restored and turning, and the old millhouse repaired and cleared out for parties. In between was a hundred yards of lawn, with a croquet court, a badminton court and a bowling green. The Trenholmes were dining at a long table on the terrace.

Jimmy drove on. The drive curved so that a wing of the house suddenly hid them from the terrace. Jimmy stopped the car and kissed Constance. "I hate to leave you, even for two hours," he said.

"You could stay for dinner."

"No," Jimmy said, "I've got to go back and dress and you're going to be busy. It will be much simpler if I don't stay."

"Anyway," she said, "we'll dance together most of the evening and tomorrow we will have the whole day together."

Jimmy smiled happily. Like everybody else in Westport they were going to the International Polo Match at Meadow Brook. But they weren't going with a crowd. They were going in his roadster, entirely by themselves.

Jimmy drove on up to the front entrance. They were in sight again from the terrace. The seven Trenholmes at the dinner table waved cordially at them. Jimmy and Constance waved back. For a moment they stood beside Jimmy's car and then together they played a little comedy that was dear to them because of its references to the first time he had told her that he loved her.

CONSTANCE held out her hand, as if to a man she had met only two or three times.

"Good-by, Mr. Gardiner," she said. "Such a nice afternoon. Do come again sometime."

"I'd like to," Jimmy said, "I really would."

Constance turned to go into the house, took two steps, and turned back.

"By the way," she said, "we're having a little party tonight. Would it amuse you to come? Of course it will be very simple and informal."

She looked so sweetly provocative as she said the words that reminded him of a glorious moment that Jimmy forgot how he had been brought up and would have taken her in his arms in front of all the Trenholmes. But she was too quick for him. She ran laughing into the house.

Jimmy drove off toward Westport in a daze of happiness, thinking how lovely she was and how lucky he was and how grand life was. They had been this way for eight days, without a single disagreement, without a moment's misunderstanding. Jimmy saw years like these eight days stretching out before him—years and years and years.

He did not know that love isn't like that.

Jimmy made a point of arriving at the Trenholmes' after the dance began, when half of Westport was already there and the other half, in a long procession of cars, filled the road to Long Nook. He came a little late because he wanted to give Constance a chance to play her proper part as hostess before he monopolized her for the evening. He made a point of stopping and speaking to her father and mother.

While he talked to Mrs. Trenholme Jimmy could see Constance across the wide floor of the millhouse. Her back was toward him; she hadn't seen him yet. She was wearing a new dress, a black dress that came almost to the floor. He hadn't got used to seeing women in long evening dresses. He wasn't sure he liked long dresses. But he liked Constance in this dress.

She was talking to George Baker and his wife, Emily, and Lottie Parker and Arthur Rockwood. Jimmy started across the floor toward her, smiling to himself as he anticipated the moment when Constance would turn and see him and they would say "Hello, there" to each other in tones so casual that no one would suspect how much they meant—at least no one who didn't see their eyes meet would suspect.

The music began just then. George Baker looked up and saw Jimmy coming and spoke to Constance and danced off with her. Arthur Rockwood danced with Lottie Parker. Only Emily Baker was left.

"Hello, Emily," Jimmy said, "let's dance."

While he danced with Emily, Jimmy looked about for Constance. He wanted to assure himself of the next dance before anyone else had a chance to ask her. If he could catch Constance's eyes a nod would do it. He was only half aware of Emily Baker. She was rather a striking girl to be so unaware of. She had gorgeous red hair, and a natural talent for flirtation. But Jimmy was looking for Constance. He saw her at the far end of the floor and danced down that way. She was looking taller and slimmer and lovelier than ever in the black frock and she was talking in the most animated fashion to George Baker. After a moment Jimmy got her eyes. He smiled and moved his head quickly, slightly to one side. Constance smiled. Jimmy danced on content. He knew that Constance knew what he meant. Constance always knew what he meant.

Jimmy remembered that he was dancing with Emily Baker. "And how are you?" he asked.

"Perfectly furious," Emily Baker said. Jimmy remembered now. Emily was a girl from Constance Trenholme's own crowd. She had fallen madly in love with George Baker when she was nineteen. And now they were fighting. Jimmy hadn't listened to the gossip. He thought it was disreputable for married couples to fight.

"That's too bad," Jimmy said. The music stopped. Emily looked up at him.

"Yes," she said, "it is." She laughed. But Jimmy could feel that it wasn't a happy laugh. He stayed talking to Emily because he felt sorry that she was unhappy. It was only when the music began again that he said good-by to her and turned to find Constance.

Constance was dancing off with George Baker again. Jimmy got there in one long step and a short slide.

"I'm sorry, George," he said, "but this is my dance."

"No," George Baker said, "it isn't." He went right on with Constance. Jimmy took a step after them, looked at Constance. She smiled and shook her head. Jimmy was so startled he followed them for several more steps before he realized he couldn't do that—he couldn't follow them across the floor demanding a dance they both agreed wasn't his. He might have cut in but he and Constance had agreed that cutting in was stupid. He and Constance had refused to recognize men who tried to cut in.

JIMMY sat down in the first chair he came to on the edge of the dance floor and watched Constance dance with George Baker and got angrier and angrier. He couldn't understand it. He couldn't believe it. And as if driven by some powerful force within himself and over which he had no control he was rapidly getting into a state where he couldn't forgive it.

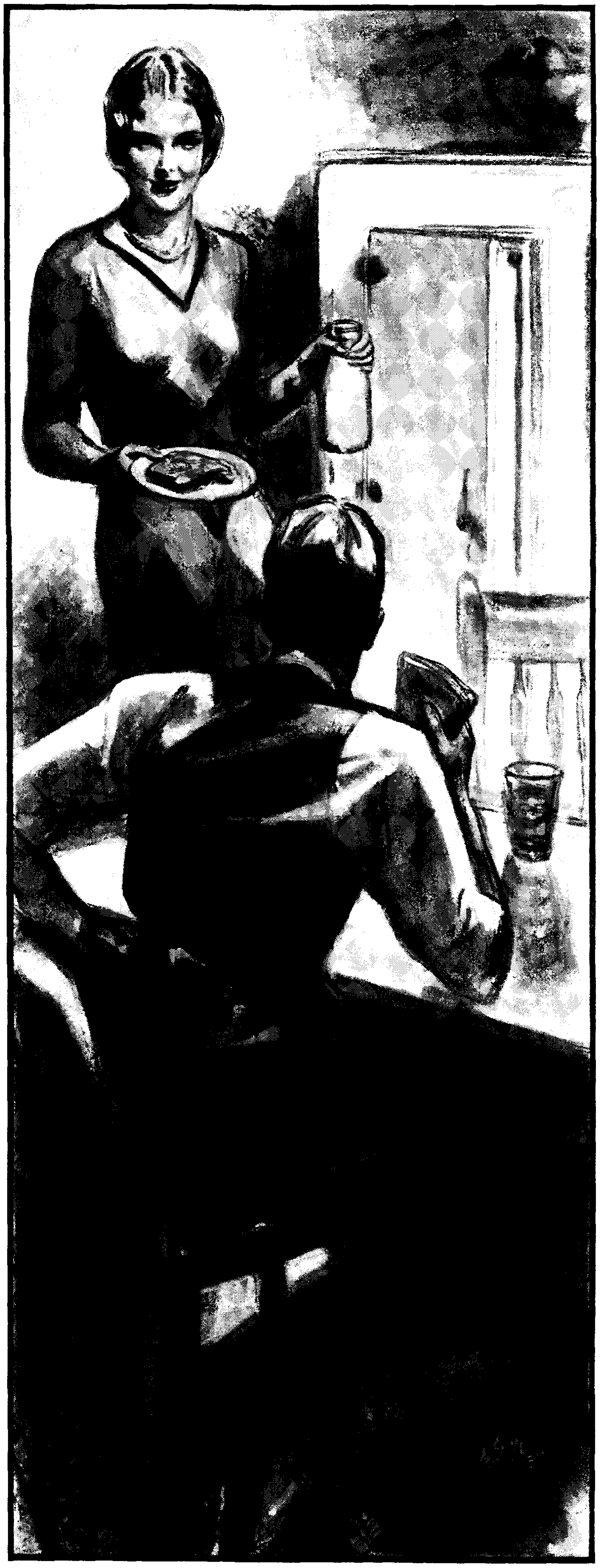
He saw that Constance wasn't chatting with George Baker through this dance. She had lost her animation. She was beginning to realize what she had done. Jimmy set himself grimly.

The moment the dance was over Constance came toward him. Jimmy stood up. She smiled a tender, propitiatory little smile. Jimmy glared at her. "Do let me explain," she said. She laughed—an uncertain laugh.

"How can you explain a thing like that?" Jimmy demanded.

Constance looked at him and gave a little gasp of dismay and took his arm in hers and led him toward the door that opened on the milldam. They

(*Continued on page 35*)



As he watched, Emily got up and went to the ice box, and returned with apple pie and a bottle of milk

The Other Woman

FOUR rooms and a bath; to sublet," murmured Mrs. Sylvain; "all improvements." She stood outside the door of the apartment with several clippings cut from the Sunday papers, and took another look at the price named for this one before she pressed the bell-button.

A cool-looking woman, of about her own age, opened the door and bade her enter, with a cool and pleasant smile. The living-room itself, twelve stories above the hot street, with air coming into its open windows, seemed like a refuge from New York's midsummer temperature. All these suggestions of coolness appealed to Mrs. Sylvain, who was pretty well exhausted by hours of apartment-hunting. She relaxed with a sigh in the comfortable chair offered her.

"Let me get you a cool drink," said the woman who had let her in, smiling down on her sympathetically. There seemed to be no one else in the apartment; probably it was the maid's day out. Mrs. Sylvain, grateful for this woman's instant perception of her weariness, murmured her thanks.

Her hostess (she seemed that, at once, to Mrs. Sylvain) was a very pretty woman, as well as gracious; somewhere between thirty and thirty-five, Mrs. Sylvain decided, as she watched her out of the room; a slender woman who moved beautifully.

Mrs. Sylvain lay back in the big chair with another sigh and closed her eyes. There was peace here. She dozed; she even dreamed of a jolly little waterfall tinkling down among cool rocks. And then she suddenly awoke and rose with an apology for her nap, for the woman was standing before her with a tray with two glasses of iced tea upon it.

"I was making some for myself when you came in," she explained, and seated herself at a little distance with her own glass. She looked about her living-room. "I shall hate leaving this place," she said.

"If I should take it," said Mrs. Sylvain, "I should almost feel guilty; this room and you belong together."

Not that the room itself was anything extraordinary; it had the usual walls and doors and windows. But it had taken the stamp of an individuality—this woman's, clearly; her easy graciousness pervaded it. It was a room in which one might be quiet and think; she was a woman to whom one might communicate quiet thoughts. There was no clutterment of furniture, but a spaced simplicity of design in its decoration, in its arrangement of chairs and tables and pictures and vases—a cultivated humanity of pattern which was obviously the projection of a balanced mind. The same mind seemed to have molded the woman physically. Things which came into contact with her would retain something of her impress: her clothing, her flowers, her books, everything.

WOMEN are often capable of appraisals so swift that they seem miraculous to men. While men are still wondering and blundering, women have definitely approved or rejected each other. Mrs. Sylvain already liked this woman; was charmed by her.

"My husband liked this place," said Mrs. Johnson presently—for it had developed that this was her name. "That's one reason I shall hate leaving it. And it's also the reason I can't bear to go on living in it without him." She added, simply: "We were very happy here."

Women of her character do not volunteer these communications except to people whom, essentially, they have accepted. Mrs. Sylvain felt complimented.

"How long ago?" she asked. She divined that Mrs. Johnson had not talked much to anyone since her husband's death.

"Nearly three months," said Mrs. Johnson.

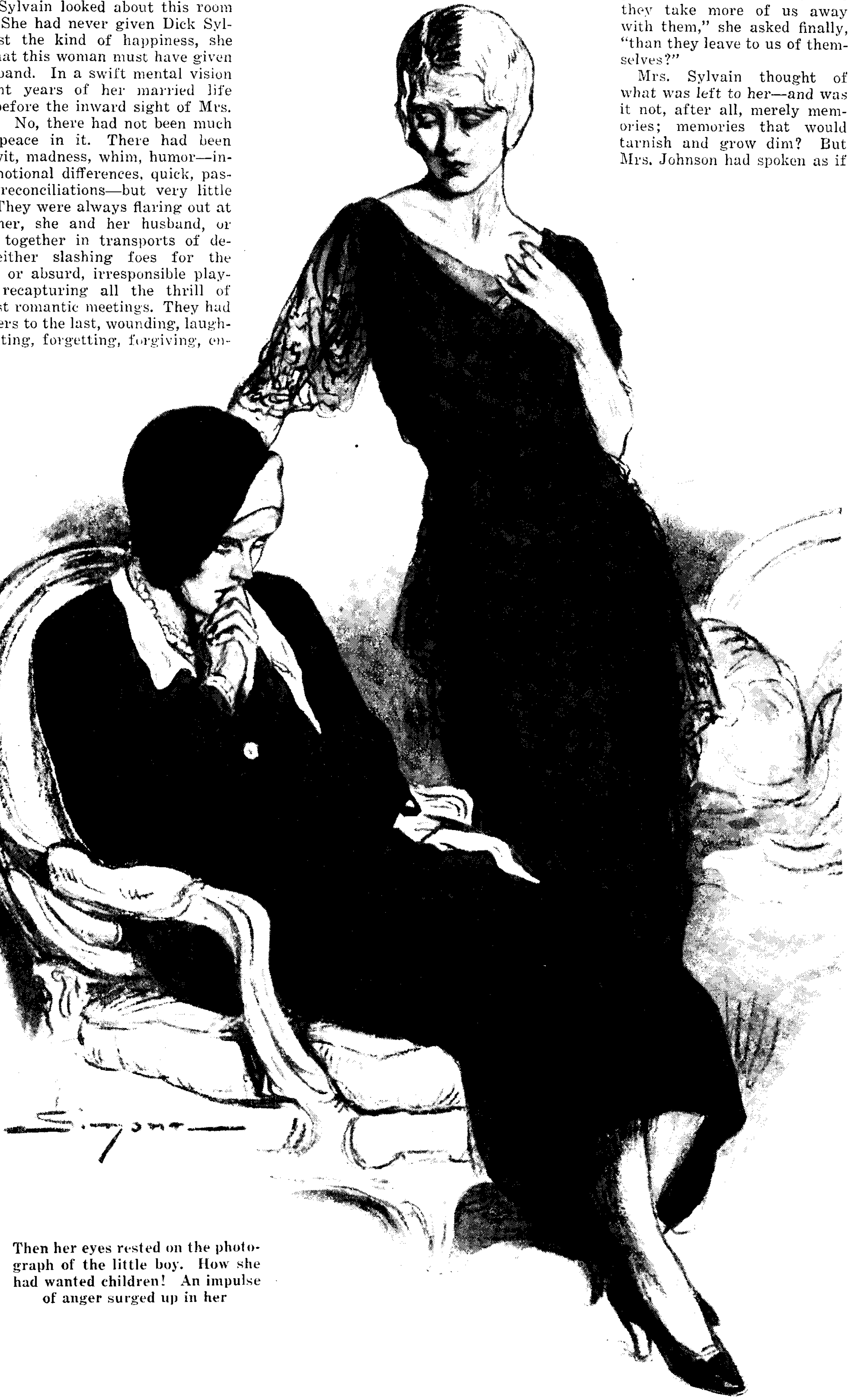
Mrs. Sylvain looked away from her. "I am moving for the same reason," she breathed, finally. "I hate leaving the place we lived in, too, for we were happy there—and still, like you, I *can't* keep on living in it!"

Mrs. Sylvain looked about this room again. She had never given Dick Sylvain just the kind of happiness, she knew, that this woman must have given her husband. In a swift mental vision the eight years of her married life passed before the inward sight of Mrs. Sylvain. No, there had not been much settled peace in it. There had been mirth, wit, madness, whim, humor—intense emotional differences, quick, passionate reconciliations—but very little calm! They were always flaring out at each other, she and her husband, or rushing together in transports of delight; either slashing foes for the moment, or absurd, irresponsible playfellows recapturing all the thrill of their first romantic meetings. They had been lovers to the last, wounding, laughing, fighting, forgetting, forgiving, enraptured. Not much peace or calm there, but color, heat, light, vivid action, and a kind of reckless flamboyance in the expenditure of a poetic and fiery energy. Mrs. Sylvain lay back in her chair and quivered with the poignance of her memories.

"I suppose men carry a good deal of us away with them, when we have loved them," she sighed.

Mrs. Johnson demurred; she seemed to give this remark a profound consideration. "Do they take more of us away with them," she asked finally, "than they leave to us of themselves?"

Mrs. Sylvain thought of what was left to her—and was it not, after all, merely memories; memories that would tarnish and grow dim? But Mrs. Johnson had spoken as if



Then her eyes rested on the photograph of the little boy. How she had wanted children! An impulse of anger surged up in her

A story of supreme courage —in a quiet home sector

By Don Marquis

something of her husband remained to her still, something presently alive, vitally continuing. "In one way," said Mrs. Johnson, "it is what we have given that we keep."

Mrs. Sylvain considered this and decided that it was not so, in her own case, at least. She was seized with a sudden whimsical thought which she found it impossible to suppress, for she knew that her husband, could he hear it, would smile along with her. "Dick and I," she remarked, "have not had a single one of our gorgeous quarrels since he passed on!"

She immediately regretted having said it, for Mrs. Johnson did not comprehend that it was compatible with a deep, abiding sense of bereavement.

"Quarrels?" she said. Her tone and manner were a delicate repudiation of any sort of marital life which was full of quarrels as a possibility for herself. "Well," she mused, "I suppose we all have something to regret."

"BUT I don't regret our quarrels!" cried Mrs. Sylvain. "They were . . . wonderful!" She paused. Presently she continued: "It is his gayety I miss—his gay excitement! I think we asked a great deal of each other in the way of excitement!"

"The gayety—yes, one misses that," said Mrs. Johnson. "But I think both my husband and myself had almost a *dread* of excitement." She was silent a moment as if thinking of specific instances. "He was a very quiet man," she added.

"My husband had almost a dread of *quiet,*" said Mrs. Sylvain. Indeed, she reflected, it had been with them as if they were afraid not to keep their life together at top pitch.

But she divined that this other woman had spun harmony out of herself, as a protection. She had achieved a great deal; she had made the atmosphere, in which she might live and bloom, a fact of her life. There was something serenely victorious about her; her graciousness was the graciousness of one who has conquered. Conquered by being herself; a very rare self. Just what had the man been like? Mrs. Sylvain wondered.

They went through the other rooms, although even before she had looked at them Mrs. Sylvain was more than half inclined to take the apartment. It was now between five and six o'clock. The breeze had died down; the sun, dropping toward the west, loosed a last flight of fiery arrows against the suffering town, and the monstrous human ant heap throbbed and quivered with this acceleration of late afternoon heat.

Mrs. Sylvain, as they entered the bedroom, was conscious that she must have tired herself earlier in the day more than she had quite realized at the time; she turned a trifle dizzy, and sat down, abruptly, by the open window. Mrs. Johnson said, sympathetically: "But, my dear, you're *very* tired!"

Mrs. Sylvain began to reply that it was nothing—but the words fluttered into silence as they left her lips. For she had caught sight of two photographs in silver frames on a dressing table. One was unmistakably a picture of her late husband; and the other was the likeness of a little boy of five or six who so greatly resembled her husband that there could be no doubt whatever that they were father and son.

Through a haze that twitched and jerked she heard Mrs. Johnson's voice: "That's my husband and our little boy there. My boy died a year before his father was lost at sea."

Lost at sea? There was a growing darkness all about Mrs. Sylvain. She tried to rise, and felt herself swaying. She said to herself that she must not faint; that she was not the sort of woman who fainted. She managed to ask a question.

"Lost at sea?" she murmured. "Three months ago—not the . . . the Alberta?"

"Yes; the Alberta."

THE darkness all about Mrs. Sylvain grew darker still. She must have fainted, after all. She was conscious of the other woman's arms about her. And then conscious of nothing.

When she came to herself she was lying on the bed; her hat and shoes were off and her clothing loosened. Mrs. Johnson was bathing her wrists and neck and forehead.

"Drink this," she said, taking up a glass; "it has ammonia in it."

Mrs. Sylvain obeyed. Then she closed her eyes again. She could not look at this woman . . . not yet! She heard phrases, fragments of speech, from a long distance . . . "Too much for you" . . . "this dreadful heat" . . . "more worn out than you knew. . . ." She felt herself slipping off again, and brought herself back by an effort of the will. "Just lie still," Mrs. Johnson was saying; "I'll turn on this electric fan."

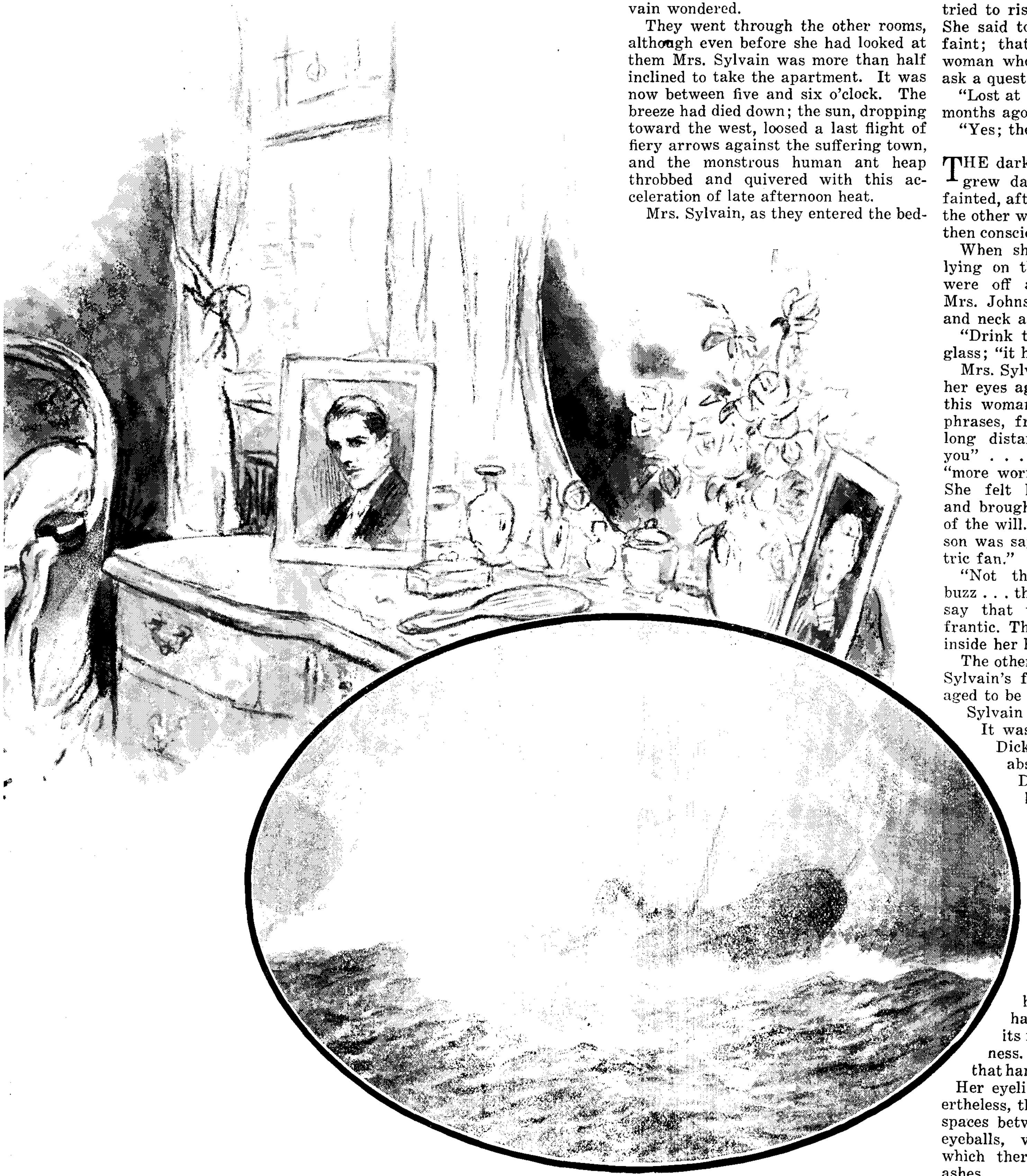
"Not that," she murmured; "the buzz . . . the buzz. . . ." She wanted to say that the buzz would drive her frantic. There was enough buzz already inside her head.

The other woman laid a hand on Mrs. Sylvain's forehead. It somehow managed to be cool. It *would* be cool, Mrs. Sylvain reflected, bitterly. Calm! It was its calm and coolness that Dick Sylvain had sought in his absences from herself! Oh, Dick! Dick! she cried within herself, that you could have done this thing! For she had given him what he had asked for; she would have tried to make herself over for him, would have tried to give him what he found here, too, if she had known he wanted it! She would have tried to give him what this hand held, this hand that lay cool upon her hot forehead—this hand that had seized and held him with its implacable, victorious gentleness. But she could not hate that hand. It was calm. It held peace.

Her eyelids were closed tightly; nevertheless, there seemed to be vast, dark spaces between them and her burning eyeballs, vast dark spaces through which there drifted down a rain of ashes.

And of all women in the world, why had Dick Sylvain chosen this woman

(*Continued on page 44*)



The Alberta had struck ice in the North Atlantic, and had gone down before help could arrive from any quarter of the compass: gone down with all on board

Talkie Troubles

When the talkies brought speech to the dumb they also brought confusion to Hollywood. Here Mr. Wagner tells you what is going on in the Southern California Babel which has suddenly had to acquire the gift of tongues

By Rob Wagner

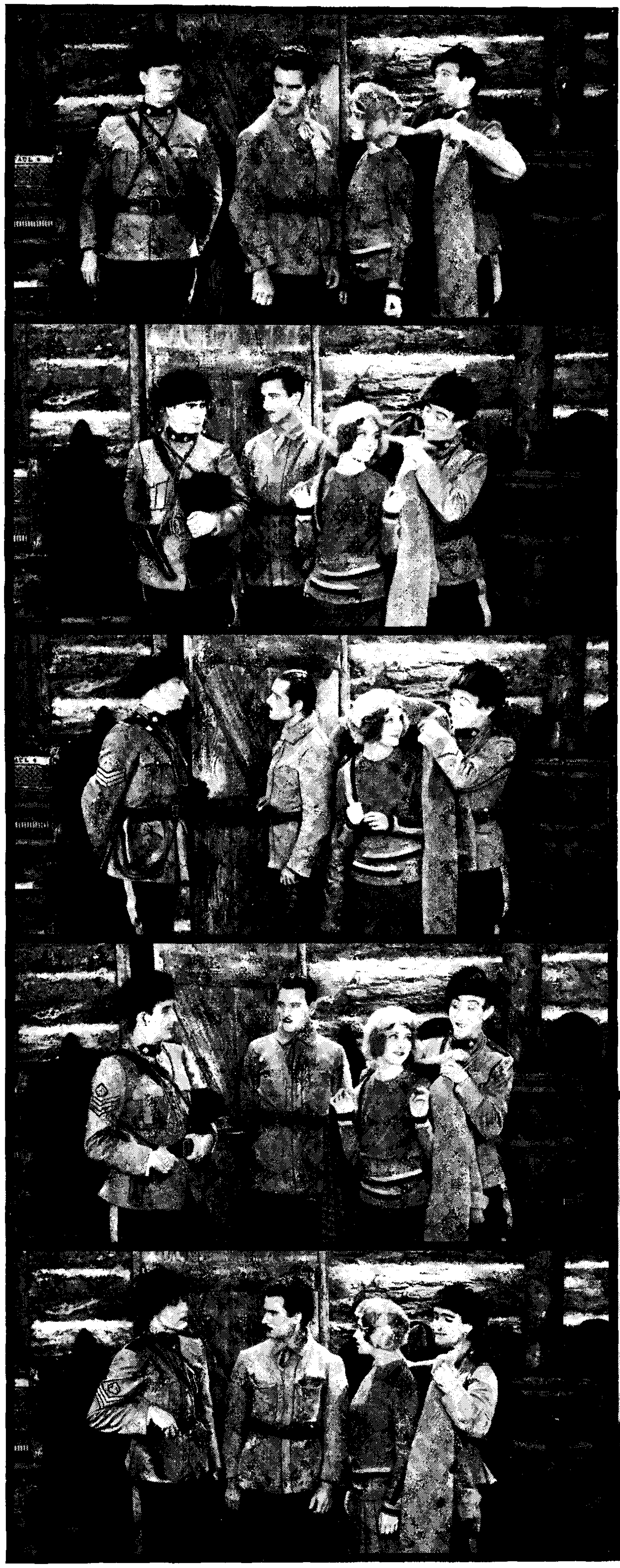
OUR present motion picture troubles started way back in the eleventh chapter of Genesis. At that time "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech." Then those ridiculous people on the plain of Shinar decided to build a temple right up to heaven and, as a result of this impertinence, were cursed with "tongues" and scattered to the four corners of the world. The blond stonecutter, speaking Swedish, headed for the north; the dark Italian for the south; the yellow Chinaman for the east, and so forth.

Ever since then the situation has grown from bad to worse, for not only did the original curse of tongues come bowling down the ages, but the tongues themselves broke up into dialects, so that by the twentieth century there were Lancashire lads who couldn't understand the cockney boys of London, Spaniards who had to have interpreters for their different provinces, and American Indians who could talk only in deaf-and-dumb signs.

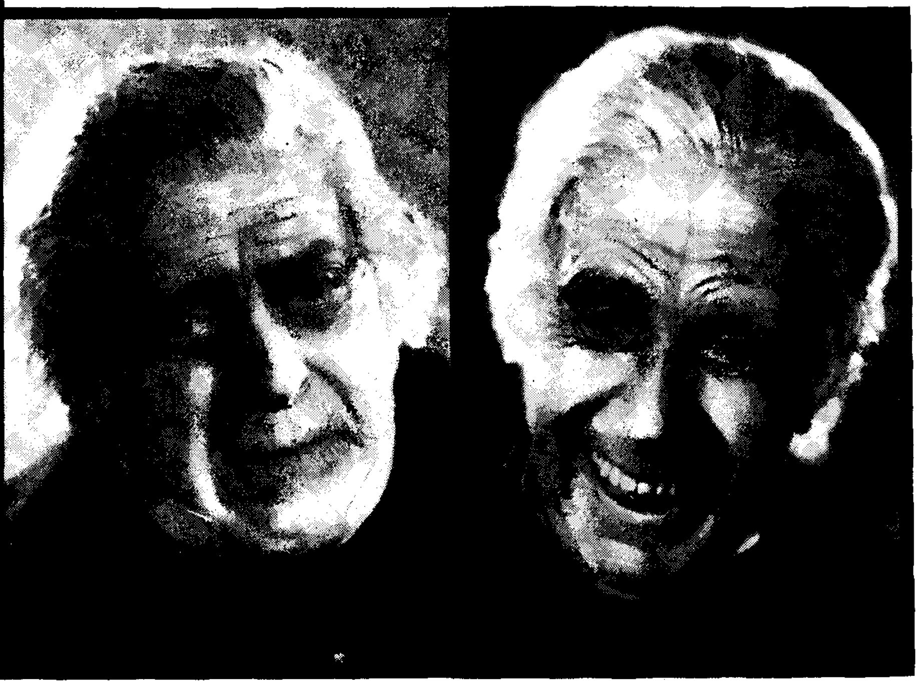
Then in the early part of the twentieth century a wonderful thing happened: The people on the plain of Hollywood got up an entirely new language, a kind of optical Esperanto called "motion pictures" that all the world could understand. So eagerly was the new device seized upon by the peoples of the world that they all began to think and act alike—Finnish girls dressed like American flappers, Chinamen played fan-tan in silk hats, and Turkish ladies began to unload studio junk from their harems and replace it with swell Grand Rapids furniture. In a few years Japanese geisha girls were greeting American sailors with "Oh, you kid!" and "Hello, Big Boy!" and then going right into an Occidental clinch. It looked as though the "curse" had finally been broken and we were at last entering upon the brotherhood—and sisterhood!—of man.

But apparently the time was not yet ripe, for just as optical Esperanto had the whole world chewing gum, singing Honey Boy, and kissing in the clinches, the pictures began to talk, and not in linguistic Esperanto, but *each in its own language!*

The result has been literally staggering to the motion picture industry. Hollywood, making seventy-five per cent of the world's pictures, naturally shot them in English. The remote peoples listened to them in astonishment, but, not understanding a word, they instantly demanded the same sort of entertainment in their own languages. Physically unequipped to make talkies themselves, they called upon Hollywood to deliver. Hollywood had no choice. It must make foreign pictures or lose the foreign markets. But we couldn't make Japanese pictures with Ohioans or Chilean pictures with Montana cowboys. So to the four corners of the earth went a call for foreign talent and the call was answered by a perfect deluge of foreigners. By the year 1930 we were right back where we started from in the eleventh chapter of Genesis. The great celluloid broadcasting tower



English was spoken in the original of this scene from Monsieur Le Fox, shown at the top. Below, in the order named, are the German, French, Italian and Spanish versions—all made in Hollywood. Substitutions were made in the casts to insure correct pronunciation



Cyril Maude played 1,500 stage performances and an equally successful English-speaking talkie of Grumpy. The producer selected Ernesto Vilches, shown at the right, for the same rôle in the Spanish custom-made film of the famous comedy was manned by workers in every language under the sun. The confusion of tongues is with us again!

Hollywood has gone through many exciting periods in its short life of twenty years, but none so colorful as the present. Two years ago it was an American city in which everybody spoke English, even the Foreign Legion assiduously mastering our linguistic idioms; now it is a modern Babel.

Hollywood's New Difficulties

On Stage One they are shooting a Japanese version of An Old Spanish Custom, on Stage Four a bunch of Swedes are translating The Kiss that Killed into a colder idiom, and darned if a company of polygamous Turks aren't making an Oriental version of Say It with It! A few years ago, when visitors noted Hindus riding elephants through the streets, Turkish ladies enjoying the delights of the soda fountains and Roman soldiers headed for location in Gargantuan busses, the place looked like Cosmopolis; but the mahouts, "Fatimas" and Romans all talked alike in the studio cafeteria. Not now; a studio cafeteria is a temple of all languages.

So great, in fact, has been the influx of foreigners that schools of languages are opening in every vacant office building, and interpreters are being sought for in stores, banks, hotels and government offices. An Argentine lad, seeing one of our experimental Spanish films in Buenos Aires and feeling it to be very punk, straightway packs his guitar and hops the first boat to Hollywood. Then there is the Japanese "beushi" who used to stand beside the screen and explain the film to the audience; his job is in jeopardy because he can't talk while the picture talks. But he can talk *in* the picture; so *he* comes. Finally, there is the huge army of European actors who for years have envied the Hollywood salaries of Pola Negri and Emil Jannings; here, at last, is their chance to get to the world's dramatic fairyland.

Thus, while this huge influx is adding to the confusion of tongues in Hollywood, the government is also having its consequent troubles. Quotas are all shot to pieces; our foreign consuls are losing their buttons, and even high Washington officials are being bombarded by big "influences," including even royal requests that so-and-so be admitted to the U. S. A.

Even after the foreigners arrive at the studios, troubles are not over. The big foreign stars as a rule come in on six-months visitors' visas with a chance of renewal maybe two or three times. Maybe not. In which case the director finds that his foreign pet has to return to the mother country for six months before he or she can come in again, and six months is a long time to hold up production.

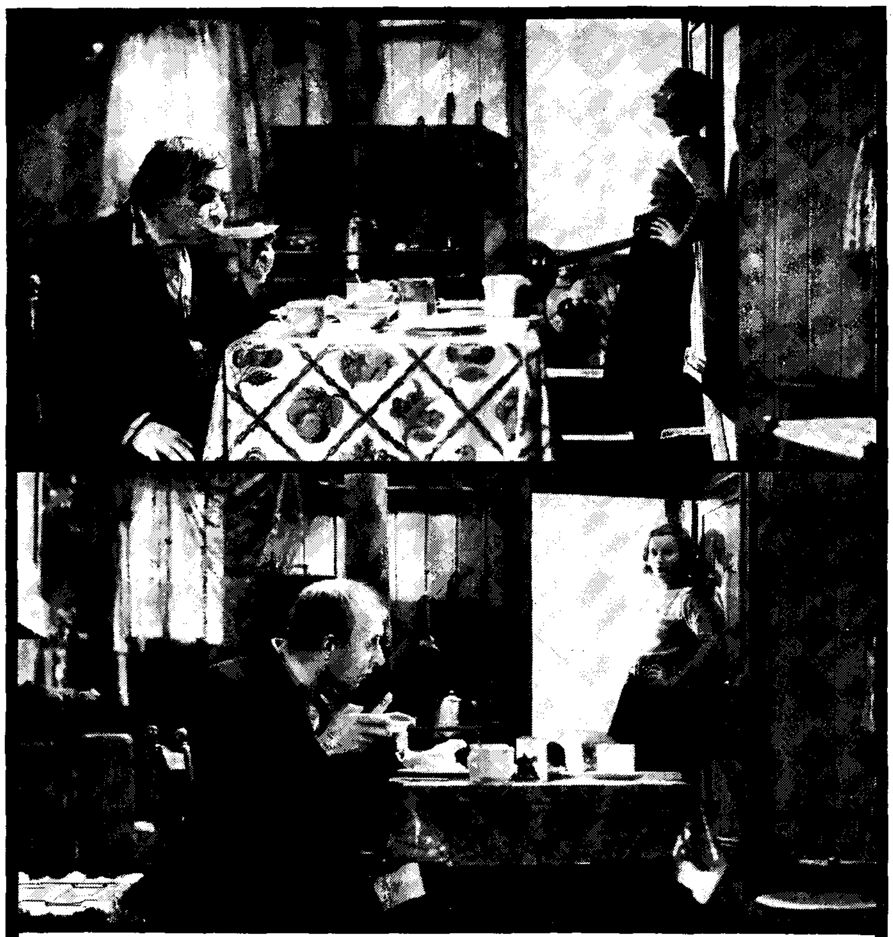
Then again, the foreign actor, thinking he can sneak by the authorities, lies about his visa and accepts a rôle in a picture only to be ravished from the set right in the middle of shooting and sent back home. This also shoots the picture to pieces. If the returning star is on long-time contract, the studio employing him uses his six months' absence in its foreign studio, if it has one; or else has the star scout for talent and stories or look up market conditions.

The reader has no doubt wondered why foreign countries don't make their own pictures. Well, first of all, they don't as yet know how to make talkies. And if they did, many of them are too poor to put in the terribly expensive equipment. In the second place, they have usually preferred American pictures to their own.

A Trade with Russia

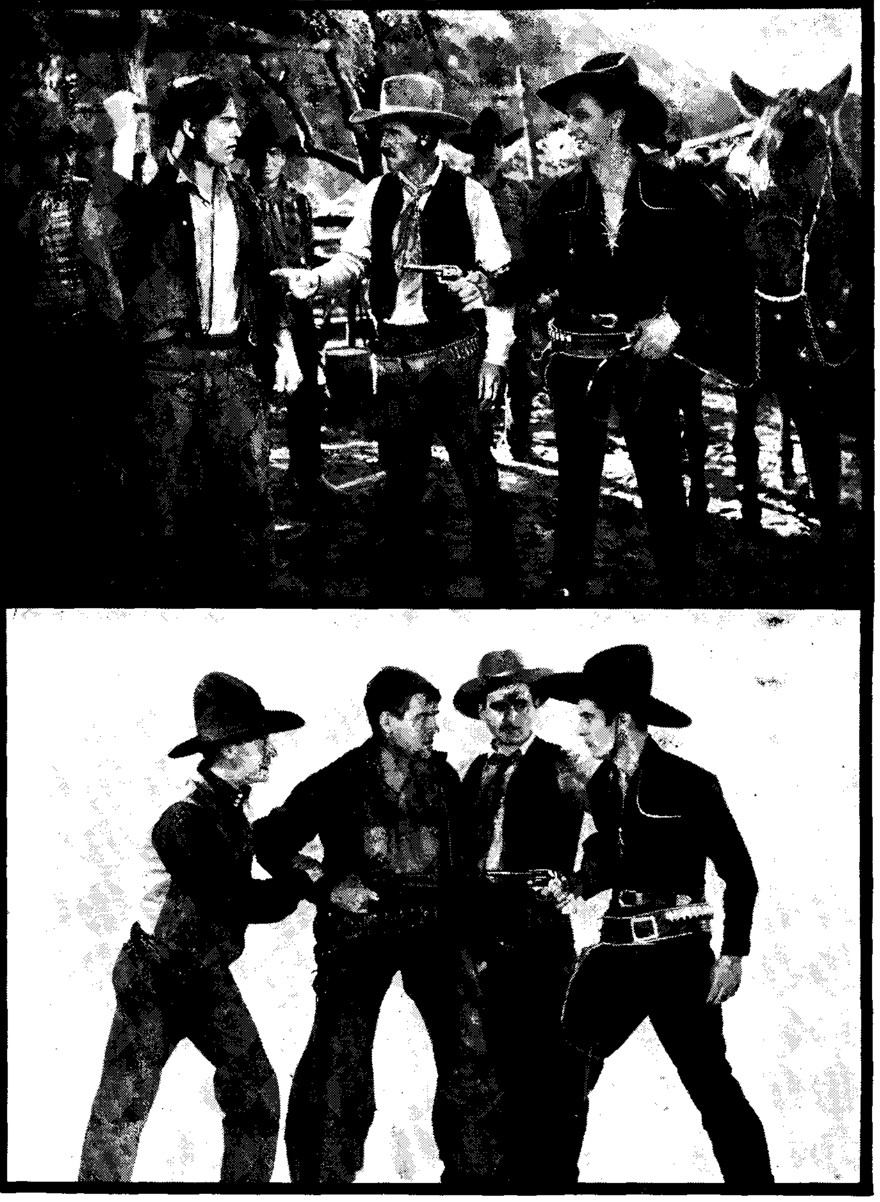
Quite naturally the foreigners do not intend that this condition shall go on forever, which accounts for another army of invasion—producers and technical staffs who are flocking into Hollywood to learn our stuff and then return to their own countries. The Russian Soviet Republic is by far the most alert in this respect. You have read of the great groups of Russians in the General Electric and Ford plants—well, our studios are also full of them. Russia has even sent Eisenstein, her greatest director, and Alexandrof and Tisse, Eisenstein's co-director and cameraman. They are with Paramount and, while we will learn much artistry from the great Russians, they will learn all of our technical triumphs.

Another quaint angle on the ascendancy of the foreigner is in the number of film folk whom we have always



Greta Garbo in the English and German versions of Anna Christie, with George Marion (top) and Hans Junkermann alternating in the rôle of Chris

Constance Bennett and Lew Ayres are shown at the right with an American baby in Common Clay. To satisfy the Spanish talkie fans, however, the leading rôles were assigned to Mona Maris and Juan Torrena, and even the nationality of the child was changed



Gunplay usually means excitement in any language, although George O'Brien takes it smilingly, in this scene (top) from The Last of the Duanes. But George Lewis, the counterpart hero in *El Ultimmo de los Vargas*, a Spanish version of the same talkie, seems quite serious

Laurel and Hardy change languages and ladies many times in translating their gags into a half-dozen tongues. And unique accents help, rather than hinder, their comedy. These scenes were taken from the English, French and German versions of Haywire

William Powell (top left), who played Philo Vance in a murder mystery series, is shown with Ramón Pereda, the Spanish idea of that great detective. In the same films Eugene Pallette (lower left) and Vincent Padula played the rôle of Sergeant Heath

thought American, suddenly emerging in their own national colors. "Bill Smith" is now Ole Svensen, "Ignatz Valentine" is discovered to be Ygnacio de Zabala, and darned if "Henry Childs" hasn't become Henri Bâby—pronounced Bawbee!

The other day on the Fox lot I met George Lewis, who was the typical American boy in Universal's Collegians, all dolled-up in Spanish clothes and speaking his lines like a native. "How come?" I asked as he finished his scene. "Why, didn't you know?" he replied proudly. "Mother is Mexican." The next night over on the Universal sound stage I heard and saw Paul Ellis in a Spanish version of The Cat and the Canary—he's an Argentinian. And who would ever have known that Barry Norton was not an American boy? Well, he, too, has landed handsomely in Spanish pictures.

Some Linguistic Paradoxes

On the other hand, Antonio Moreno, who is pure Castilian, has lived so long in America that his Spanish is faulty and he does not care to make foreign pictures until he can brush up his accent. Ricardo Cortez, who in the old silent days was given that name by Paramount because he looks like a Spaniard, is a Brooklyn chap who can't speak a word of Spanish and for years has had to have a Spanish secretary to answer his foreign fan mail.

While waiting for the foreigners to get ready to make their own pictures, we simply have to supply the market. But with what? Foreign subjects with foreign backgrounds? Not at all. They won't stand for that any more than we would stand for "Westerns" made in Sweden or England. What they want from us is American subjects, preferably played by their American favorites, but dialogued in their own language.

This is no easy task, but it *can* be done even when the American cast speaks only English. The process is called "dubbing;" that is, cutting the English-dialogue sound track from the film and doubling-in foreigners speaking the dialogue in their own tongue. The difficulty comes in matching the lip action to the foreign words. Paramount tried this scheme three times. The first was terrible; the second fair; and their last effort, a German version of Sarah and Son, with Ruth Chatterton in the leading rôle, was so perfectly synchronized that even the hard-boiled critic of Variety was fooled and the Germans are said to have gone wild over the picture.

Dubbing dialogue, however, is merely a temporary "out." The studios realize that foreign films must be made by foreign casts just as ours are. The cheapest way to do it is to make the same story in several languages at one and the same time, using identical sets.

The initial experiment was to make three versions on a three-way schedule. First, the American company would shoot a sequence, and as it left the set the German company would go on. When they had finished, the Spanish company would take its turn.

Sounds fine, but it didn't work. First, the German star developed a pain that held up that unit for hours; next, the German heavy got into a brawl with the dialogue expert; then—but why go on? In three days the schedule was shot to pieces, each company taking three times its allotted time waiting for the others.

Universal then hit upon another plan. An American company is shooting The Cat and the Canary (to be called The Cat Creeps!) in the daytime and a Spanish company is shooting the same play (to be called *La Voluntad del Muerto*—The Will of the Dead!) in the same sets at night—two complete and independent casts and crews working twelve-hour shifts. Obviously, the only saving is in sets. And it's pretty tough on the Spaniards to change their nights into days. I watched them work and they were all tired and nervous.

Not to be Fooled

Fox developed another method. That studio shot the American version complete, followed by the foreign version. This permitted using all the long shots of the American picture for foreign production, but it necessitated doubling the foreign cast as close physically as possible to the American actors so that the doubling would not be detected. This, however, left only the close and dialogue shots to be made by the foreign company, saving time and money.

All these were emergency measures to supply an immediate demand for foreign films. With few exceptions they were utter flops. The Spaniards wouldn't stand for "colonial" accents; the French yipped about doubling stars in the long shots—they detected the cheat! And the Germans just laughed at them.

So the studios have just about come to the conclusion that they will have to make foreign pictures as they do our own, with separate casts and separate shooting schedules. At the Fox studio they are making a Spanish version of the grand old Western, The Last of the Duanes, for which they have built all their own sets and on which they are working as independently as an American company.

The Troublesome Dialect

Paramount has even gone farther by establishing a foreign studio in Paris, where they are making films in French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, German, Swedish, Polish, Czech, Hungarian, Rumanian and Japanese. The executive and technical experts are Americans, but the directors and casts are all foreigners. Distances being short, except for Japan, they can all go to their respective countries on location.

Don't think for a minute, however, that our troubles are ended. The "curse of tongues" is with us yet, emphasized by the dialects within each tongue. Last week I stayed up all night watching George Melford shooting *La Voluntad del Muerto* at Universal. Lupita Tovar was making a scene with Antonio Moreno, Manuel Granado (Paul Ellis), Robert Guzman (of the Desert Song) and several women characters. It was the scene in which the heroine describes how a hand came through the curtains and snatched the pearls from her neck. In the first try the mixer complained of the recording of the star's voice. Next time the action was wrong (Melford). On the third try Paul Ellis muffed his cue. (Due to the difficulty of cutting, the dialogues in talkies are much longer than in silent pictures.) On the fourth try Tony Moreno forgot his Castilian accent (Enrique Avalos, dialogue professor, registering disapproval). Next time Señorita Tovar became so nervous and confused with the number of retakes that she muffed her lines. Next, one of the character women got out of the camera lines. Finally Paul Kohner, head of foreign production, blew up because of so much delay.

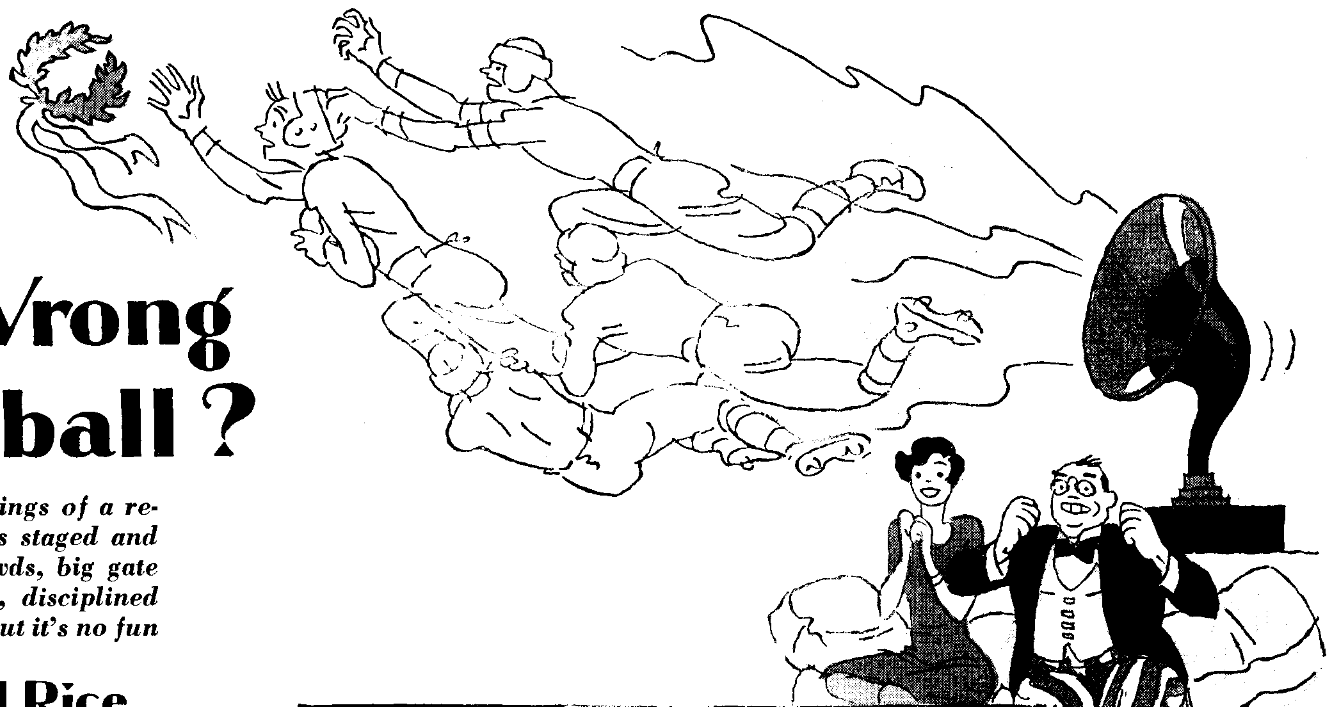
Thirteen retakes of the same scene in the heat of the sound-stage lights, with Melford shouting in English, the interpreter relaying in Spanish, Avalos correcting dialogue and Kohner yipping for speed. At last Señorita Tovar collapsed into a chair.

(*Continued on page 38*)

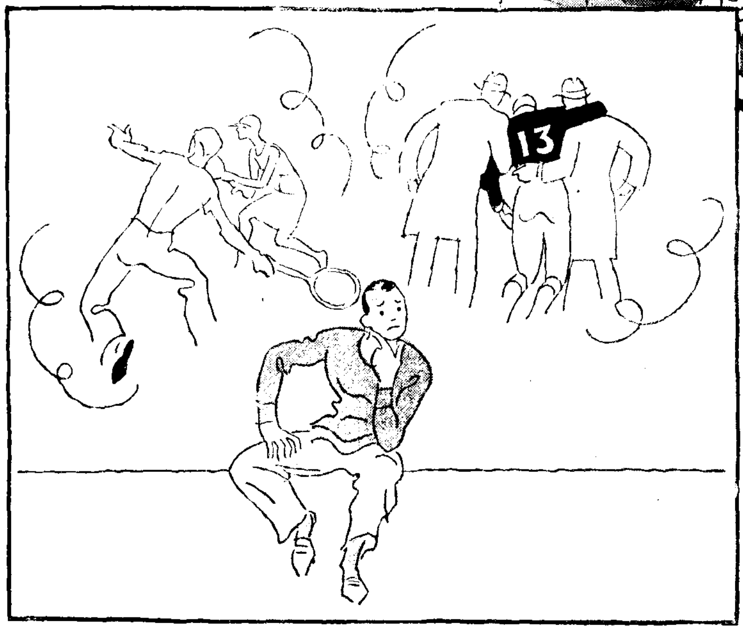
What's Wrong with Football?

Mr. Rice hears faint rumblings of a revolt against football as it is staged and publicized today. Big crowds, big gate receipts, national publicity, disciplined players—it's a great game, but it's no fun

By Grantland Rice



Crowds, publicity and the opportunities for heroism bring most football players into the game

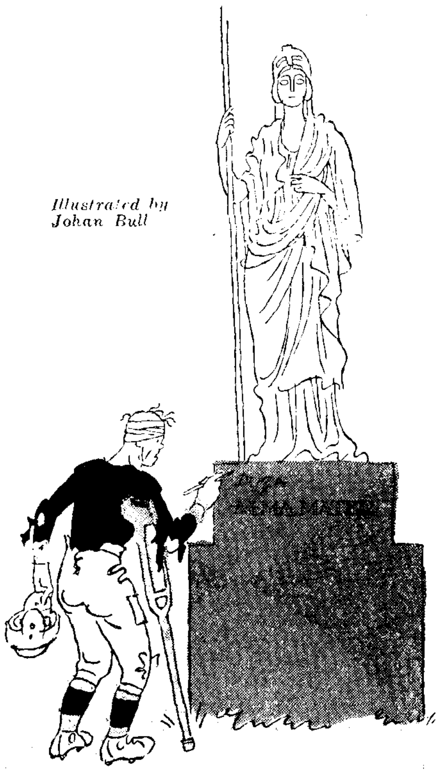


The modern undergraduate is beginning to think things over

YOU, as a spectator, gather in only the glory of modern football—the crowds of seventy or eighty thousand—the bands playing—the songs—the cheering—the crash of battle—the radio announcing its story to ten or twenty million listeners—the color and dash—the excitement of the big day. And the next day you read headlines that make heroes or goats, and the news that $200,000 or $300,000 was taken in at the gate. At the end of each season there is talk of overemphasis and overimportance, and the following year the show is even bigger and better than ever.

But, for all this, members of various university athletic committees are beginning to wonder just how long the magnificence of the present system will last. They see the drift of many students from football to other games that demand less drudgery and discipline in practice, less mental and physical strain. Many students do not care to become pawns in a system that has grown too important to be called recreation, fun or sport.

The chairman of the athletic committee in one of the leading Eastern universities was discussing this situation with me a few days ago. "Football, as it is played today, will soon be on the wane in the East," he said. "And the revolt will come from the undergraduates. This season we played nine games, most of them hard ones. Next season we will play as many. But the time isn't so far away when most of our football will be intramural, with only three or four games scheduled against outside rivals.



Illustrated by Johan Bull

"For example," he continued, "to compete on even terms with teams that have extended spring practice we must also have extended spring practice. But most of our athletes turn then to other sports. Entrance requirements and university standards are entirely different, so there will have to be a selection of natural rivals along this line. Those who specialize on football can then play together.

"This student revolt against modern football has started in the East because football started in the East and it has had a longer time to run its course. The modern youngster is now turning more and more to other games that he can enjoy as a sport and an exercise. He is turning to golf and tennis, to squash and swimming.

"Last fall at this university we had over twenty good football players who refused to come out for the team. They are no longer willing to die for dear old Rutgers, or dear old Yale, or dear old Harvard.

"You read recently," remarked the athletic chairman, "where the head of a chamber of commerce said that football players should be paid and that winning teams meant better business for the town. This is not an isolated feeling. Hustling business men have seen the possibilities of capitalizing a sport that has caught the fancy of millions. But the modern undergraduate has sensed the same thing, and he doesn't care to be exploited that way, especially as he gets none of the receipts. Many of them are getting tired of building bowls and stands and breaking the records for annual attendance.

"Football is not going to be abandoned," the director said. "Its bigness is merely going to be cut down. There will be inter-class games and inter-hall games. But they will be games—not tremendous spectacles. They will be played for the fun of it, and later in the season there will be one or two contests with old rivals, but there will be no championship at stake, no outside pressure.

"Last spring," he continued, "I happened to see the captain of our 1930 football team playing Rugby. I was interested to know how he felt about the two games. 'Which gives you the most fun,' I asked, 'American football or Rugby?' The football captain looked at me in astonishment. 'Why, no one gets much fun out of American football,' he said. 'It's a great game, but it isn't great fun.' "

Hold That Headline!

Football in the old days was a good, rough game and the grind and discipline were just as heavy. But the mental strain was far lighter, and the college work was far easier. In those days Yale, Harvard and Princeton played about two or possibly three hard games. Look at the schedules that Yale and Notre Dame, for two examples, have to meet—tough battles from the start of the season to the final stand in November or December. And today there is ten times more to learn, with the introduction of the forward pass, the lateral, and more open play.

There is certainly no game that so emotionalizes an entire nation as football does. It has reached the point of strong inter-sectional feeling among thousands of spectators who never saw the inside of a college. This spirit is especially strong in the South and the Far West.

"How far has this feeling of big-game revolt spread?" I asked the director.

"Pretty well through the East," he answered, "and as far south as the University of Virginia, where they no longer take their football seriously and where they have come upon one of the most remarkable growths in the history of American universities along other lines. I am pretty sure it has spread through Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Dartmouth, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Columbia and several other leading universities and has also reached the Middle West, barring Notre Dame, where football is still supreme. Understand, I don't mean that football itself is going to lose its grip. It is too great a game for that. It will be played by even more students in the way of class, hall and inter-university contests. But its bigness as a weekly spectacle will be reduced."

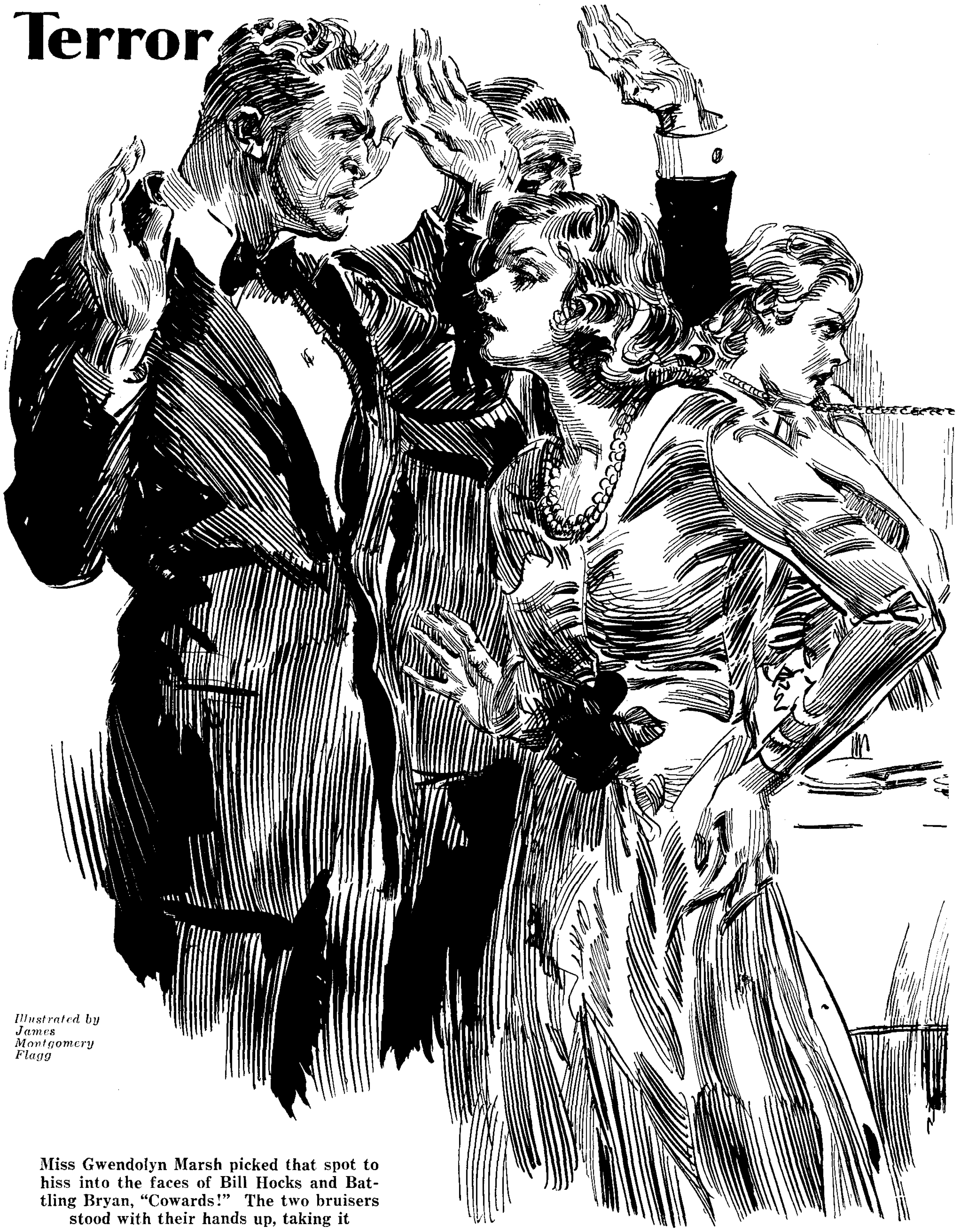
This, at least, is an interesting viewpoint, however it may work out. There is undoubtedly an increasing interest in intramural play. A few of the coaches I have talked to believe this change is coming but the majority do not. Admitting certain defects, they figure football is on a higher plane today than ever before. But most of them admit the time will come when universities will meet only rivals who have the same entrance qualifications to face, the same student obligations, the same feeling toward spring practice and other details that now make up a complicated system.

One famous coach admitted that in his opinion it was the chance for fame and glory, it was the big crowds and the publicity, the opportunity to be a hero, that brought most of the players to the field. "And since human nature doesn't change," he added, "it will continue to bring them to the field year after year. And they are no different from any other normal human beings."

Tasmanian Terror

By John B. Kennedy

A rousing romance of the ring—wherein that battling behemoth, William Hocks, develops an eye for beauty



Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

Miss Gwendolyn Marsh picked that spot to hiss into the faces of Bill Hocks and Battling Bryan, "Cowards!" The two bruisers stood with their hands up, taking it

THIS long arm of coincidence not only has distance but two lunch-hooks attached to grab opportunities. Namely:

Scene I: Baggy Doole came in to me one day and in payment of a debt of $200 he collects $300 and hands me a $500 receipt for the unemployed, non-collapsible champion of the British Empire—Mr. Bill Hocks of Tasmania.

"Has anybody else got a piece of this guy?" I said, watching the Hocks person, two hundred and twenty pounds of bumps and freckles, chewing knuckles that should have been served with sauerkraut. "I don't want foreign managers lining up at the cashier's grille in alphabetical order."

"Can't you trust me, Jim?" says Baggy Doole.

The answer to that one ends the first scene.

Scene II: I've got this Tasmanian toreador parked in a two-dollar hotel overnight, with an understanding that he can eat all the ham and cabbage he can carry at Barney Finn's, but nix on desserts. He came in the first morning and asked could he get a fight soon as he wants to send newspaper clippings back to Tasmania. I ask him the low-down, what he's licked, when and where. He's a modest bloke.

"I never beat anybody much," he says. "I was too big for most of the chaps down under. I was working my way to England when I met Mr. Doole."

"Where did you meet Mr. Doole?" I said.

"At the Seamen's Shelter," he said. "He hired me and two others to go to a gymnasium and spar with a chap called Gorilla Ganges."

I hid the laugh. This Gorilla Ganges was a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound smoke who fought with no holds barred and no blow foul unless it was a hit below the heels.

"How many rounds did you go with the Gorilla?" I asked.

"Only a couple," says Hocks.

"Too rough for you?" I said.

"A very nasty chap," said Hocks. "He blinded me with his thumbs."

I SENT him up to Grupp's gymnasium with instructions to Billy Grupp to use him as a catcher for any heavyweights in rehearsal. And that was the end of the first part of scene two. The second part walked in almost as soon as Bill Hocks walked out.

A flashy-dressed bird came in—young, with what they call a dancing figure and a golden-oak complexion from speak-easy spotlights. I figured he was in the wrong office. When I saw what came in after him I was sure of it. She was the kind of girl that shouldn't be allowed out without a veil and a cage. I heard thuds all through that building dedicated to fight managers' offices—pugs diving down elevator shafts at sight of her.

"Can I see Mr. James Morton?" the fellow said.

"I'm Jimmy Morton," I said. "What can I do for you?"

"It's quite personal," he said in an accent you could do business with on Bond Street.

"What do you mean by personal?" I said.

He crossed one spat over the other.

"Do you happen to know my father?" he said.

"Not yet," I said, polite.

"Then you lead a hermit's life," said the girl.

The way this bird told it, his old man was a sport who did everything but spend money. He was a shareholder in two or three boxing clubs because he loved the racket; but on account of a wife whose forbears were anchor-haulers on the Mayflower he kept his gaming proclivities under cover. Which meant, so the son explained, that the old man led a double life.

"In case you don't understand," said the girl, "I'm Gwendolyn, Cedric's sister. I don't like his disrespect for Father. He should show more filial piety. But I do agree with him that Father's a bit of an egg in some matters."

This dazed me. Figuring, as I did, that no bird in spats with a walking spring song for a sister would favor me with family confidences, I wondered where the catch might come.

"What am I supposed to do about it?" I asked.

"That's exactly why we're here," said Cedric. "You can help me."

AS I looked puzzled the sister put on her all's-well smile and spoke:

"My brother," she said, "is in difficulty. It appears he got into what you sporting gentry call a crap game and lost four or five thousand dollars. He can't pay yet."

"So I took," said Cedric, "the easiest way out."

"You mean," I said, "a run-out powder?"

"Exactly," grinned Cedric, as if he was breaking news as good as armistice night. "That's why we're here."

I was still sitting in a tree.

"Naturally," he went on, "you're puzzled. The point is this: I lost the money to some rather tough birds. They insist on collecting. I daren't borrow it from Father, and it's out of the question to tell Mother about it just now, so we thought of you. My debtors have threatened to kill me. So I want a bodyguard, and this, I take it, is the place to get one—that is, a good one."

Gradually it dawned upon me that this bird wanted to hire a human bumper.

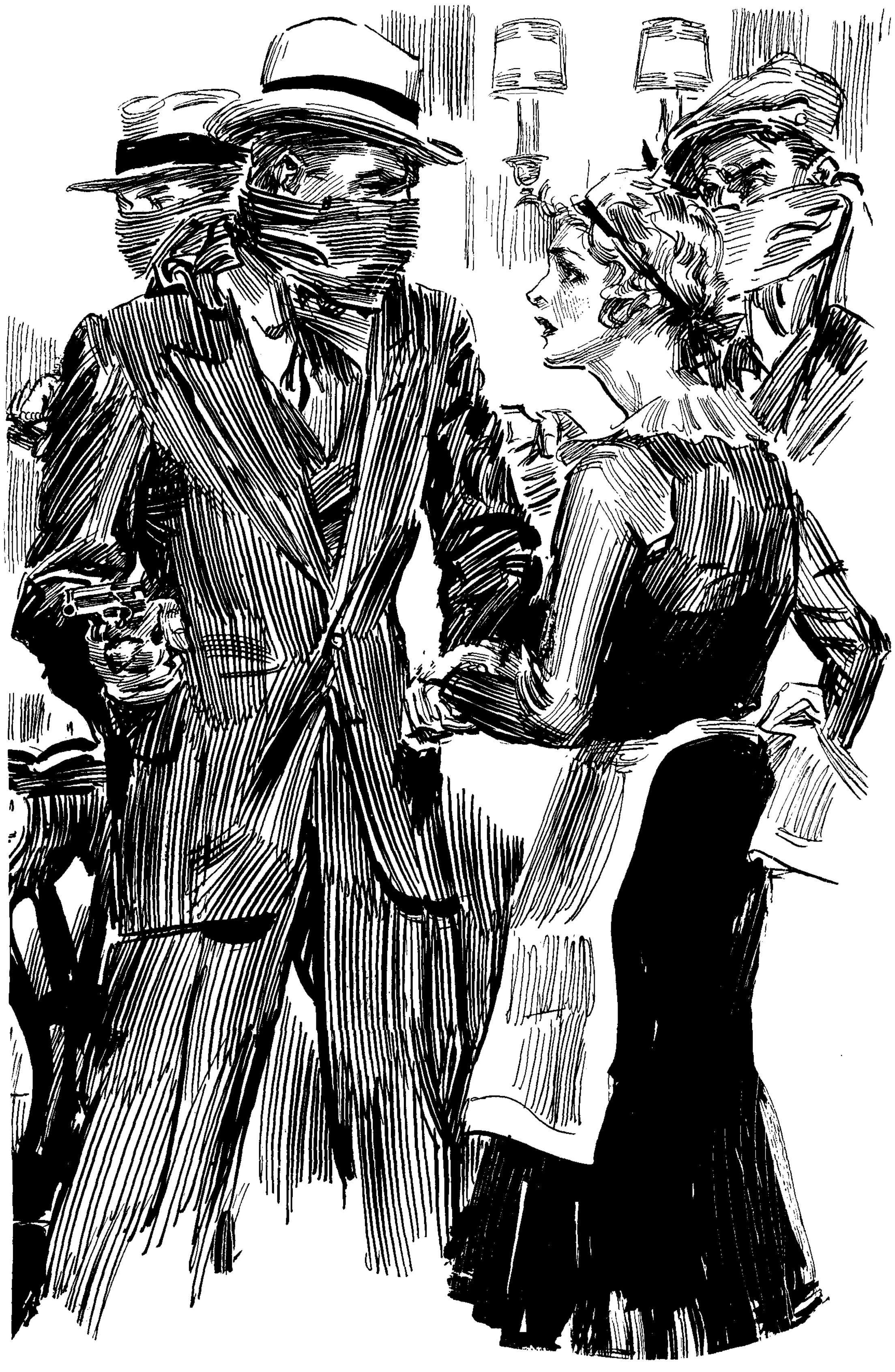
"You mean," I said, "that I should supply you with a strong-arm guy to protect you from these birds you welched on?"

"That's the technical terminology," he said. "Have you any large and capable pugilist on your staff?"

"Several," I said, thinking of Bill Hocks. "But none of them works on springs. All of 'em have appetites."

"We're prepared to pay," said the girl, Gwendolyn. "I've got five hundred dollars. We'll only need him for a month. I can pay the gamblers by then."

It may have been the girl's charm; it may have been that I was just a sap, or it may have been that Providence had produced a spot where Bill Hocks,



the Tasmanian Terror, could earn his keep while I fished around for matches. Anyhow I called Grupp's gymnasium and told them to shoo Hocks over right away.

Gwendolyn dug into her purse and brought up five centuries, which she laid before me.

"We've hit upon the plan of calling Cedric's bodyguard his athletic instructor," she said, winningly. "Don't you think that's cute?"

WE ALL gabbed some more, and I fell harder for the girl's smile. Result: Hocks, so far as I was concerned, got the job. And also, so far as I was concerned, it didn't matter much whether he or Cedric got a bullet.

"Who are these birds you owe four or five thousand to?" I asked as a matter of form.

"Dark birds," said Cedric. "Shady, I think, and obviously unscrupulous."

From more detailed description I gathered they were Jake the Gyp's gang, a tough mob that had given me a hot time before many a big fight. This made me all the more inclined to help out Cedric and his sister.

And just as I said it there was a tap on the door. Another girl came in—a plainly dressed girl who'd be runner-up in any beauty contest where Cedric's sister won first prize.

"You're in time, Emily," says Cedric's sister to the new arrival, who hung in the background.

"This another member of the family?" I said.

Emily blushed.

"No," says Gwendolyn. "Emily is my maid."

Emily smiled at me and said " 'Ow do you do?" without an aitch. She was something new to me in cockney girls. I thought they all wore convex teeth till I saw Emily.

The office door staggered as Bill Hocks rapped it for admittance. He came in, as big as a dray horse in a sweat-shirt. He blinked at Gwendolyn and tripped over his feet when he lamped Emily.

"Here's your man," I said to Cedric.

He offered Hocks a trim-nailed hand, which Hocks grabbed as if it was a sardine. Cedric winced as if he wanted to call up the Red Cross.

I explained to Bill what his new job was for a month while I booked him a fight.

"How do I know I can do it?" he asked. "I've never been a bodyguard before. All I got is a pair of good, iron dukes."

He held out his hands for the company to admire.

"They look capable," said Cedric.

"Good Lord," gasped Emily, the maid, "what do you wear for gloves?"

"I never wear gloves, miss," said Bill. Emily grinned, Bill grinned, everybody grinned.

"When does he start?" I asked Cedric.

"Right away," he said.

The next afternoon something happened. A big guy floats down the hall where my office is, to a chorus of mild Bronx cheers. I went out to see the disturbance and find Bill Hocks dressed up like a dude in a suit that looks as if it was left to him in somebody's will. He's got on a wing collar and spats and stiff cuffs that fit like bandages. Also, he carries a cane.

"This job's no go," he complained.

"Been shot at yet?" I said.

"This blighter Cedric," he says, "kept me out till four this morning. How the 'ell am I to keep in training? He gives me this old suit of his father's to make me look right when I'm about with him."

"What kind of a guy is his father?" I asked.

"How do I know?" says Hocks. "I 'aven't seen him yet. In fact, Emily the maid tells me he's very rarely seen about the place. He's a clubman and very sporty. The old woman's a terror."

"AS LONG as you've got a good bed to sleep in and three squares a day with the corners knocked off, what do you care?" I said.

"That's just it," said Bill. "They feed me right and I've got a clean room over a garage. But the old woman's a terror. The minute she hears her son has hired me as athletic trainer she makes me spend two hours teaching her reducing exercises."

"Where's this bird Cedric just now?" I said.

"Left him at his bridge club," says Bill. "Where I've got to report at eight-thirty. Then he's going out sparking or something and there'll be another night club. And worse than that, he borrowed twenty of that thirty bucks you gave me."

"What does he use in night clubs for money?" I said.

"He signs his father's name to everything," said Bill. "Bloody queer family."

"Well," I said, soothing him. "Gwendolyn's a nice girl. So's Emily."

"She's a bit of all right," says Bill, softening. "But the job's no go."

But the next afternoon Bill was back.

"There was sure to be a trick somewhere," he said, opening up. "Mrs. Marsh had me pounding the roads with her at seven this morning, and I didn't turn in till five. And now Miss Gwendolyn—"

"What about Miss Gwendolyn?" I said.

"She's got a bright idea," said Hocks. "She's going to stage a fight between me and some other guy—for charity."

"What charity?"

"Some cat and dog home. She and Mrs. Marsh are going to make it a big social affair."

"Give Miss Gwendolyn my compliments," I said, "and tell her I'll run out tonight to talk business."

Hocks went.

AFTER finishing a dinner date that night I hopped a train from the Pennsy and debarked in this tony Long Island hamlet where the Marshes owned a place on the Sound. A butler with a back like a board and a face he borrowed from a statue took my pedigree at the door. Then Emily, the maid, came through an acre of hallway. She seemed peeved:

"I'm sorry," she said. "Miss Gwendolyn won't be in for some time. She's taken Mr. 'Ocks out riding."

"I'll wait if I may," I said. "I'm Bill Hocks' manager."

" 'E could do with a bit of managing," said Emily. "Riding out with the daughter of the 'ouse when 'e's 'ardly been 'ere long enough to check 'is 'at."

Knowing dames as I do, I spotted Emily was jealous.

"Emily," boomed a female bass from about a mile and half down the hallway. "Who is that person and what does he want?"

Emily explained as a gray-haired woman hove into view. She looked like a handsome traffic cop who had taken to female impersonating.

"You probably wish to see my husband," she said, giving me the once-over from a pair of cheaters on a handle. "In which case you had better look for him at one of his usual haunts."

I began a speech, but madame pressed a button or something, and the board-backed butler reappeared and gave me the gate.

So I lurked about the grounds, waiting for Bill Hocks.

I lurked for hours and was about reduced to a diet of wild berries and nuts when out of the darkness, to the garage where I'm standing, comes a female figure. It's Emily.

"Bill 'Ocks is back," she said. "They came in the launch. That's 'ow you missed them. I saw you prowling around from an upstairs window."

"Send him out," I said.

Bill came out. He was dolled up in a dinner suit.

"What happened?" I says, sharp.

"It's a 'ell of a mess," he said, dropping an aitch now and again as if he carried too many of them. "Cedric got tight at a dinner. 'E's suffering from the willies and wants me to spend the night in 'is room. Says 'e saw a bloke prowlin' around the gardens as we come in."

"He did," I said. "I'm the bloke. But what about the charity fight?"

(Continued on page 75)

Yes, Your Excellency!

By Walter Davenport

Huey Long is a born salesman, a fast thinker and a powerful talker. Louisiana's young governor has spent a good part of his thirty-seven years selling soap, groceries, a political candidate, furniture, starch, clothing—but his biggest and most successful sales campaign was to convince his state that they simply had to send him to the United States Senate. The Senate is going to hear something

Two characteristic poses of Louisiana's dynamic governor and senator-elect, Huey Long

THERE were two candidates for tick inspector in Winn Parish, Louisiana, in 1907. Huey Pierce Long, fourteen years old at the moment, was not one of them, being denied by his youth the privilege of righting the people's wrongs. On more than a few occasions since then Mr. Long has given it as his opinion that just because a fellow is a bit shy of his legal majority is no reason why the public should be deprived of his political services.

At the time of this crisis in the history of Winn Parish, Mr. Long was a journalist well on his way into a career which has led him through half a hundred jobs to the governorship of Louisiana and to the United States Senate. How much farther he is going nobody (not even Huey) knows, although you'll find sane citizens of his state who, like Mr. Last Calloway of Old Shongaloo, Webster Parish, will take your long odds that Huey won't be President of the United States, King of England or boss of the South Sea Islands.

"How many senators are there up there in Washington?" asked Mr. Calloway.

"Ninety-six."

"Shucks," said Mr. Calloway. "That'll be easy for Huey. Only ninety-five to think faster than."

But when the memorable tick inspector campaign of 1907 was approaching its climax, Mr. Long was about nine tenths of the editorial and mechanical staffs of the Southern Sentinel, a weekly newspaper published at Winnfield. He was also the most active half of the advertising department, which left him ample time to superintend circulation and help his father wring a thin living out of a few acres of clay called a truck farm.

Inasmuch as Mr. Long was debarred by youth from running for tick inspector he chose that aspirant who in his opinion would be the better occupant of the office and took stock of his man's chances. They were remote. So Huey went to him and violently explained that he was certain to be beaten unless he adopted the Long plan. So convinced was the man that defeat was his that he was glad to listen, even to a reedy-voiced boy.

Briefly, the Long plan was that the candidate's campaign should be managed by Huey Pierce Long who, for the sum of five dollars (two-fifty down and two-fifty when elected), would route and direct his speaking tours, organize and direct a group of reliable applause promoters, plant fearless hecklers in the camp of the opposition, write all speeches and attend to all the other thousand and one details of a heart-gripping campaign.

On the Long plan Huey's man was elected tick inspector with many votes to spare—twelve or fourteen, to be more specific. But what accomplished his overwhelming victory was a speech written by his manager—a speech still cited as the acme of vote appeal in Winn Parish. Its last paragraph did the work:

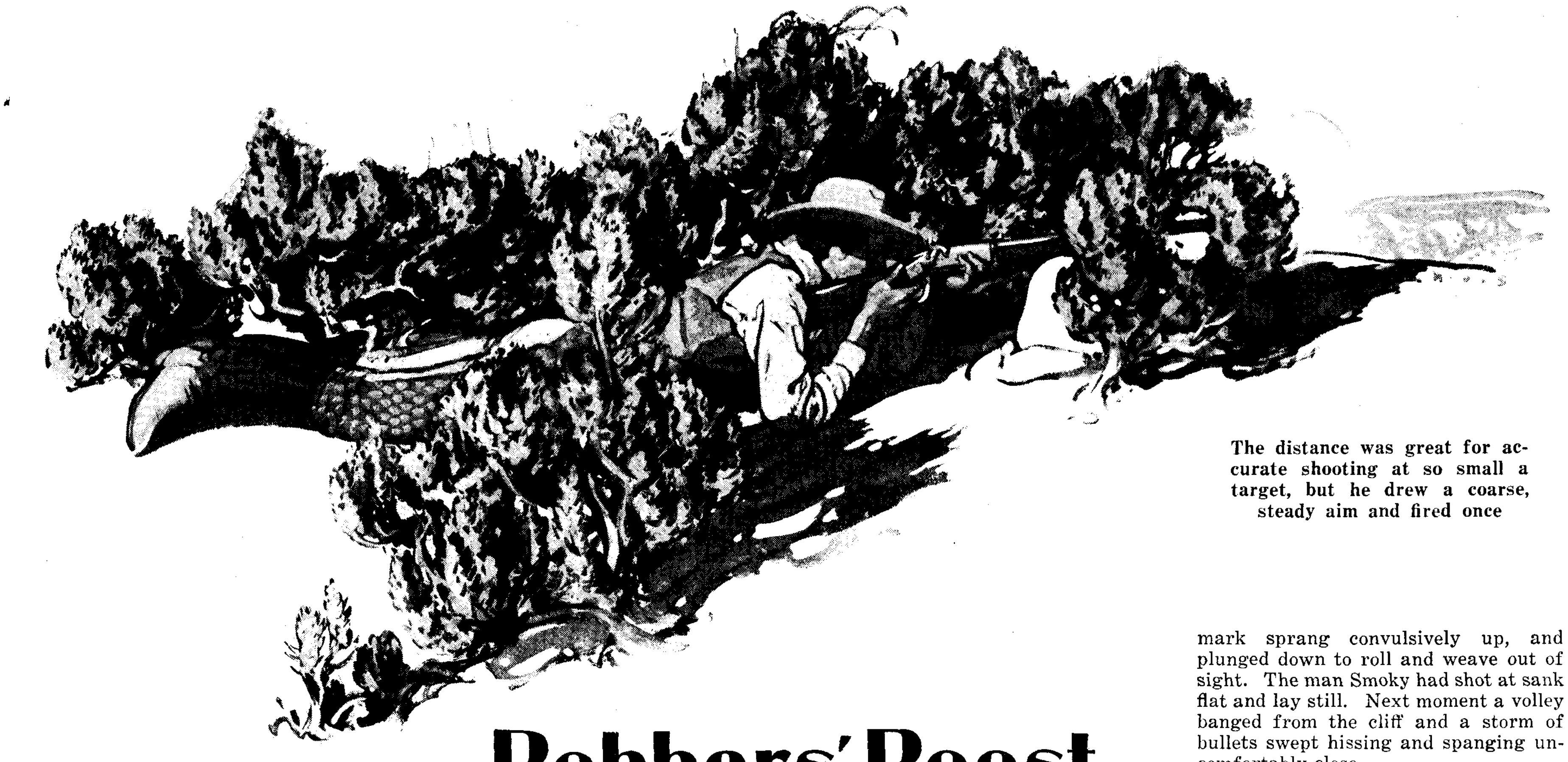
"If I am elected, I will inspect every cow, male and female, for ticks. Them that's got 'em will get rid of 'em and them that ain't got none won't get none."

A Political Bobcat

That was twenty-three years ago. Since that remote day Huey Pierce Long, filled with the same unconquerable confidence, cleaving to the same directness of purpose and speech, overflowing with an energy which flattens weaker beholders, ruthless as a machine gun, a political bobcat, has overcome enough obstacles and achieved successes enough to make up two or three robust careers. Huey has done about everything except write mystery stories; and his enemies, producing Huey's messages to the legislature and to legislators, his speeches and his defensive alibis, insist he is a master even of that.

Last September 9th he was nominated United States senator by the Democrats of Louisiana, defeating the incumbent, Joseph E. Ransdell, by 38,000 votes and reducing the far-famed New Orleans ring to a pulp of abject misery. Naturally that means election. But every one of Louisiana's eighteen dailies and almost all the weeklies fought him with a bitterness that choked their columns with such epithets as thief, plunderer, demagogue, liar, thug, hypocrite, panderer, corruptionist and buffoon. I mention only the most prominent, taking them swiftly from the newspaper files. But Huey, ignoring

(*Continued on page 46*)



The distance was great for accurate shooting at so small a target, but he drew a coarse, steady aim and fired once

Robbers' Roost

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

GIVING his name as Jim Wall (which, obviously, it is not) and announcing that he is fleeing the law, a young horseman reaches the Star Ranch, in a wild section of Utah, and is given a job.

A strange ranch, the Star. All the employees are desperadoes—including the superintendent, Hank Hays, who tells young Wall the amazing truth, to wit: that he, Hays, and his fellow workers are plotting to steal all the cattle.

Wall likes the owner of the ranch—Bernie Herrick, a wealthy Englishman. Herrick's beautiful sister, Helen, comes to the ranch for a visit. Soon Wall is madly in love with her. Realizing, however, his inability to marry the girl, he decides to accompany Hays' men when, all Herrick's cattle having been stolen and sold, get-away day arrives.

With other members of the outfit he rides away from the ranch. A few miles out Hays and Sparrowhawk Latimer join the party. With them is—Helen Herrick! They have kidnapped her (so they claim) so as to hold her for a ransom! . . . Jim, knowing his helplessness, makes no protest. He does, however, tell the girl of his love and vows to save her if he can.

Following a running battle with a rival band—led by Bill Heeseman, Hays leads the party to "Robbers' Roost," deep in a maze of canyons and quicksand. . . . Latimer dies. With his last breath he informs Wall and Smoky Slocum that Hays had robbed both the girl and her brother; that he has no intention of dividing; that he is interested only in Helen Herrick! . . . Learning the truth, the bandits grow rebellious. Hays kills Brad Lincoln during a quarrel. After which he admits his double dealing, divides the spoils and announces his dastardly intentions toward the prisoner.

Wall no longer hesitates. He resolves to kill Hays at the earliest opportunity. Then comes the unexpected: Heeseman's outfit arrives, prepared to fight!

X

JIM did not move hastily. A ragged section of cliff, quite high, above and to the left of the south exit, gave him misgivings. That was a likely place for ambush. Farther to the west, however, where the shooting came from, there was some hope of locating an enemy.

Lying flat, Jim wormed his way a few yards to the fringe of brush, and took another survey. Almost at once he caught a movement of a dark object through a crevice in the rim. The distance was great for accurate shooting at so small a target. But with a rest he drew a coarse, steady aim and fired once.

The object flopped over. A shrill cry, unmistakable to any man used to gunplay, rent the air. Jim knew he had reached one of the Heeseman gang, to disable him if no more. Next instant a raking fire swept the brush on both sides of Jim. Like a crab he scuttled back, almost falling into the hole. Bullets had hissed only a foot above his head. He dropped down into the cave.

Smoky stood there, in the act of climbing.

"Fire in your eye, Jim," he drawled.

"They damn' near got me," rang out Jim. "I hit one of them way over where they shot at Bridges. There's a bunch of them hid on that cliff to the right of the outlet, you know, where Jeff went up to scout."

"Ahuh. Thet's way this side of the smoke I seen."

"Yes. It's pretty close. But they can't do us any harm from there, if we keep low bridge."

"JIM, they got us located," replied Slocum, gravely.

"Sure. But so long as they can't line on us in here—"

"They can move all around. An' pretty soon Heeseman will figger thet men behind the high center in front can shoot straight in hyar."

"Smoky, you're right. One of us ought to be on the far side of the oval."

"I can work round there without bein' seen. Along the cliff wall hyar, crost the gorge, round under the cottonwoods, an' up thet draw on the far side."

"You might. But suppose some of Heeseman's outfit are below, as Hays said?"

"Thet'd end history for Smoky Slocum."

"Wait then. Don't risk it. I believe I can see over that high center."

"Whar from?"

"This hole above. The side toward the oval is a foot lower. It'd be reasonably safe."

"I'll go up with you."

Bridges lay groaning, his big hands clutching his clothes, his face a bluish cast. Mac sat helplessly beside him. Hays knelt out by the corner of the wall, with Jack whispering behind him.

"Hold my rifle. I'll go up," said Jim. Without encumbrance he readily climbed to the shelf, finding to his satisfaction that he could stand on it and look out over the oval without being seen from the cliff.

"Hand up both rifles."

Smoky complied, and was soon beside Jim, but, owing to his smaller stature, he could not see over the rim. However, he found steps for his feet, by which he surmounted the difficulty. Like a general he swept the lay of the land. "Jim, there's only one place we couldn't see, an' thet's straight back of the center. If they savvy it they'll almost shore try to work in from the west."

"You're right, old-timer," replied Jim, grimly, and pointed to the western entrance, where two stealthily moving figures could even then be discerned slipping, like Indians, from bush to bush.

"Jim, you're a right fine fightin' pard," quoth Smoky, delighted. "Now, ain't thet jest a shame? They won't have sense enough to run like hell, givin' us hard shots. They'll sneak it . . . shore, look at 'em. I could almost bore one already."

"It's nervy of them, at that," admitted Jim. "After I shot from the top of this bank."

"They might not know thet. It takes a good quarter of an hour to grade round thet cliff an' down. . . . Where'd they go, Jim?"

"They're below the ridge now. Look sharp, Smoky, or they might get a couple of shots in first."

"Wal, if they do I hope both bullets lodge in Hank's gizzard."

"My sentiments exactly. . . . Smoky, I saw something shine. Tip of a rifle. Right—to the right. . . . Ah!"

"Take the first feller, Jim. . . . One—two—three."

The rifles cracked in unison. Jim's mark sprang convulsively up, and plunged down to roll and weave out of sight. The man Smoky had shot at sank flat and lay still. Next moment a volley banged from the cliff and a storm of bullets swept hissing and spanging uncomfortably close.

"Low bridge, Jim," chuckled Smoky. "Gimme your gun. Drop down. They're shootin' lower."

Jim slid and leaped to the floor of the cave below. Smoky, by lying down, lowered the rifles to him, and then came scrambling after.

Hays had slouched back to them, followed by Happy.

"What'd you shoot at?" he queried hopefully.

JIM did not deign to notice him. "Smoky, I winged mine and you hit yours plumb center."

"Two more. Heeseman ain't havin' a walk-over. By Gawd, if we can *kill* two or three more, an' particularly Heeseman, we'll have thet outfit licked!"

"Yes. But how, Smoky? We're stuck here. And they'll take less risks now."

"Wal, luck's with us. An' in a pinch I can work way round behind them."

"Smoky, I don't want you to try that."

"Wal, Jim, I ain't carin' a lot what you want. The thing is we can't let night overtake us in hyar."

"Why not? It's as safe for us as for them."

"Safe nothin'. We can't make no light. This green brush wouldn't burn. An' Heeseman has us located. He'd be slick enough to station men after dark. Behind the center an' the rocks. In thet wash, an' shore above us watchin' our hole. Then when daylight come we'd be snuffed out. No, if we don't end it before dark we shore gotta sneak out of hyar after dark."

Hays swaggered closer. "Thet's a good idee, Smoky."

"Air you talkin' to me?" asked Slocum, insolently.

"Shore I am, you spit-cat! What'n hell's got into you—an' all of you?" shouted the robber, hoarsely.

"You wanta talk, huh?"

"'Course I do. I'm boss hyar, an' what I say—"

"Hey, fellers, the boss wants talk," interrupted Slocum, fiercely. "You, Happy an' Mac, talk to the skunk who used to be our boss. An' you, Jeff, air you able to talk to Hays?"

The dying man raised a haggard, relentless face, which needed no speech to express his hate for the fallen chief.

"Hays, when I—meet you in hell—I'll stamp your cheatin'—guts out!" whispered Bridges, in a terrible effort to expend all his last strength and passion in one denunciation. Then he sank back, his head fell on his breast, and he died.

"Gone! Thet makes three of us," ejaculated Mac, twisting restless hands round his rifle.

"Talk to Hays, damn you," yelled Smoky. "He wants talk."

"I wouldn't talk to him if it *was* my last breath, like Jeff, an' talkin' would save my life," said Mac.

"Jim, can't you oblige our former chief an' pard?" asked Smoky, turning to Jim.

"I'm past talking to him, Smoky—that is, with my mouth."

"Wal, so it's left to me," declared Slocum, bitterly addressing Hays. "Me who ranged Utah with you fer ten years! Me whose life you saved an' who cottoned to you as to a brother! Me who slept with you, fought with you, robbed an' killed with you!"

HOW potently significant that rifle barrel of Smoky's almost aligned with Hays' body! Jim felt a cold thrill of expectancy—Smoky would kill the chief. Hays might have held himself proof against words, but not against bullets.

"Hank Hays, some one of us will live long enough to tell the Utah border what you sunk to," went on Slocum. "An' this place, which I bet a million will be your grave, won't be forgot in history. Robbers' Roost? It oughter be Robbers' Grave. Fer many years outfits like ours used to be will hole in hyar. An' many a low-down rustler or common hoss-thief will laugh an' say: 'Hank Hays croaked in hyar, after doin' dirt to the best men who ever throwed a gun fer each other. An' all fer a white-faced slip of a woman who was sickened near to death at him!'"

"Aw, you go to hell!" shouted Hays, malignantly. "I ain't croaked yet."

"Wal, if Heeseman doesn't do it, I will."

"Man, air you drunk or crazy?" burst out Hays, in dazed incredulity.

"Neither. An' thet's my last talk with you, Hank Hays," concluded Slocum, in cold finality.

Jim, sitting back on a bulge of wall, watched and listened. He could not have asked more, though he had hoped Smoky would finish the chief then and there, despite the pressure of the peril from without. Hays' bravado did not deceive Jim. The foundations of Hays' manhood had been torn asunder, as indeed they had decayed during this last wild enterprise. He realized it and the effect seemed tremendous. He was in his last ditch. Heeseman, an enemy of years' standing, was there to kill him. And if he and this remnant of his outfit succeeded in beating off the attackers, even then his doom was imminent. Smoky did not make idle threats. And if he failed to kill Hays, then this stranger, this mysterious gunman from Wyoming, would do it. Thus Hays' mind must have worked. Only one chance in a thousand for him! It looked as if he meant to take it in desperate spirit.

"Jack, gimme Jeff's gun an' belt," he said, and receiving them he buckled them over his own. Next he opened his pack to take out a box of rifle shells, which he broke open to drop the contents in his coat pocket on the left side. After that he opened his shirt to strip off a broad, black money belt. This was what had made him bulge so and give the impression of stoutness, when in fact he was lean. He hung this belt over a projecting point of wall.

"In case I don't git back," he added. "An' there's a bundle of chicken-feed change in my pack."

There was something gloomy and splendid about him then. Fear of God, or man, or death was not in him. Rifle in hand he crept to the corner on the left and boldly exposed himself, drawing a volley of shots from two quarters.

"Ahuh. I'll upset thet little party," he muttered, and crossing the front of the cave he passed his men and started to glide along the zigzag wall on that side. He had to dodge out around the end of the corral, which move, however, did not draw fire. Then he disappeared.

"What's Hays' idea?" asked Jim.

"He must know a way to sneak around on them. . . . Jim, if he makes it an' they git to shootin', I'm gonna try my plan."

"You'll cross around on the other side?"

"Shore. One day I figgered out the thing I mean to do now."

"If Hank gets them all shooting, you might risk it, Smoky. But wait. Let's see what—"

A metallic, spanging sound accompanied rather than followed by a shot, then a sodden thud right at hand choked Jim's speech in his throat. Before he wheeled he knew this to be a bullet striking flesh. Happy Jack had been cut short in one of his low whistles. He swayed a second upright, then, uttering an awful groan, he fell.

SMOKY leaped to him, bent over.

"Dead! Hit in the temple. Where'd thet bullet come from?"

"It glanced from a rock. I know the sound. Was that an accident?"

"Shore. How else could a bullet reach us in hyar, unless from straight across behind thet mound."

"No. The bullet came—"

Spoww! The same sound—another shot, and another heavy lead, deflected in its course, struck the stone above Jim's head and whined away to whip at the gravel.

"Thet rock thar," shouted Smoky, pointing. "See the white bullet mark. . . . Jim, some slick sharpshooter has figgered one on us."

Twenty feet out, a little to the left of the center of the cave, lay a huge block of granite with a slanting side facing west. This side inclined slightly toward the cave. On its rusty surface showed two white spots close together.

Another *spang* and shot followed, with a banging of another heavy bullet from wall to wall. It narrowly missed Mac, who was quick to flop down with a surly yelp.

"Come on, Jim, it ain't healthy hyar no more," said Smoky, hugging the wall and working to the extreme left-hand corner. "It do beat hell. Thet's Heeseman. He's a bad feller to fall out with, I remember once hearin' Hank tell when he an' Heeseman was pardners in cattle raisin'. Funny, ain't it? Wal, some rustlers made a cattle steal. Hank trailed tracks into what's called Black Dragon Canyon. There was a cave high off the bottom, an' Hank told how he an' Heeseman, an' their riders, shot agin the wall of the cave an' shore routed out them rustlers."

"Smoky, if they're loaded with ammunition they can rout us out, too. That infernal rock! We couldn't move it, even if we dared try."

"We gotta kill Heeseman."

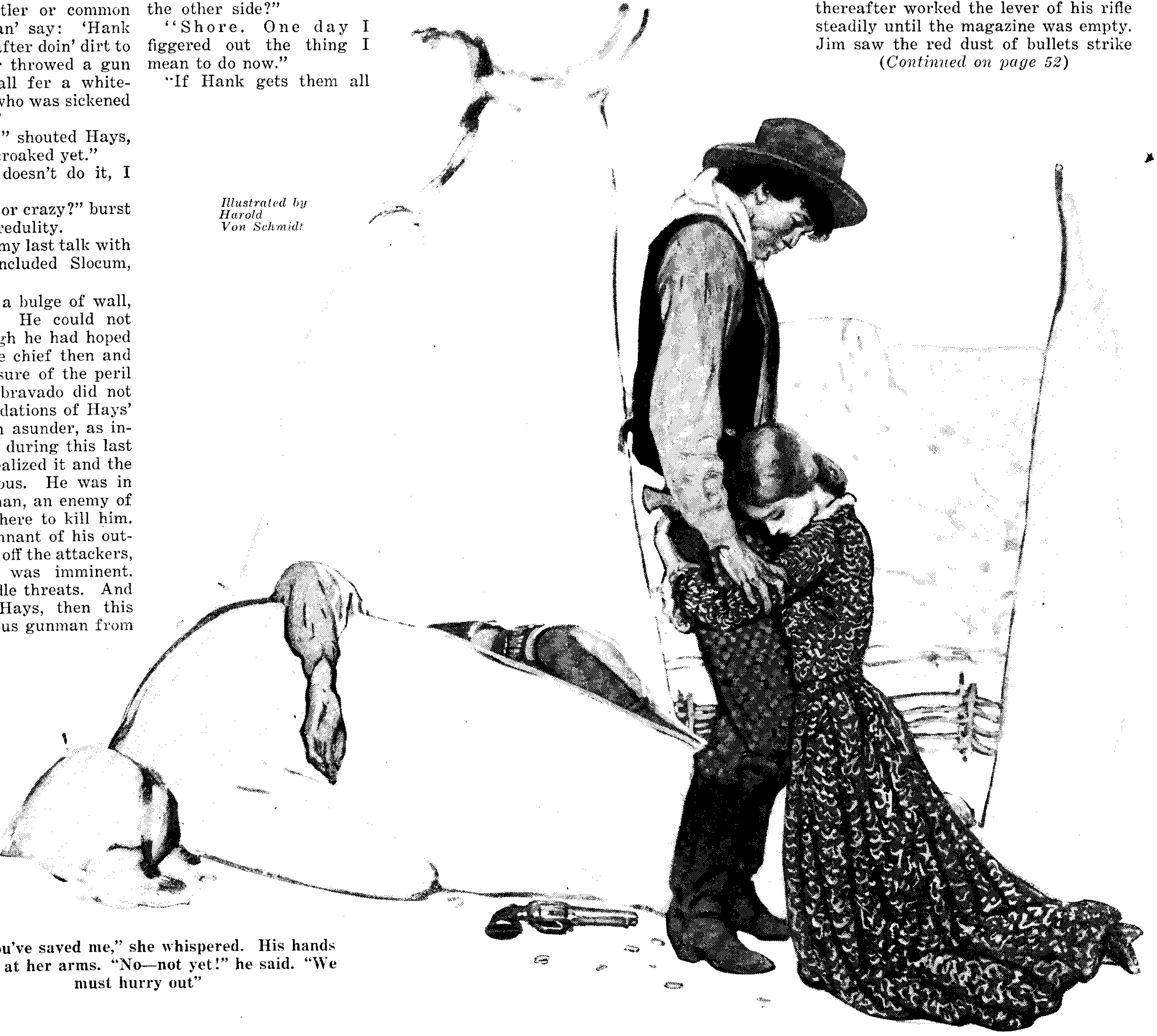
"I had somewhat the same hunch myself. . . . *Bing!* There's another."

"I seen the smoke then. Look, Jim. There's a rock sticks up like a owl's head. An' it come from left of thet, out of thet wide crack. He's back in there. Let's give him a dose of his own medicine. We got shells more'n we'll ever use."

"Wait till he shoots again. Then you empty your rifle and give way to me."

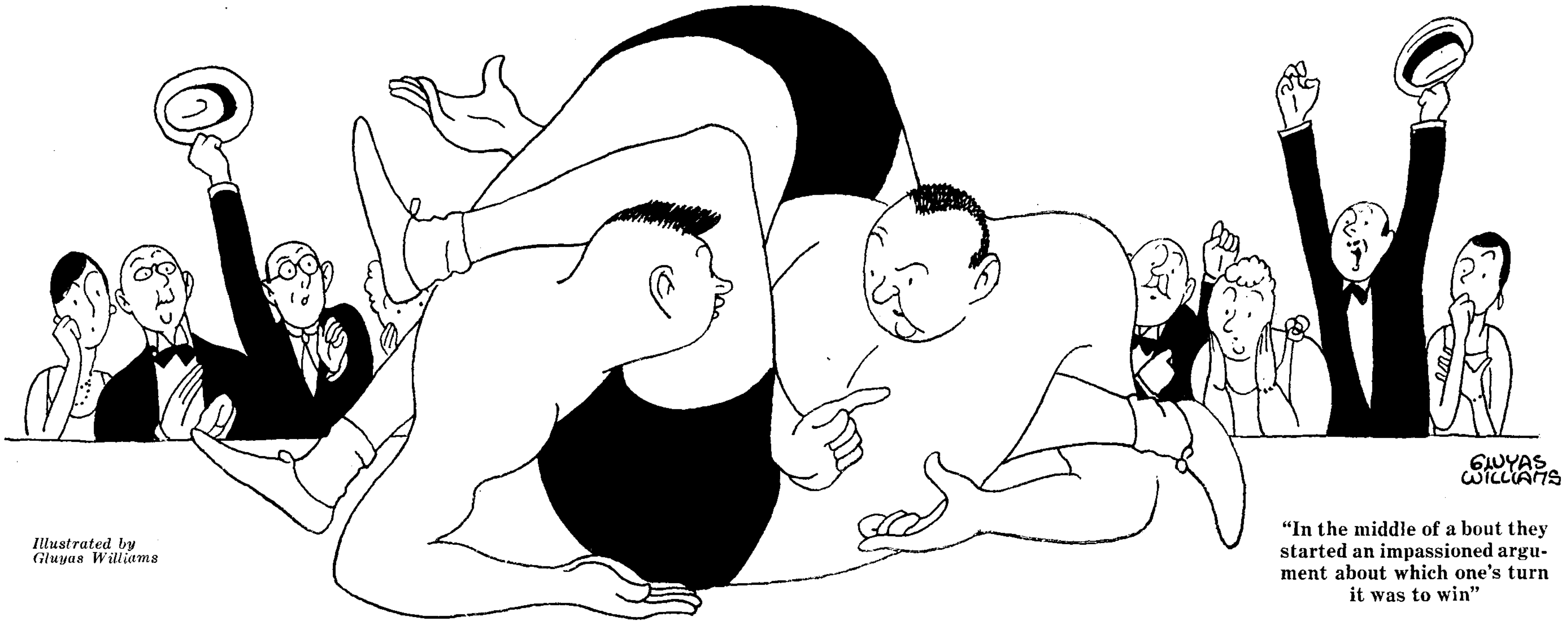
Soon the little white cloud puffed up, and a crack instantly followed. Smoky, on one knee, fired deliberately, and thereafter worked the lever of his rifle steadily until the magazine was empty. Jim saw the red dust of bullets strike

(*Continued on page 52*)



Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

"Jim, you've saved me," she whispered. His hands plucked at her arms. "No—not yet!" he said. "We must hurry out"



"In the middle of a bout they started an impassioned argument about which one's turn it was to win"

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

Easy to Take

"We don't wear linen dusters any more, an' bootjacks have disappeared, but our per capita consumption of gold bricks still remains the largest of any country in the world"

Uncle Henry

I'D LIKE to know who started this outrageous scandal about Americans bein' a hard-boiled people," demanded Uncle Henry. "Why, we're so soft that the whole United States could fall from the top of a skyscraper an' never make a dent in a lily pad. There's not a doubt that Dean Swift had us in mind when he wrote Gullible's Travels.

"We don't wear linen dusters any more, an' bootjacks have disappeared, but our per capita consumption of gold bricks still remains the largest of any country in the world. Mr. Barnum's estimate of one a minute was the last word in conservatism, for the daily output has attained such proportions that warehousin' is a serious problem.

"Honestly, we're so easy that the cheeks of confidence men never lose the burnin' blush of shame. All of us have 'No Parking' signs in our pockets, an' every American is marked with a double cross showin' where the money can be found. In event that nobody takes it away at once we experience a definite sense of insult an' run around like mad, wantin' to know why we're bein' discriminated against.

"Consider the recent bull market, for instance. In those joyous days when the country ran nice an' smooth, hittin' on every adenoid, grown men actually mortgaged their homes to buy Chicle Preferred on the strength of a rumor that J. P. Morgan had been seen chewin' somethin', an' I know people who plunged madly in United Dairies because a doctor circulated the report there was goin' to be an epidemic of milk leg.

It's Only a Swelling

"An' how about politics? This country, of course, is bigger than it was, but who can say there's been any real growth? May it not be that our larger size is jes' a swellin' due to the fact that we've been stung so many times by the men we put in public office? Sometimes I think Americans wouldn't go to the polls at all if it wasn't for the fearful fascination that impels a criminal to revisit the scene of his crime.

"I might mention hundreds of other instances that attest our belief in Santa Claus, but sports, in my opinion, best illustrate the childlike simplicity that is our dominant trait. Go to a race track an' you'll find that even a harelipped tout experiences no difficulty in gettin' bets on a three-legged horse that has to be advertised for at the end of the race.

"As for wrestlin', any man with a bull neck an' flat feet can take everything from us except the first an' second mortgages an' mechanics' liens. With my own eyes I've seen two grapplers let go of each other's ears right in the middle of a bout, an' start an impassioned argument about which one's turn it is to win, all without excitin' protest or criticism.

"Prize fightin', however, is the game that makes every inmate of the United States a one hundred per cent American, for promoters won't accept anything less than that figure. At the mere sight of a cauliflower ear we hand over what we happen to have with us, an' beg the promoters to wait while we hurry home an' rob the children's bank.

"Don't tell me you've forgotten the Carpentier-Dempsey fight, the Battle of the Century that shook the republic to its foundations? Or how fistic experts dilated on the Frenchman's speed, strength an' ferocity until bearded men grew pale an' frightened children cried in their cereal? An' if you'll remember, the only reason the meetin' lasted as long as it did was because Dempsey hit with his eyes shut, ashamed to look.

"For the life of me, I can't understand why people rush over to Vienna for their gland operations, when right here at home they've got fight managers an' sportin' writers who can take any man, no matter how old an' run down, an' make him over into a Human Tiger, a modern Hercules, in less than twenty-four hours. Of course, it's only a matter of time until they revert to tripe, but it's wonderful while it lasts.

"Look at the way they rebuilt Tom Heeney, that medieval ruin who sat out a fight with Tunney. Thousands were induced to believe that the champion didn't have a chance, an' paid money to see the blood-chillin' encounter. You may recall that Gene carried a pocket edition of Shakespeare into the ring, an' spent a large part of every round consultin' with the referee as to the meanin' of the long words.

"The case of Schmeling, however, is most illuminative. There was a poor German lad who was so slow that even hook-worms tired of life with him, an' his judgment of distance was so bad that he couldn't even be trusted to throw himself down on a bed.

"An' look what sportin' writers did for him! Almost overnight that afflicted boy became the Black Uhlan, a regular devastatin' demon, an' countless pages detailed his speed an' strength, showin' that he was faster than Man of War, cleverer than any boxer since Corbett, more savage than Dempsey, an' had a right hand so deadly that oftentimes it went through his opponent an' demolished people in the back rows.

Lions from Lambs

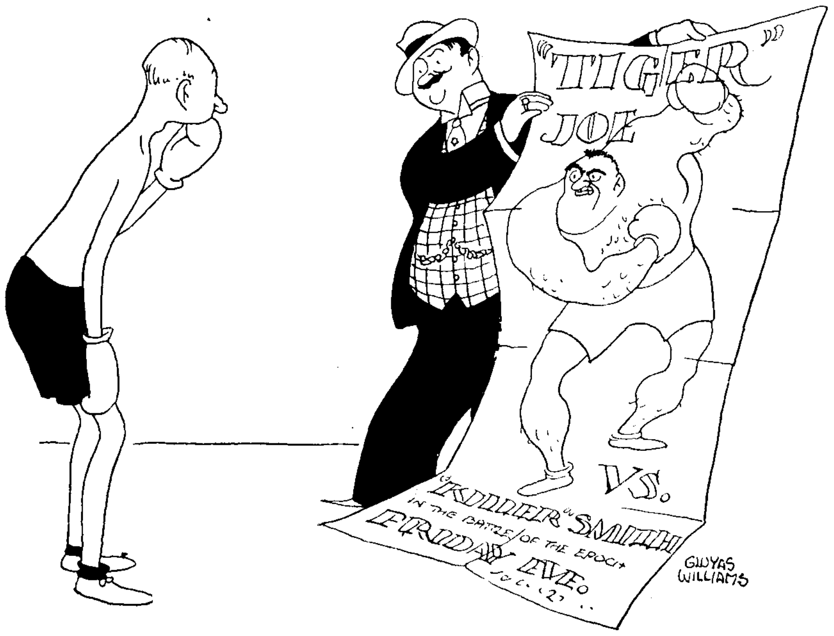
"Sharkey himself was operated on no less successfully. Chiefly famous for bein' the first fighter to broadcast his punches, it was also the case that he'd developed hysteria to such a high point that the freshman classes of almost every girl's school made him an honorary member. After the sportin' writers took him in charge, his trainers had to hide the daily papers, for the accounts made Jack doubt his own identity.

"Ah, but what a spectacle it was! Thousands packed the vast stadium, payin' more than half a million at the gate, an' countless other thousands, unable to get in, threw their money over the fence, cheerin' wildly. Tradesmen an' landlords tried to get out injunctions, claimin' it was their money that was bein' spent, but the judges simply rebuked their lack of Americanism.

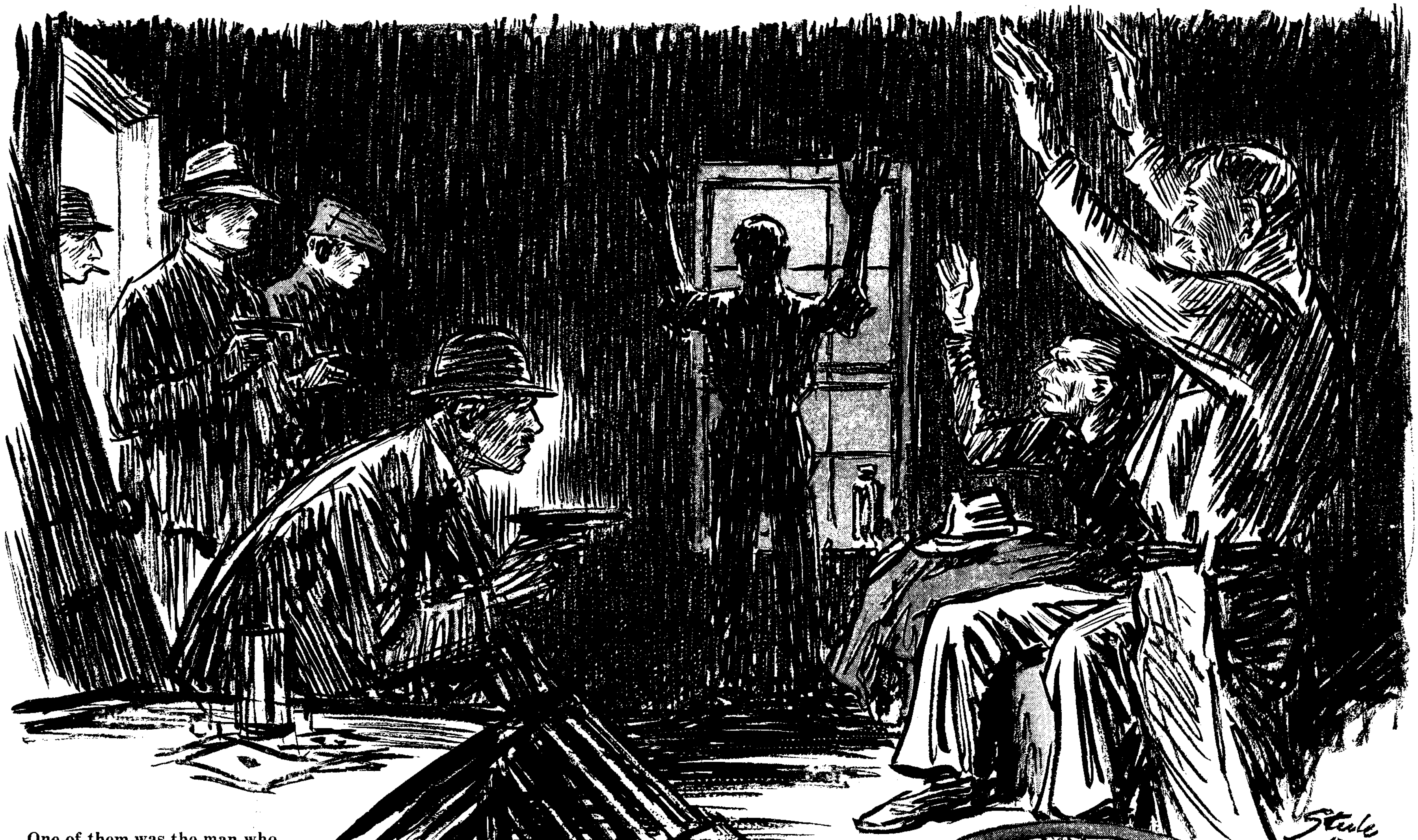
"An' still the outside world looks on us as hard-boiled. Why, 'Lonzo, we don't even get a full evenin' out of it. It used to be that you could count on a championship battle to keep you away from home for three or four hours at least, but now the fighters only stay in the ring until the money has been counted, an' then hurriedly flip a coin to see which one will foul the other."

"Well, I don't know," muttered Mr. Stubbs. "I think prize fightin' is a pretty good thing. It makes people virile."

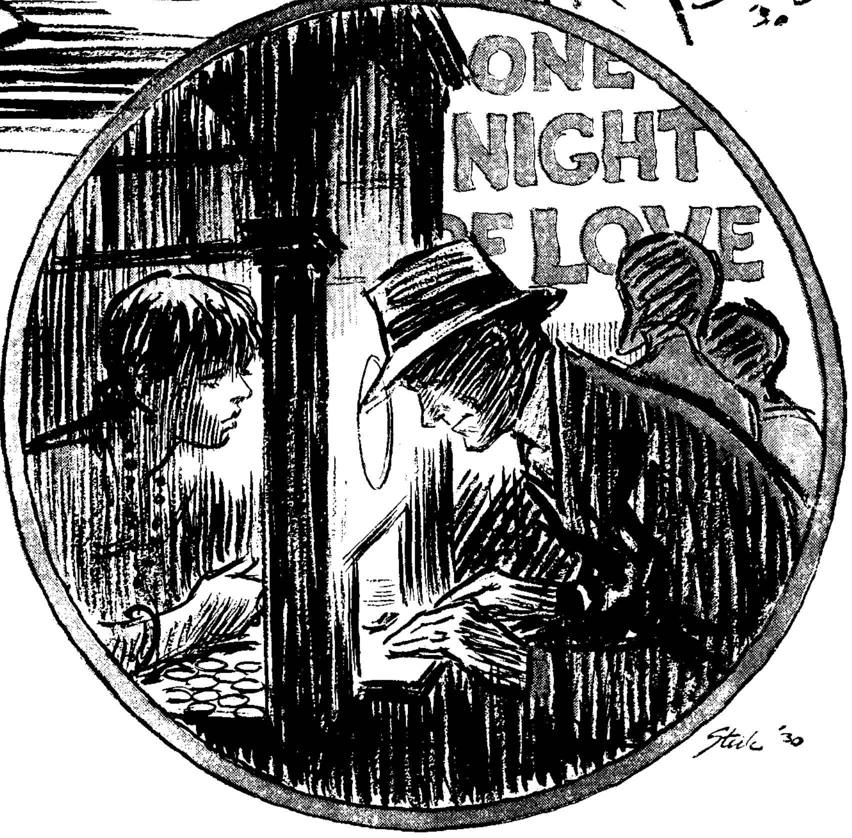
"Anyway," said Uncle Henry, "it certainly teaches 'em how to take punishment."



"Fight managers an' sportin' writers can make any man into a Human Tiger"



One of them was the man who had claimed the ring. They didn't fight because the cops had the drop on them



"You couldn't remember who bought these tickets, sister?" O'Malley asked. "Not a chance," the young woman told him

The Ring

Wherein Detective O'Malley sets an ingenious trap and tests the truth of that popular saying: "It pays to advertise"

By William MacHarg

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

"THIS is a case," said O'Malley, "where a guy was taken for a ride. He was on the front seat of whatever kind of car they were in and somebody on the back seat shot him in the back of the head and they pushed him out in Morningside Park. We don't know who he was and we don't know who they were and we ain't going to be able to find out; but we got to go and look at where they found him. This is the place."

We got out and looked at it.

"Nobody knows this guy," O'Malley said, "so he probably come from somewheres else. Everything had been taken out of his pockets and there ain't a label or a laundry mark that could be traced. How you going to solve a case like that?"

He picked up a brightly colored scrap of paper out of the grass; then he picked up a second, then a third and fourth. The scraps said "Square. 40c." and bore serial numbers.

"Here's more trouble," he observed.

"Why?" I asked. "Those are only the halves of motion picture theater tickets that the customers keep. Anybody might have thrown them away."

"Sure. Probably anybody did. But it's all we've got. If I was goin' through a guy's clothes and found those I'd be likely to throw 'em away as not meaning nothing. There's a hundred squares in this town and every one of 'em has got a picture house named after it; and we don't even know it was this town. There's plenty others. Well, we got to go and ask. He was found in Manhattan, so we'll start in Brooklyn; if he'd been found in Brooklyn we'd do the other way about."

We drove to Brooklyn. The sixth picture theater identified the tickets.

"You couldn't remember who bought those tickets, sister?" O'Malley asked.

"Not a chance," the young woman told him.

"But you can tell when they were used?"

"Sure," the young woman assented. "Last night. The numbers show that."

"WELL, nothing in that," O'Malley said, as we were driving back. "It didn't lead nowhere. So we're back where we started and we'll have to try something else. I'm going to call the office."

He went into a telephone booth and I waited till he came out again.

"They got the guy identified," he stated. "He came from Buffalo. He had a roll of money on him and was going to Paris. His baggage is at the pier and he didn't show up. He didn't know anybody in New York, so it probably was like this: He met some fellows he'd never seen before and they saw his roll and said, 'Let's go to such and such a place and have some fun.' He said all right; but Morningside Park was where he stopped. How you going to find out who they were? You can't. Well, I got to go to a newspaper office and put in an ad."

We stopped at a newspaper office and O'Malley wrote his ad. It read:

"Found. In —— Square picture theater Thursday night. Diamond ring with engraved motto. Valuable. Owner phone Bryant 0001 for appointment."

It was my telephone number.

"What's this about a ring?" I asked.

"This here's the ring."

He gave it to me. It was a big white diamond and inside the gold band was engraved *"Fide, sed cui vide."*

(*Continued on page 72*)

ANDREW LOOMIS

Oh what I'd do to a Milky Way right now!

JUST IMAGINE turning back that waxed paper and grabbing a good hearty bite of Milky Way! Think of that marvelous, flavory center . . . . that layer of soft creamy caramel (made with real butter fat from fresh cows' milk) . . . . and that rich brown coating of *real milk chocolate.* They all blend together into one wonderful flavor, a *satisfying,* never to be forgotten taste . . . . the exact answer to candy hunger.

Maybe you like Milky Way just because it tastes so good, and never have thought much about any other good points it may have. Your liking for it certainly will be no less when you know how wonderfully wholesome it is, how full of whole milk, how high the quality of every ingredient and how carefully it is made in the spotless, sunlit kitchens of "the Community of Candy Makers."

You must realize too that those things have a great deal to do with the flavor; for you actually recognize *wholesomeness* and *quality* in every single bite.

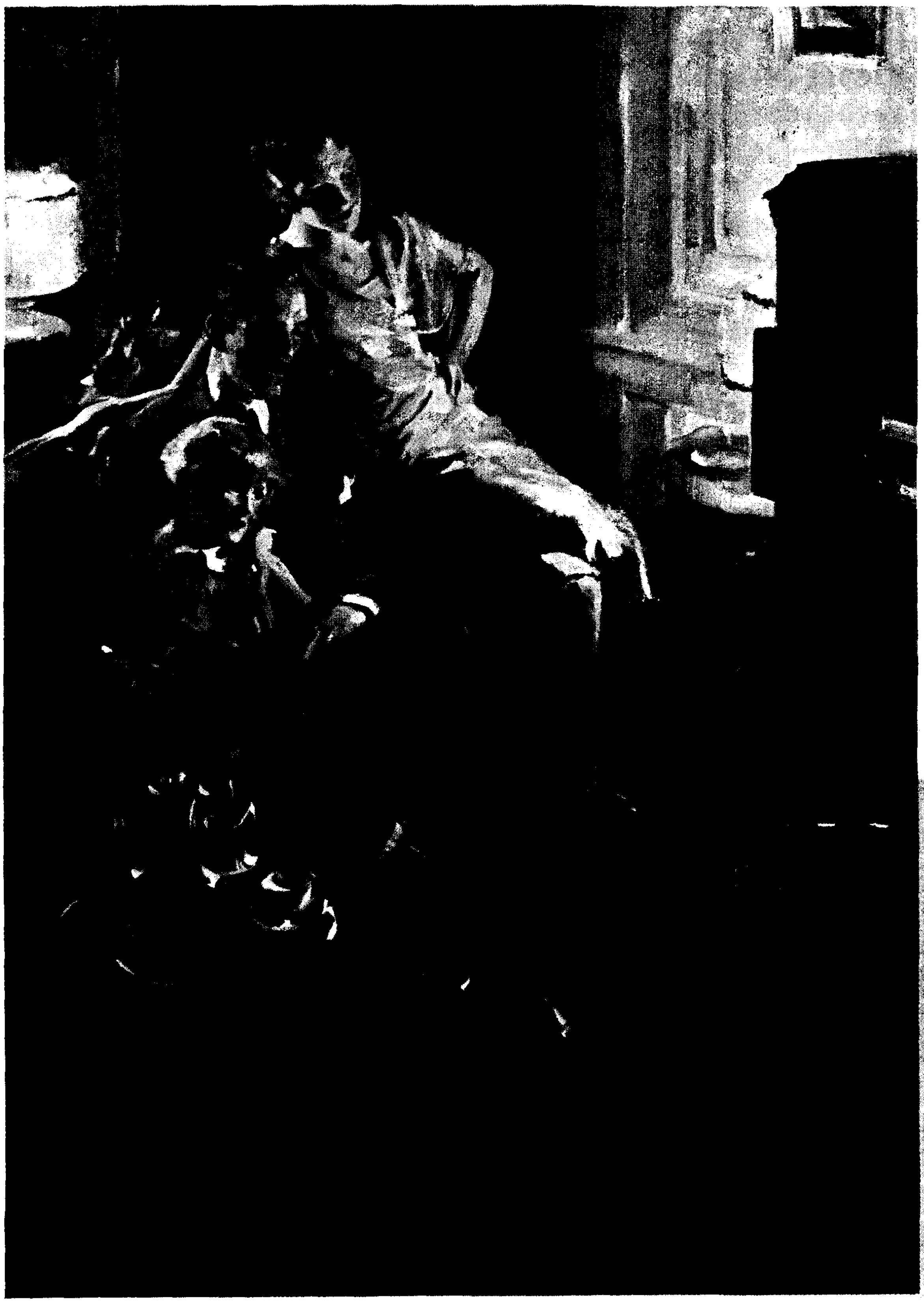
People of all ages, of all occupations, are partial to Milky Way; but no one is louder in its praise than Mothers, who want to be sure of a candy suitable for their children. Milky Way is a true energy food and is *especially* appropriate for children because of its large milk content, its purity and its general wholesomeness. Everything about it is healthful; easily and quickly digested.

Getting back again to how good it tastes . . . . wouldn't one go great right now?

Milky Way
Chocolate

MARS, INCORPORATED CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

What other gift could possibly bring so much of lasting pleasure!



In performance the new General Motors Radio provides everything that advanced design and precision manufacture can contribute to complete radio enjoyment

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
RADIO

No gift can surpass the modern radio as a source of lasting pleasure. And now the new General Motors Radio enables you to give the best at moderate price.

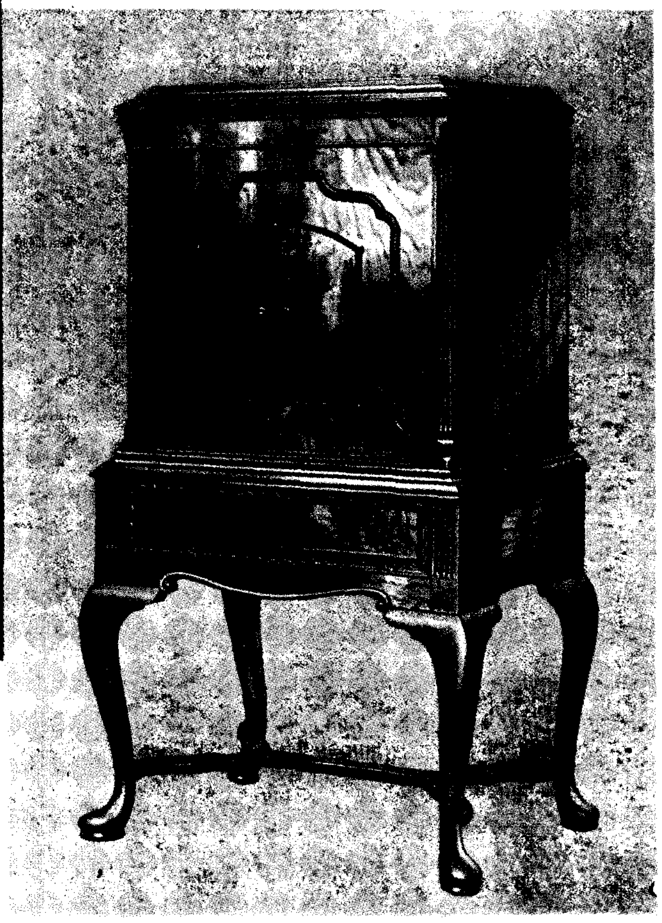
There are five different period styles of these exceptional radios and radio-phonographs. All are equipped with the Visual Tone Selector, a distinctive new feature with which you can actually "tune" reception to please your ear!

Choose from among these splendid new instruments and you will make your gift one long to be remembered—for the cabinets are *permanent* furniture. Any future chassis or speaker will be so designed as to permit installation in the cabinets of the present models.

Thus, a General Motors Radio owner can always enjoy the latest technical developments at the lowest possible cost.

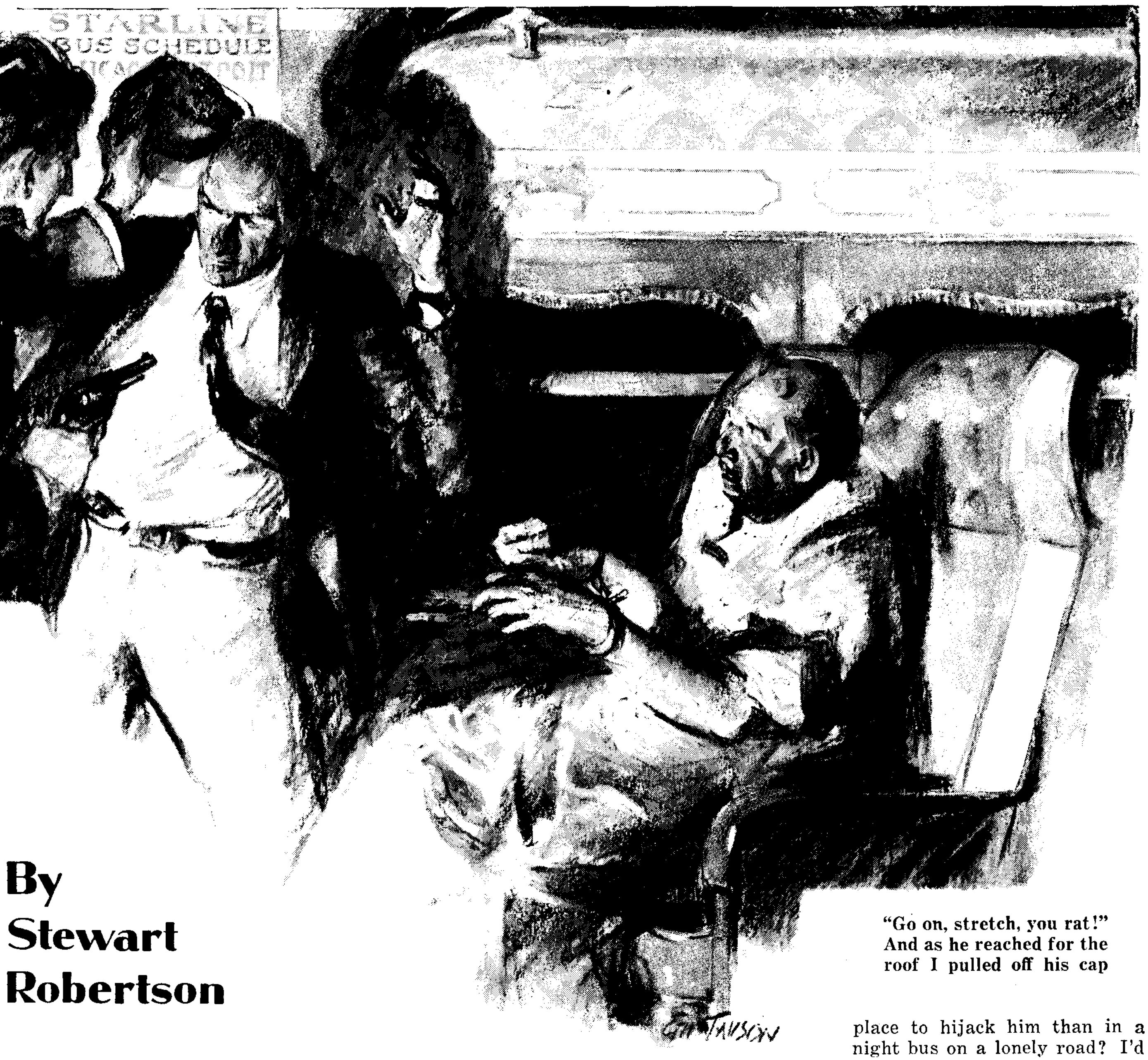
Call on the General Motors Radio dealer in your community. See and hear how much is offered in these admirable new radios and radio-phonographs.

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO CORPORATION
DAYTON, OHIO



Illustrated above is the handsome Queen Anne radio-phonograph, a fine combination instrument representing a remarkable value—$198, less tubes. Prices of other models (less tubes), the Hepplewhite $136, the Sheraton $152, the Late Italian $172, and the Georgian radio-phonograph $270. Any model may be purchased on the liberal GMAC plan of convenient monthly payments.

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO
WITH VISUAL TONE SELECTOR



"Go on, stretch, you rat!" And as he reached for the roof I pulled off his cap

Illustrated by L. R. Gustavson

Why Gloria Smiled

By Stewart Robertson

A Short Short Story complete on this page

WHEN I heard that the Gloria Harrington jewels had been gaffled I said to myself that it served the old battle-axe right for being such a publicity hound. It had gotten so a fellow couldn't pick up a Sunday paper without seeing her shining like a crystal chandelier in the loot she'd chiseled out of her five husbands, and always wearing that same insolent smirk. I used to wonder what she meant by it.

As usual, the police talked their heads off to the reporters, just as though crooks can't read, and this time they pinned the job on a bird named Jelly Roll Grogan. Only a matter of hours, they claimed, before he'd be in custody.

For some reason or other the robbery stayed in my mind most of the day and I was still chuckling about it when I boarded an evening bus for Detroit. Not being any too flush I figured it was the cheapest way to get there to look over a job I had in view, and if it did take a bit longer than the train, you could sleep comfortably enough in those big leather chairs. The bus was almost filled when we left Chicago and we picked up a couple more passengers out along Sixty-third Street. A big, puffing woman climbed on and slumped into a seat near the door, while a wizened little guy took the chair beside me.

I noticed that he was pretty nervous and suspicious about something, and although it was a sweltering night he kept a heavy woolen golf cap pulled down over his eyes. Looked kind of funny, with the rest of us hatless and fanning ourselves, but if you start wondering why people do certain things you'll never have time for anything else, so it wasn't long before I curled up for a little sleep.

It must have been early in the morning when I felt someone shaking me and who was it but the jumpy little guy. I certainly woke up in a hurry when I saw he was juggling a gat and handcuffs, but he seemed rather panicky himself.

"Listen, party," he whispered. "I got to make a pinch and I want you to give me a hand. All you got to do is click the bracelets on this zebra while I hold the gun on him. You can't refuse to help an officer of the law, and as the passengers will probably begin screaming when I pull this off, I don't want to take any chance on losing the crook."

"What crook?" I asked, all steamed up at being so close to a real detective.

"Jelly Roll Grogan," said the dick, pointing to the fat old dame, who was lurching sleepily in her chair. "He's got the Harrington jewels hidden under that disguise. I been trailing him all day."

"Why didn't you grab him before?" I inquired.

"I had to wait until he's off guard," said the dick, looking scared. "Grogan's a killer, if he gets a chance." He pushed back his cap to wipe away the perspiration from his forehead, and I saw something that made me leary. "This will do me a lot of good at Headquarters," he muttered. "Let's go."

WELL, it was all over in a minute, almost before the blear-eyed passengers came to their senses. When a fellow wakes up with a gat under his nose he's liable to sit tight, and that's what Grogan did, though his tongue was limber enough. After I'd locked the cuffs the dick frisked him and came up with a leather pouch full of the fruits of old Gloria's gold digging. The nervous little guy pulled out the famous rope of pearls, the diamond dog collar and enough rings to blind you, and while the people gaped at them he gave a nasty little laugh.

"That's that, Jelly Roll, me boy," he chirped. "And now, driver, aren't we somewhere near Ann Arbor?"

"Right outside it," said the chauffeur.

"Then drive to the nearest hotel so I can telephone Chicago," said the dick, transferring the pouch to his pocket.

"Just a minute," I said, as the bus rolled up to a darkened building. "We'd all feel kind of uneasy alone with a criminal; better lend me your gun before you go."

"So a big gorilla like you is yellow, eh?" he sneered.

"No," I answered. "Just curious."

"About what?" said the little guy tensely.

"Those handcuffs—they aren't the police kind. And your gun—it ought to look like this, but maybe it doesn't," I said, flashing a service revolver on him before he could grab his weapon. "Go on, stretch, you rat!" And as he reached for the roof I pulled off his cap, exposing a nice, bristly penitentiary haircut. Say, he made the poor Jelly Roll sound like a missionary.

"Good for you, mister," laughed the chauffeur, as I coupled the little stiff to the big one. "Anybody could see a squirt like him wasn't no detective."

"Just a couple of crooks," I said sternly, "and if I'm not mistaken the little one was fixing to steal the jewels himself, only Jelly Roll beat him to it. No wonder he's been trailing him ever since, and where could there be a better place to hijack him than in a night bus on a lonely road? I'd have thought everything was on the level if I hadn't had a glimpse of that Sing Sing bob. Am I right, shrimp?"

He gave me to understand that I was, along with a few other titles, as I stowed away the leather pouch. But they quieted down when the chauffeur helped me unload them at the Michigan Central station and I left them shackled in the baggage-room while I was getting information on the next train out of town.

A MONTH later the public had forgotten the Harrington case on account of several other jobs that had been pulled, and I was away down in New Orleans when the real inside dope was handed to me. It seemed that Gloria's playthings were as false as the half-dollar tip on a checkroom plate. Cashed in the real ones, I suppose, playing the stock market.

The news was rather a shock to me, though, having been connected so intimately with the affair, and for a few moments the dingy little back room on Rampart Street spun like a merry-go-round.

"What?" I said to French Louie, who was telling me the story. "A big shot like Gloria wore phony stuff? You're kidding me!"

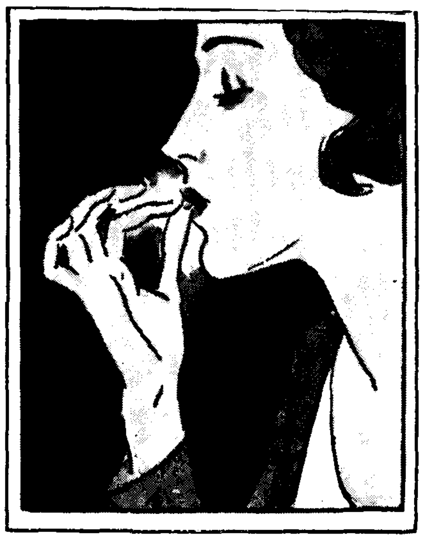
Louie took the glass out of his eye and pushed his vials of acid to one side. "Sacre!" he yelled. "Do you think a man in my position would lie to you?"

"Not under the circumstances," I said to the greasy old fence. "And as I swept the junk off his counter into the pouch it suddenly struck me that Gloria must have been smiling—at suckers.

Be your own Gem Expert

By Marie Beynon Ray

Gems aren't always what they seem. A little Prussian blue or a foil cleverly applied to a worthless stone, and there's a candidate for the Rogues' Gallery of any gem expert—as shown by William Herries, of Black, Starr & Frost Gorham. But you can spot many of them yourself by using the few simple tests given here



YOU say many women are amateur experts?"

"Certainly," replied the gem expert, "and amazingly good ones. A lady whom I have known for many years, a customer of ours who owns two superb strings of pearls and a wonderful collection of precious stones, told me the other day of a recent amusing experience of hers. She visited one of the Fifth Avenue jewelers for the purpose of buying some emeralds and, looking over the stones with the salesman, fell into a discussion of their points and values. Soon she found the salesman's manner, from cordiality, changing to coolness and finally to complete indifference. He wandered off or met her questions with an absent, 'I beg your pardon?' as though he had not heard her. Naturally she left the shop without making a purchase.

"A few days later she returned and another salesman hurried up to her. While, with every possible courtesy, he was showing her the emeralds the first salesman approached and offered her his sincere apologies for his lack of attention on her first visit.

"'My only excuse, madam, is that you knew so much about gems that I thought you were in the trade—and naturally we don't supply rival firms with information concerning our stock!'"

"But perhaps one must be very wealthy in order to acquire a real knowledge of gems?"

"Not at all. A great love of gems is the first requirement—a good eye the second. The reputable dealer in fine gems likes his customer to appreciate the differences between poor and exceptional stones, for the more she knows the more she will desire the finer stones. He is willing to lay dozens, hundreds of stones before her, pointing out the minute differences in color, brilliance, perfection, cutting and so on that make one stone more valuable than another."

"I should like to tell women how they can distinguish good stones from poor, and genuine stones from imitations. Is there any way for the average woman who loves gems but hasn't a great deal of money to spend to become something of an amateur expert?"

A Matter of Luster

"Most assuredly. Of course the professional gem expert, though surrounded by instruments for testing stones, depends almost entirely upon his eye. But there are many easy tests, many simple instruments which the beginner can employ. For example—"

He rose, and from one of the glass cases filled with strange instruments that lined the walls of the room selected a small instrument.

This man, who is one of the foremost gem experts in America and the ranking pearl expert of the United States, remarked smilingly, as he dusted the little instrument with his handkerchief:

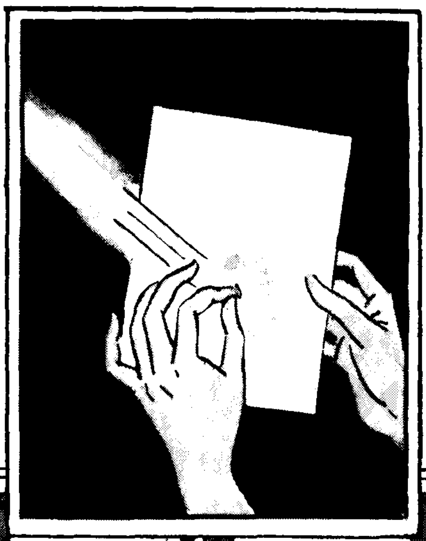
"Most of my instruments are a little dusty. I practically never use them. This one, called a pearlometer, in one moment will tell you whether a pearl is genuine or not. As you know, remarkable imitations of pearls are being made today—remarkable, at least, to the novice. They never fool the expert. At a distance of half a dozen feet the expert can instantly distinguish the true pearl from the false, the American fresh-water pearl (which is a true pearl) from the Oriental, the Japanese cultured pearl from the natural pearl and the pearl of China from the pearl of India.

"It isn't a matter of color, for real pearls may be of any color—black, gray, beige, cream, rose, white and so on. Nor is it a question of shape or smoothness, for all that can be imitated. It's entirely a matter of luster. You know how the true pearl is formed?—layer after layer, like an onion, of incredibly thin skins of pearly tissue. No artificial pearl is built that way. They are, even the best of them, simply solid glass beads dipped anywhere from one to forty times in a solution made of minute particles of phosphorescent animal life found in the Bay of Biscay. But this superficial pearly glitter is very different from the light of a true pearl. The luster of the real pearl comes from its very heart. It glows through and through the pearl, every tiny layer adding new gleams, while the light of the imitation pearl is entirely on the surface.

"This little instrument shows up that difference in formation between natural and cultured pearls instantly. Here, you see, is a fine steel needle, polished to a mirror-like surface. Over this we slip the pearl to be tested—most pearls are drilled, of course, when they come on the market. Then we turn this brilliant light upon it. The needle moves slowly up and down inside the pearl.

"If it is a true pearl, the mirror-needle reflects the light through every layer of pearly tissue through which it passes, clear to the very center. If it is a Japanese cultured pearl—which is a bead of some kind, usually mother-of-pearl, inserted in an oyster and coated, to the depth of several layers, with real pearl tissue—the light is reflected only through these outer layers, but as soon as the needle penetrates the bead light ceases. This is a very simple, easy and absolute test for pearls.

"As between the real pearl and any imitation, there is an easily distinguished difference. In imitations, all of which are strung on a wire while they are being coated with the pearly substance described above, there is a ridge around the hole through which the wire runs. This aperture is absolutely flat in the real pearl.

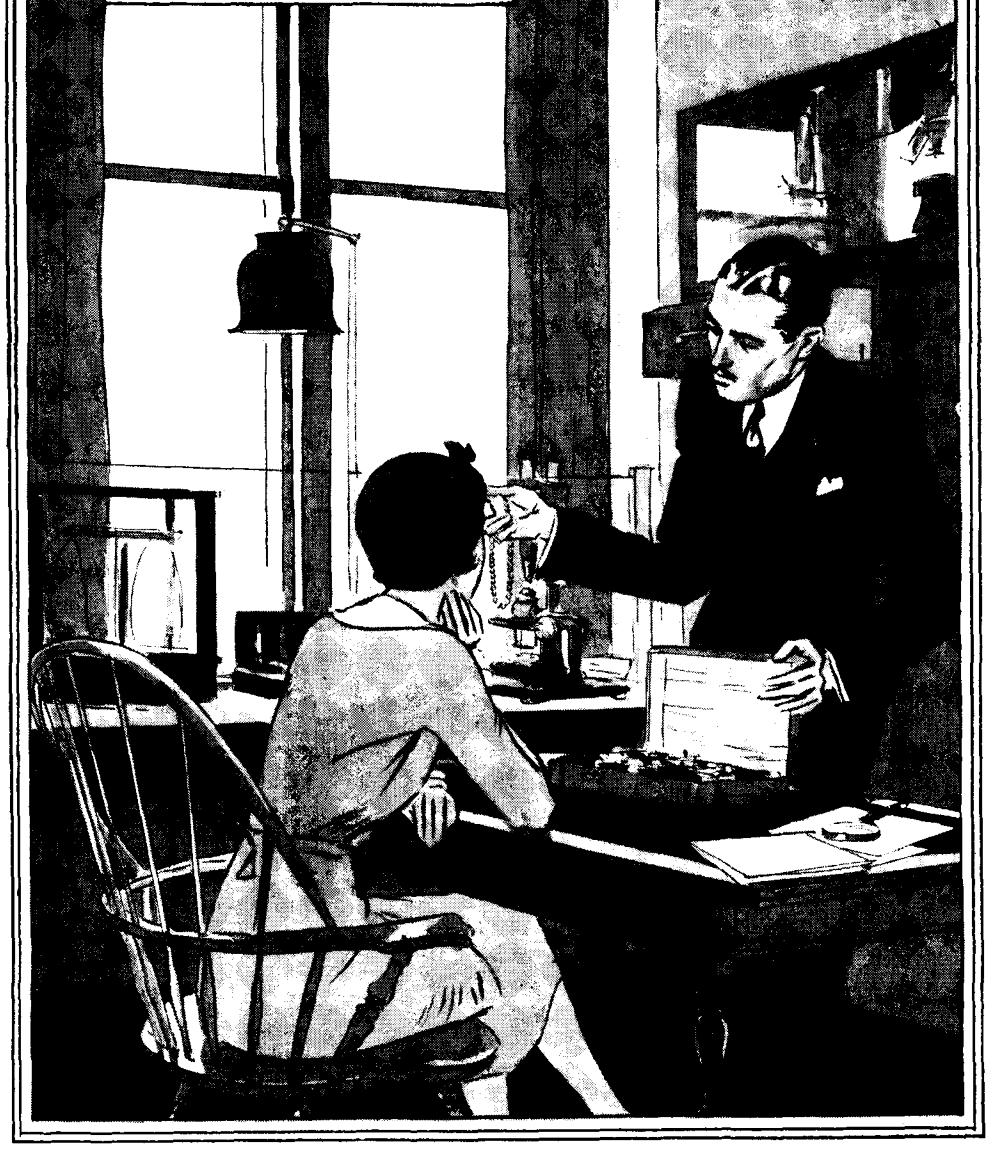


"There are certain simple tests of other genuine stones which can be made without instruments. One of the surest tests is also one of the simplest. It is a property of all genuine stones that they have a certain temperature—the temperature of the earth in which they have been formed. They are the products of nature and they retain forever that bond of temperature between themselves and their mother earth, while the products of man have a temperature perceptibly higher. Place two stones against a sensitive part of the skin—the outside of the lower lip, for example—a true stone and a false, and you will sense a distinct difference in temperature, a perceptible earthy coolness in the genuine stone, a temperature in the artificial nearer that of the blood."

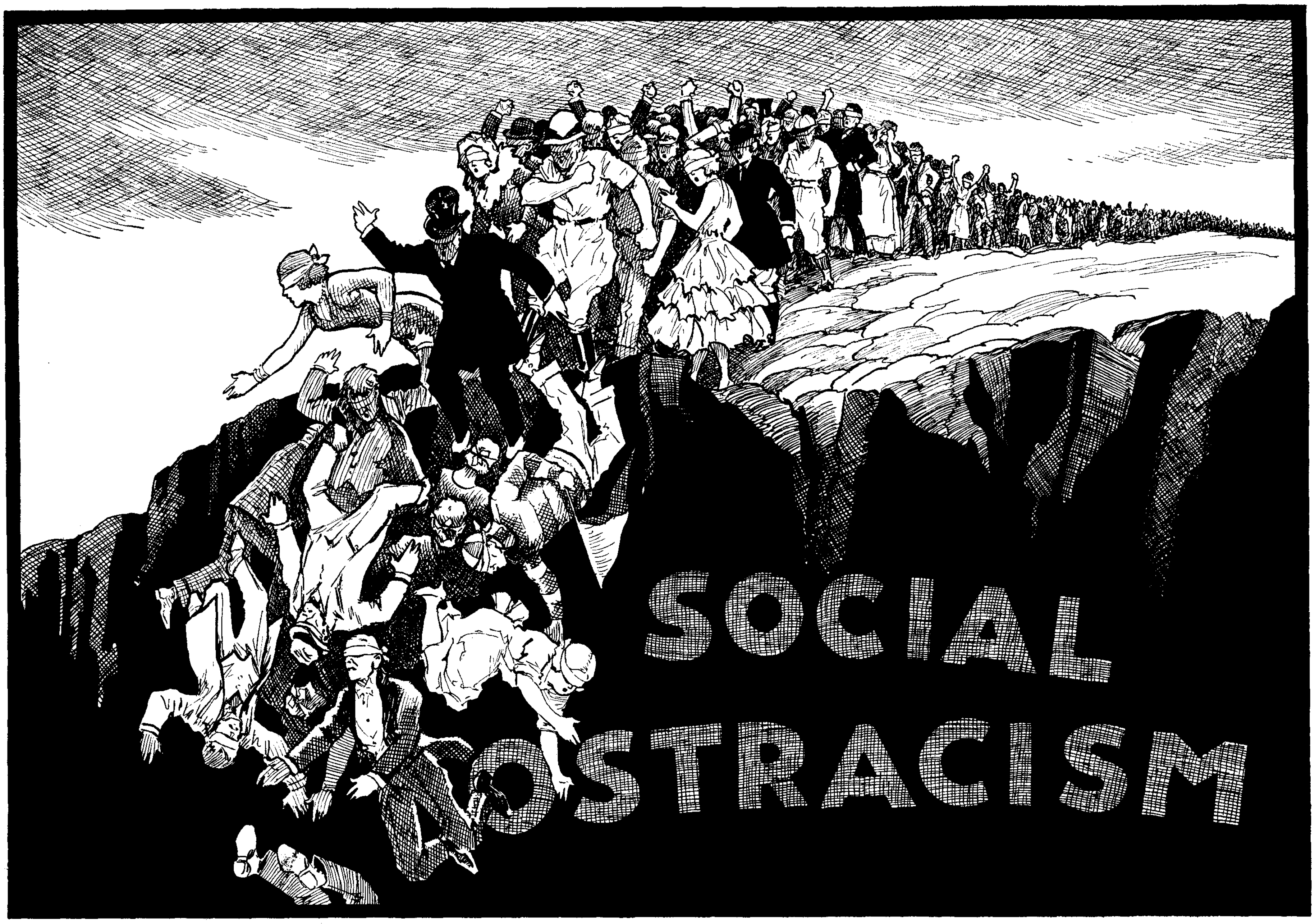
The Rogues' Gallery

The gem expert drew from a drawer a large, square, leather case, pressed a button, and displayed, on a bosom of black velvet, a dazzling collection of jewels—turquoises set in yellow gold, fire opals flashing in dull silver, ice-blue gems sparkling in frosty platinum.

(*Continued on page 74*)



"I call this my Rogues' Gallery," said the expert. "Every gem in it is a clever forgery"



THE PIT WE ALL FALL INTO

WE STAND on the brink of it and do not realize it is there.

We fall into it but do not know that we have fallen.

Or, if we do know, we ponder dumbly as to the cause.

The pit is social ostracism.

And the thing that pushes us in is an insidious thing. In the medical world they call it halitosis. In blunt terms, it is bad breath. Under any name, it is an unpardonable offense in social and business life.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know when you have it — and your best friend won't tell you. It is the last thing we suspect ourselves of having — *but it ought to be first.*

No One is Immune

For, every day in normal mouths, conditions capable of causing halitosis may and do arise.

Its commoner causes are fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush, decaying teeth, artificial teeth, colds, catarrh, slight infections of nose, mouth or throat, pyorrhea, stomach derangements caused by excesses of eating and—should we say it?—of drinking.

The one way to put yourself on the polite and acceptable side is to rinse the mouth with undiluted Listerine. Every night and morning. And between times before meeting others. It leaves the mouth clean, sweet and healthy.

Strike at Cause of Odors

Because of its germicidal* power, Listerine first strikes at fermentation and infection, the cause of odors; then destroys the odors themselves. It is one of the swiftest deodorants known. Even difficult odors, like those of onion and fish, yield to it quickly.

There is no point in risking social disfavor when Listerine will put you so promptly on the right side. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. Carry one when you travel. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

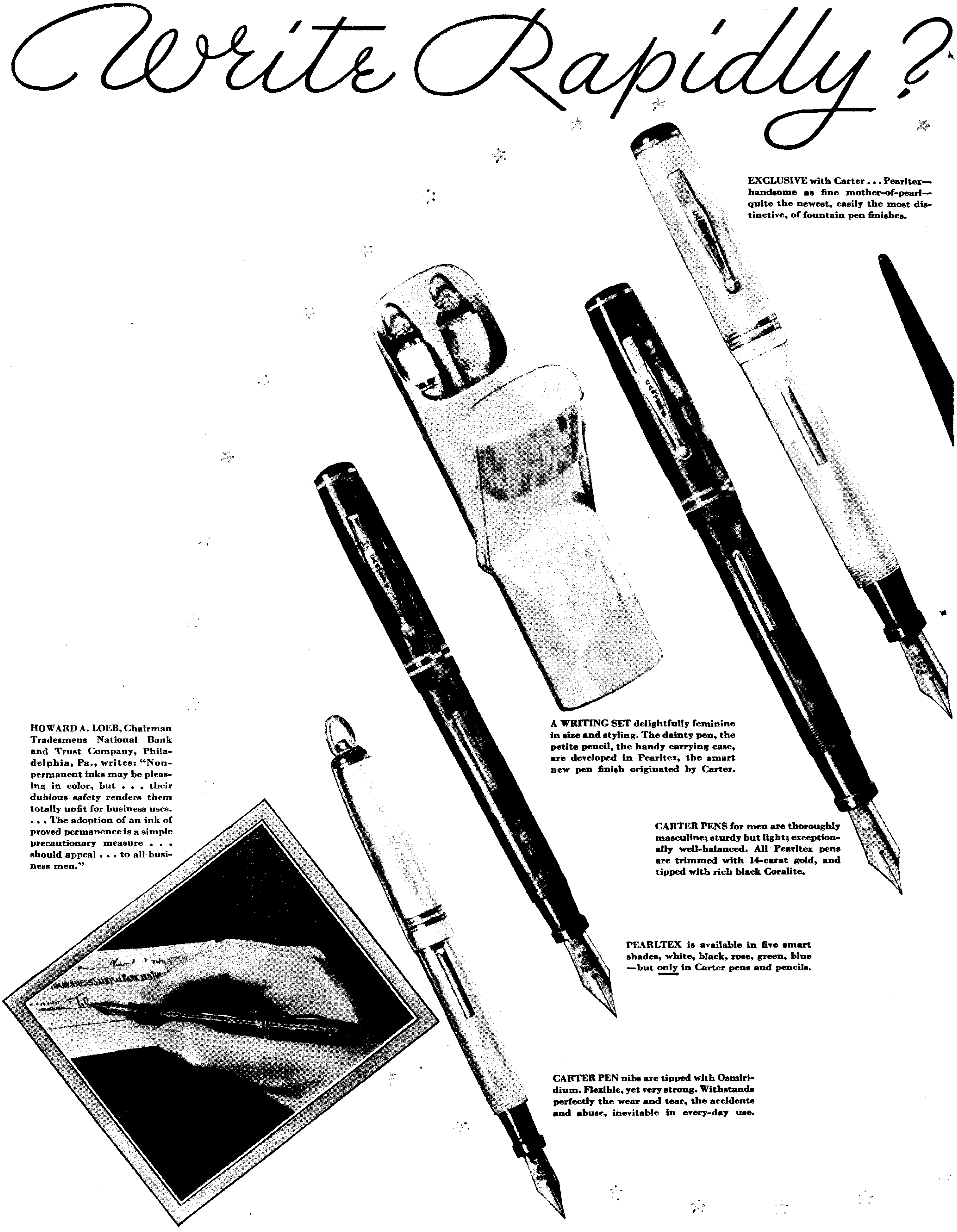
* * *

***Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the resistant Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)**

EVEN ODORS OF ONION AND FISH DESTROYED BY LISTERINE

If you wish to test the amazing deodorizing effect of Listerine, rub a bit of onion or fish on your hand. Then apply full strength Listerine. You will be delighted to find how completely every trace of odor disappears. Less vigorous odors, such as those that arise from time to time in the mouth, yield in the same way.

Write Rapidly?



EXCLUSIVE with Carter . . . Pearltex—handsome as fine mother-of-pearl—quite the newest, easily the most distinctive, of fountain pen finishes.

HOWARD A. LOEB, Chairman Tradesmens National Bank and Trust Company, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "Non-permanent inks may be pleasing in color, but . . . their dubious safety renders them totally unfit for business uses. . . . The adoption of an ink of proved permanence is a simple precautionary measure . . . should appeal . . . to all business men."

A WRITING SET delightfully feminine in size and styling. The dainty pen, the petite pencil, the handy carrying case, are developed in Pearltex, the smart new pen finish originated by Carter.

CARTER PENS for men are thoroughly masculine; sturdy but light; exceptionally well-balanced. All Pearltex pens are trimmed with 14-carat gold, and tipped with rich black Coralite.

PEARLTEX is available in five smart shades, white, black, rose, green, blue—but only in Carter pens and pencils.

CARTER PEN nibs are tipped with Osmiridium. Flexible, yet very strong. Withstands perfectly the wear and tear, the accidents and abuse, inevitable in every-day use.

. . . *write Slowly?*

Here's Pen and Ink that picks up swiftly—writes smoothly at any speed . . .

Dear
Carter's
RYTO
INK

Hostesses, Inc., smart New York social secretariat, writes:—"Your correspondence gains unmistakably in distinction when you choose a really fine ink—a full-bodied, deep-colored ink that flows evenly, writes smoothly."

A FEW LINES scrawled in haste, or a long chatty letter written at leisure . . . a check dashed off five minutes before the bank closes, or a lengthy report written with care and deliberation . . .

At any speed, Carter's Pens write *smoothly*, Carter's Ink flows *evenly*.

Touch point to paper; instantly a smooth, velvety flow. Race the pen; it can't stall, it won't sputter. Slow down; the flow of the ink slows, too—but with no flooding of the pen. Come to a dead stop; instantly the flow ceases—but with no drying of the ink, no clogging of the pen.

CARTER'S PENS accommodate themselves instantly, automatically, to any writing pace because gold nib and comb feed are perfectly mated. Highly skilled workmen, using powerful magnifying lenses, employing special precision gauges, effect an adjustment precise to the thousandth of an inch.

CARTER'S RYTO INK flows evenly whether you write rapidly or slowly, steadily or jerkily. In half a century of making the finest writing inks, we have perfected a formula and method that permit absolute regulation of consistency. Flow is free but always under control. No drops or drips, blobs or blots.

Carter's Ryto is *safe* for business, *smart* for social uses. Deep blue, it dries into a *permanent* black. Won't fade. Can't be washed out. Defies time and tampering. Flowing smoothly at any speed, it writes with a delightful evenness of texture and tint. Lends to the most casual note the vigor and grace of fine engraving.

■

Carter alone styles pens in Pearltex. Handsome as mother-of-pearl. In white, black, rose, green, blue. Carter's Inks are sold everywhere—but Carter's Pearltex Pen is new, so if your dealer is not yet supplied, write The Carter's Ink Company, Boston, Mass.

FREE INK! Enjoy Ryto's smooth, velvety flow. Send for above sample (writes 40,000 words). Enclose 4¢ in stamps to cover cost of postage. The Carter's Ink Co., Boston, Mass.

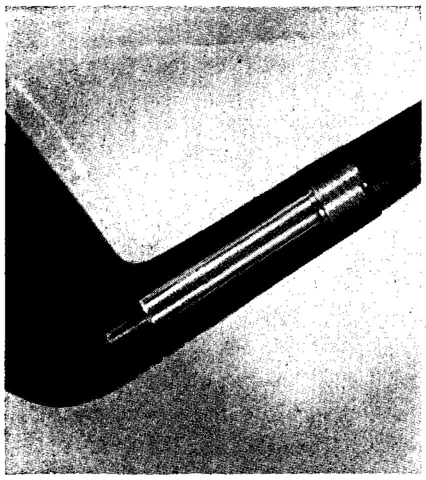
A lustrous black PEARLTEX pen, a base of rich green Argentine onyx, combine to form this handsome Carter Desk Stand. Many equally smart models in holiday displays at Carter dealers'.

Carter's

PENS AND INKS

ANOTHER GOOD BRIAR IS ALWAYS WELCOME . . . ESPECIALLY IF IT'S A DEMUTH MILANO

EQUIPPED WITH THE FAMOUS HESSON GUARD THIS FINE PIPE IS A LIFETIME GIFT OF UNEXCELLED SMOKING PLEASURE



The Hesson Guard keeps Milanos sweet. Moisture cannot condense in the shank which stays dry and spotless always. Nothing but pure, rich tobacco flavor is drawn from the bowl to the mouthpiece.

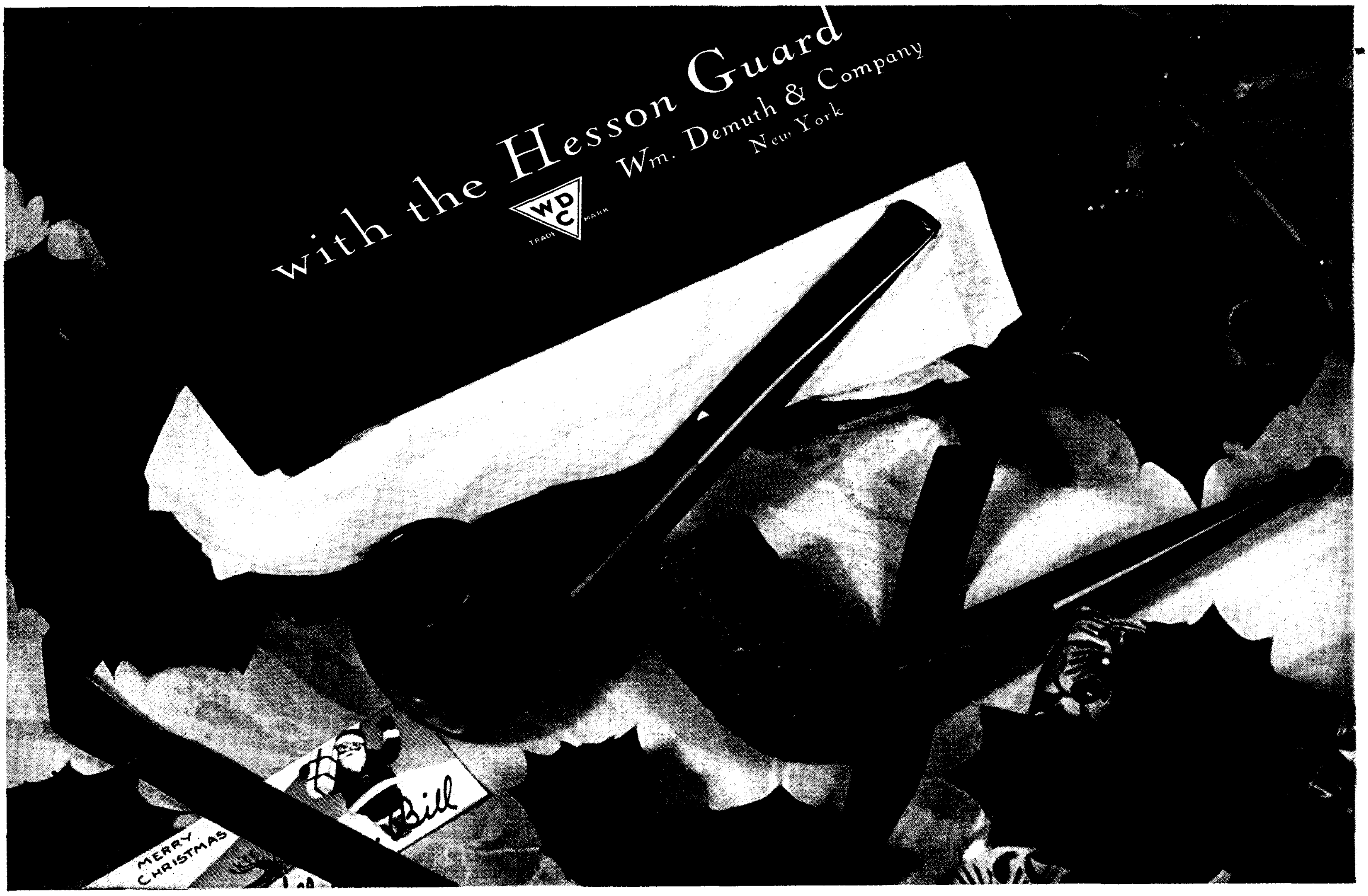
A FINE briar pipe . . . he'll like that! Perhaps he has lots of pipes already . . . maybe only one. No matter, the Demuth Milano is the one perfect gift for a man.

He has probably heard all about the Hesson Guard . . . that extension of the stem that screws air-tight against the shoulder of the bowl . . . prevents condensation . . . keeps the shank dry and spotless *always.* He'll get a lot of fun out of proving to himself that "the Milano is the one pipe that *stays sweet!*" And if he hasn't any pipe at all, we want to tell him, and everybody else, that the Hesson Guard is the feature that is fast changing the minds of those who "never could learn to smoke a pipe."

Yes, it's the ideal gift and it's sure to make a hit . . . we know from past experience. Only the great numbers sold every Christmas, and in-between times too, let us sell such finest smoking quality and the Hesson Guard for as low as $3.50. You can get just the shape he wants, straight stem or curved, large pipe or small, in smooth or ripple finish . . . and each Milano is packed in a strikingly beautiful individual box. Wm. Demuth & Company. Established 1862. New York, London, Chicago, San Francisco.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Demuth Milano, Nos. 1645 *and* 1511, *only two of the many, in either smooth or ripple finish, from which you may select this perfect gift for a man*



DEMUTH MILANO WITH THE HESSON GUARD $3.50

Food after Midnight

Continued from page 13

stepped out into a glamorous night. The moon had come up, spreading a glittering path across the pond and turning the dam, the raceway and the big drooping willows that overhung it into a romantic stage set. The top of the dam was a bridge, with an iron railing. Constance walked out across the dam. Jimmy followed her. In the middle she turned and faced him.

"Please, dear," she said, "don't be angry with me."

"What," said Jimmy, "is George Baker to you?"

"He's nothing to me," said Constance. "You know he isn't anything to me."

"In that case why were you playing up to him so hard?"

"I wasn't. I wasn't playing up to anybody. I was bubbling over with happiness, the way I've been these last eight days. Loving you so much, I loved everybody. I didn't think it mattered if I gave George two dances."

"In other words you're just a flirt—like all the other women in Westport. It isn't enough for you to have one man in love with you—you want all the men in sight to be in love with you."

IF SHE had burst into tears at this outrageous charge Jimmy would have taken her in his arms and comforted her and told her he didn't mean a word of it. But she didn't burst into tears.

"Oh," she cried furiously, "I hate you. I despise you. I never want to see you or speak to you again."

And with that she picked up her long skirt and ran back across the dam toward the millhouse. Jimmy stared after her aghast. He had never seen her angry before. She had been so full of love he couldn't imagine her full of hate. It didn't occur to him that the measure of her love was the measure of her hate. But standing there on the dam alone it occurred to him that never, in his whole life, had he been such a fool.

He went in and danced again with Emily Baker and with three or four other women. And then Roberta Trenholme came up.

"I'm being put to bed, Jimmy," she said. "Mother's only letting me stay up till eleven."

"Do you think she'd mind if you danced one dance with me, Bobbie?"

"No—and I'd love to."

When they danced Bobbie Trenholme rested her right arm on his left shoulder in exactly the way that Constance did. It gave Jimmy a pang. He hadn't danced with Constance once that evening. He might never dance with her again.

"I think it's perfectly weird," Roberta said.

"What's perfectly weird?"

"The way you and Connie are pretending not to know each other tonight. I wouldn't have believed you could have done it."

"Wouldn't you?" Jimmy said.

"No," Bobbie said. "But I suppose you don't either of you mind awfully as long as you're driving to Meadow Brook together in the morning."

"That does make a difference," Jimmy said. He saw what he must do. He must apologize abjectly to Constance in the morning. And she would forgive him. She must forgive him. He would make her forgive him.

When Bobbie had gone off to bed Jimmy went out on the dam again. He looked up suddenly to see a girl coming out of the millhouse and picking her way to the walk on top of the dam. He ran toward her. But it wasn't Constance. It was Emily Baker.

"I don't believe you're having any better time at this party than I am," Emily said.

"No," Jimmy said.

"I can't go home with George," Emily said. "Will you take me home?"

"Yes, of course," Jimmy said.

He drove Emily all the way home without saying an unnecessary word.

"If you ever want to talk," Emily said when he had set her down at her own front door, "come and talk to me."

"I shall," Jimmy said.

He drove on to the country club and left a call for eight o'clock in the morning and tried to go to sleep. Twice he turned on a light and lit a cigarette and gave himself to bitter reflections. Now that he had done it he couldn't understand it. What had made him go on and on, trying to hurt Constance when he loved her so?

The next morning at breakfast he decided he ought to wait until half past nine to call Constance on the telephone. She might want to sleep the morning after a party. He debated whether to drive out without calling up. But her whole family would be there. He couldn't apologize in front of six or seven other Trenholmes. It would be better to talk to her on the telephone first and tell her he wanted to apologize.

At twenty minutes past nine he made the call. The parlor maid answered the telephone. He recognized her foreign accent and her odd English. The maid said she would call Miss Constance. But the voice that came after five long minutes was not Constance's. It was that maid's.

"Miss Constance not at home," the maid said.

"Did you tell her who it was?" Jimmy asked.

"Sure," the maid said.

Jimmy hung up the receiver and began to walk back and forth across the room. So he had done it. He had lost Constance. For the moment it was almost more than he could bear. And then his anger came to his relief. What right had she to refuse him a chance to apologize? And forget their engagement to drive to Meadow Brook? He picked up the telephone and called Emily Baker and asked her if she'd care to drive to Meadow Brook with him.

"That would be too perfect," Emily said. "I'll be ready in twenty minutes."

"YOU don't know how grateful I am," Emily said when she was seated in the car. "Some day I'll tell you why. But I won't bother now because I can see that life for you is going to be one traffic jam after another until we get to Meadow Brook."

She was quite right. From Stamford in the traffic was awful; from the Fifty-ninth Street bridge it was worse; and for the last five miles it was worse than Murray Hill at half past five of a winter's afternoon.

Emily was so sympathetic in so few words that by the time they were seated in the stand they were old friends. Jimmy wondered if Constance Trenholme's crowd hadn't maligned Emily. She hadn't tried to flirt with him. She hadn't been in the least flirtatious.

The first chukkers of that international match were so fast, so furious, and so close that Jimmy almost forgot to think about Constance. She was in the back of his mind every moment but his eyes were on those furiously galloping ponies and the struggling men who rode them. It was only after the fifth chukker, when the superior weight of the American four began to tell, that they got a safe lead.

"Don't look," Emily said in Jimmy's ear just before the sixth chukker began, "but guess who's sitting about five rows behind us."

Jimmy shook his head. "I can't," he said. "There are at least forty thousand people here, including half of Westport."

"My husband," Emily said. "My husband and Constance Trenholme."

"You mean they're together?" Jimmy asked hoarsely.

Emily nodded. "Very much. I never knew George to pass up a chance to rush a pretty girl."

JIMMY could have got up and climbed over people until he reached George Baker and killed him with his bare hands; and then wrung Constance Trenholme's neck. Nothing less would have satisfied him. And he didn't dare turn around and look at Constance for fear she would cut him.

"I can guess what happened," Emily continued. "When I told George I was going to go to Meadow Brook with you he knew you weren't going with Constance. He called her up."

Jimmy saw the remaining chukker of that polo match through a mist of rage—one moment cursing himself for having brought about the whole thing and the next assuring himself that it wasn't his fault at all.

The drive through traffic at five miles an hour, with long waits, calmed him—as a really strong mustard plaster will sometimes lessen a severe pain in the neck. By the time they had reached his favorite restaurant in New York he was able to get even with Constance in his own mind by being extremely attentive to Emily. He wished that George would bring Constance to that restaurant and that they'd both see how well he and Emily were getting along together. But that didn't happen. He wondered where George and Constance had gone. It was a singular relief, when he delivered Emily after midnight, to see George's car standing in the drive and to know that Constance must have gone home.

Jimmy spent a trying Sunday. Late in the afternoon he got into his roadster and drove. Within half an hour he found himself approaching Long Nook from the Danbury side. He turned around and drove back. An hour later he realized he was approaching Long Nook from the Bridgeport side. Jimmy gave up and drove straight into Westport. In the village square he saw Roberta Trenholme sitting in a roadster that Constance often drove. Jimmy debated whether to wait and see if Constance joined her or to drive up and ask Bobbie where Constance was. He had to see Constance. He decided to ask Bobbie. He drove up alongside.

"Hello, Bobbie," he said cordially. "Do you happen to know where your sister is?"

Bobbie shook her head. "I really don't know where Constance is at the moment. I suppose she's going out to dinner with George Baker."

Jimmy stared hard at her.

"Is there anything else you wanted to ask me?" Bobbie suggested.

Jimmy hesitated.

"Because if you want to ask me what I think of you," Bobbie said, "I can tell you."

"All right," Jimmy said.

(Continued on page 36)

No Shaving Brush or Lather
MOLLÉ
MO-LAY
HEALING INC

Apply With Finger Tips

The Best Shave in Your Life or Money Back . . .

Making claims and standing back of them are two different stories. We *guarantee* every MOLLÉ shave to be a comfort shave—a cleaner, smoother, and quicker shave than you have ever had before. Here's our guarantee:

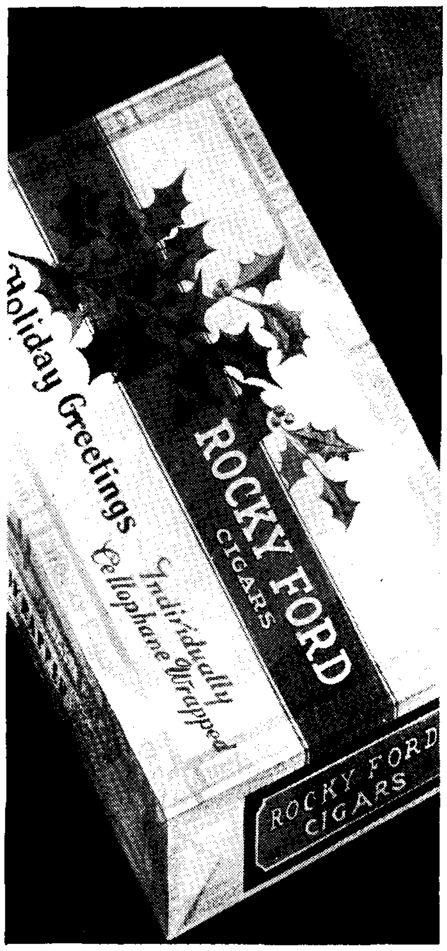
Get a tube of MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way—if you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube to us and we will refund your purchase price.

MOLLÉ makes no lather—you use no brush—simply spread it on with finger tips like a fragrant cold cream—and shave.

More than a million men now use and like MOLLÉ. You, too, will like everything about MOLLÉ—the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—and don't forget—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down." The MOLLÉ Company, Bedford, Ohio.

THROW AWAY YOUR BRUSH
MOLLÉ
FOR QUICK EASY SHAVING



$1.25
BUYS A TICKET TO ANY MAN'S HEART

Twenty-five happy half-hours! Twenty-five of what-it-takes to win his gratitude.

Each with a real Sumatra wrapper. Each with real long filler. Machine made and machine wrapped in Cellophane.

Twenty-five 5¢ miracles! That's the ROCKY FORD Holiday Box! You'll never find so much Christmas cheer for so little money.

the better 5¢ cigar
ROCKY FORD
Rocky Ford
© P. Lorillard Co.

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

If dealer can't supply you, send $1.25 for Rocky Ford Holiday Box to P. Lorillard Co., 119 W. 40th St., N. Y. Cigars cannot be mailed to addresses outside U. S. A.

(*Continued from page 35*)

Bobbie looked him square in the eye. "I think," she said, "I think you're a wet smack."

"Thank you for telling me," Jimmy said with dignity. "Good-by."

He drove on to find Emily. He took Emily out to dinner.

Things went on that way for a week. Then for two weeks. Some day he would meet Constance face to face and have it out with her. Some day he was bound to meet her. In the meantime he was getting in deeper and deeper with Emily. He had to talk to somebody or lose his mind.

He spent one whole Sunday afternoon and evening writing a letter to Constance. He wrote pages and read them over and tore them up. He wrote more pages and tore them up. He couldn't say all the things he had to say without making an occasional nasty crack. He couldn't be simple and loving—not after all she had done to him. He didn't feel simple and loving.

At eleven o'clock the telephone rang. It was Emily.

"Will you come on over?" Emily asked.

"Yes, of course," Jimmy said.

He drove over to her house. She was waiting for him at the front gate. They drove for two hours. Emily had had a furious quarrel with George. It was the last. She was going to tell him she wouldn't live with him any longer. She was going to get a divorce. Emily had talked that way before. But this time Jimmy suspected she meant it. She sounded as if she meant it.

When they drew up again in front of her house George's roadster was gone.

"There's nothing to do but keep on driving around until he gets back," Emily said. "I'll tell him that this means divorce and then you can drive me over to my mother's."

They drove for another hour while Emily talked about George. She was furious. She was beside herself. She was almost incoherent.

"There," she said, when Jimmy drew up a second time in front of her house, "there's George's car standing in the drive."

Jimmy got out and handed her down. She turned to him with a little gesture of despair.

"Oh, Jimmy," she said, "kiss me. I've got to have somebody to kiss me."

Jimmy kissed her. She threw both arms around his neck and kissed him back.

"I think you're grand," she said. "I'm mad about you. It's you I'm in love with."

It was a thing that had never happened to Jimmy Gardiner before. He didn't know what you did when a woman threw her arms around your neck and said she was in love with you. But it was obvious you had to do something. Jimmy learned in that moment what most men do.

"I—I love you, too," he said. He did like her and he felt awfully sorry for her because she was so unhappy.

"Oh," Emily cried, "I'm going to tell him that. I'm going to tell George I'm in love with you and you're in love with me and I've got to have a divorce."

AND before Jimmy could say one word of his horror or move to stop her she turned and ran into the house. Jimmy climbed slowly back into his roadster. It was beginning to rain and the top was down but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered. It was all over. If he hadn't lost Constance before he had lost her now—lost her forever.

It was a quarter past two. Jimmy leaned back to wait. He waited till half past two. He waited till he couldn't stand it any longer.

Jimmy got out of his car and stole across the lawn toward the lighted windows. He had to see what was happening. He had to stop it if he could. He took pains to walk slowly, making no sound. As he reached the window and was about to peer in there was a sharp "hist" behind him. Jimmy jumped. He looked about him cautiously. He couldn't bear to have anybody see him peeking in the Bakers' windows at three o'clock in the morning. But somebody had seen him. Jimmy stole back toward the shrubbery. He saw the sudden glow of a cigarette in George Baker's coupé. He braced himself and walked over to the coupé. It was Constance Trenholme.

"What are you doing here?" he asked hotly.

"I'm not peeking in people's windows," Constance said.

"Well," Jimmy said, "I am." He deliberately turned around and walked back to the living-room window and peered cautiously in. There was no one in the living-room. He walked around the house toward another lighted window. He crept up and looked in. The room was the kitchen. And at the kitchen table George Baker sat side by side with Emily. They were eating cold steak. As he watched, Emily got up and went to the ice box, and returned with half an apple pie and a bottle of milk.

Jimmy turned back to the car where he had left Constance. He was going to have her see what he had seen if he had to drag her over to that window. But Constance had stepped out of the car. She was already on her way toward that kitchen window. She was human, too.

JIMMY waited. Jimmy stood beside her while she peeked in the window. He peeked too. There was no mistaking the meaning of that scene. The two who sat there eating cold steak and apple pie and drinking milk were married. They loved each other. No matter what they said they loved each other. And even while Jimmy and Constance watched, the two who were so plainly enjoying that special intimacy of the married, food after midnight in the kitchen, stood up. For a moment they faced each other. Then Emily flung herself into George's arms. He held her close. He kissed her.

Constance tugged at Jimmy's elbow. Together they stole across the lawn to the front gate.

"I'm afraid the only thing for you to do is to let me drive you home," Jimmy said.

Constance nodded. "I'm afraid it is."

Jimmy handed her into his roadster, and they drove through the rain toward Long Nook.

"What mad people the Bakers are," Jimmy said. "Their conduct seems absolutely inexcusable to me. It's childish."

Constance said nothing. Jimmy drove on in silence. He reached the big oak tree where he'd so often kissed her. He didn't dare stop.

"But childish as they are," he said, "they've not a patch on me. I'm in love with you. I'm crazy about you. And yet I acted like a beast. I tried to hurt you. I did everything I could to hurt you."

CONSTANCE didn't say a word. He drove into Long Nook. He drove through the Trenholmes' gate. He stopped before the front door. He looked at Constance.

"The Bakers are insane," she said, "absolutely insane. But they had one good idea. I'm terribly hungry. I haven't eaten anything for weeks and weeks and—and—we've got a kitchen too."

Jimmy threw his arms around her. Jimmy held her tightly. Jimmy kissed her. "Don't you know I love you?" he cried. "Don't you know I *didn't mean* a word I said?"

Constance stroked his face caressingly. "Yes," she said, "I know."

They got out of the car and Constance led the way into the kitchen and found cold fried chicken and things. They sat side by side at the kitchen table. They told each other how they had felt. They laughed over the ridiculous moment of their meeting, when she was forced to wait in George's car and he was forced to wait in his car while George and Emily arranged a divorce.

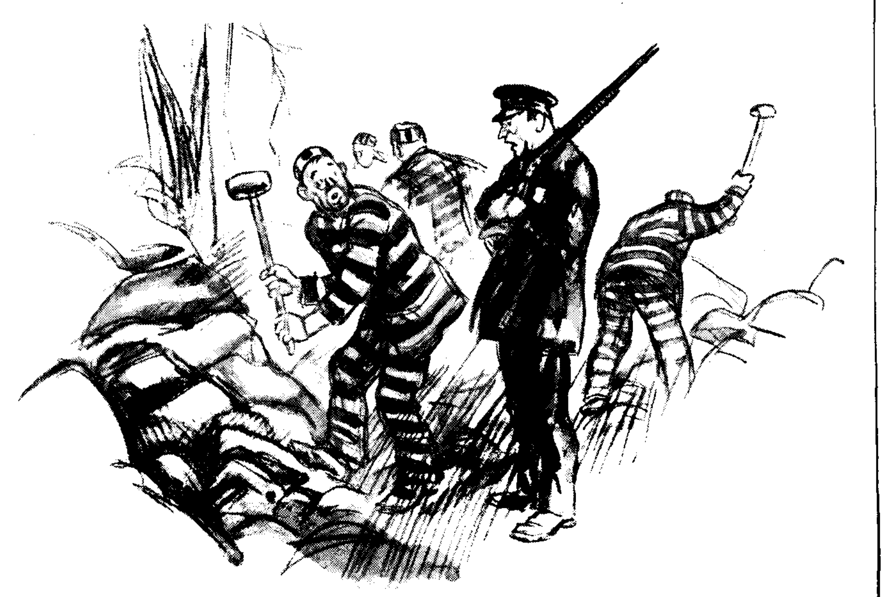
Suddenly they heard a sound. Somebody was coming down the back stairs. They waited, staring at the door. The door opened and Bobbie poked her head out.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I thought I heard a car in the drive and then I heard you laughing."

Constance jumped up. "Come here and kiss me, Bobbie," she cried. "Come and kiss me because I'm so happy."

Bobbie stepped into the kitchen in pink pajamas. She held her face up to be kissed. Constance hugged her. She hugged Constance. Bobbie scuttled back to the door through which she had come but at the door she paused.

"I'm going to kiss Jimmy, too," she said. She skipped across the room and threw her arms around Jimmy's neck and kissed him and ran upstairs.



"So I had to shoot her sister, too—it wouldn't look right if I didn't."

Make Christmas merrier with *Light*

THERE is new splendor in Christmas. Streets take on the beauty of lanes in Fairyland. Trees and shrubbery sparkle with the colors of diamonds and rubies and emeralds. Everywhere *light* is making Christmas merrier.

Stop at your dealer's today and get strings of Noma colored lamps for decorating trees, hedges, shrubbery, porches, and wreaths. They cost little and are all ready to be plugged into electric sockets. After being used this year they can be put away for use again next year.

Let your home be one of those which display the spirit of Christmas. Show its full beauty by lighting with Edison MAZDA* Lamps. Fill empty sockets, and use Edison MAZDA Lamps for replacing dim lamps that waste current. When you switch on Edison MAZDA Lamps, you are assured *full value of the current consumed.*

In buying lamps to light your home, always look for the name EDISON on the carton and the marks MAZDA and GE on the bulb.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

Dear Santy

Please come to our hous this time becos we have it lit up now So you can't miss it enny more and bring me a pair of skates and a pupp with one brown ear like Willie Millers.

Arthur Holt

EDISON
MAZDA
LAMPS
HIS ONLY RIVAL
EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC PROGRAM, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, ON A NATION-WIDE N. B. C. NETWORK

⇨ MARKS OF QUALITY

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL GE ELECTRIC

The
"Teddy" Bank

TEDDY AND THE BEAR

Remember how this cast iron thrift-inducer worked: You placed a coin on the sharp-shooter's gun. Snapped the lever between his legs. And wham! the penny shot the grizzly right through the tree, the bear's head disappeared, and the lid closed down. Good-bye penny.

Save a Quarter

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

50¢ quality LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM now 25¢ a tube

Listerine Shaving Cream, at its reduced price of 25¢, promotes thrift far more pleasantly.

Just a pinch, one inch or less, billows into a thick blanket of fragrant lather. It softens the toughest beard. Stays moist on the driest skin. And lubricates the razor's path with a microscopic film of glycerine.

We made it to be worthy of the Listerine name. Millions of men have gladly paid 50¢ for the luxury shaves it gives.

Now growing sales permit mass production. And mass production gives you a clear saving of 25¢ on every tube you buy. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Talkie Troubles

Continued from page 18

"*Dios!*" she exploded. "I go crayzee—so many directors!"

At two A. M. another explosion. This time Tony Moreno cracks up. "These damn' Spanish pictures are driving me mad!" he blew off to me. "*You* hear only the spoken dialogue but all the time any one of us is registering, the others are mumbling instructions. You see those two character women there! They are from Madrid and they are constantly telling us all how to pronounce every word. Miss Tovar is Mexican, Paul Ellis is an Argentinian—all of us are speaking in our own idiom, with Avalos trying to make us talk stage Spanish."

The Battle of Dialects

That little brawl is a straw preceding a grand international storm that has been brewing between Spain and Latin America for a long, long time. So great had the confusion of dialects become that a convention of all Spanish-speaking people in Hollywood and Los Angeles was called to decide upon a definite idiom for the films. Naturally the Spaniards took immediate command of the meeting and of course assumed that Castilian, the mother tongue, or "stage Spanish," should be the classical language. Instantly the storm broke.

"Hey, you poor fish" (freely translated), "where do you get that classical stuff?" exploded a prominent Mexican. "You fellows represent eighteen million people speaking four distinct languages that are utterly foreign to one another—Castilian, Basque, Catalan and Portuguese. *We* represent eighty million Latin Americans with slightly varying dialects, but we can all—Argentinians, Chileans, Guatemalans and Mexicans—understand one another. In four hundred years you have been overrun by everybody in Europe and your language is colored by conquest. We have lived here four hundred years, kept our blood pure, and have spoken the same language. Furthermore, Spanish culture has moved to this side of the Atlantic, and the University of the City of Mexico is the educational center of the whole Spanish-speaking world. We think it is up to you fellows to learn Mexican!"

The meeting split wide open, the studios following the lead of the Spaniards. "All right," said the Latin Americans, "if the film people won't listen to reason, perhaps they will listen to power. The studios may think that Castilian is the classical tongue and consequently refuse work to the great army of Latin Americans in Hollywood to the delightful advantage of a handful of Spaniards, but we'll show 'em that they'd better be good to their next largest market, which is Latin America."

So they formed a Latin American Union, issued a magazine with José Rodriguez (whose father is the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Guatemala, and himself a well-known Californian) as editor. They sent the magazine all over Latin America. The results have been sensational, to say the least. When the Central and South Americans learned that the studios had practically surrendered to Spain, they blew up like a bunch of firecrackers and the papers drifting back to Hollywood are making studio executives mighty thoughtful.

In Bogotá, capital of Colombia, José Vasconcelos was carried on the shoulders of the mob and fêted for his championship of Latin American Spanish. In Yucatan revolver shots were fired at the screen showing Under a Texas Moon, because the characters spoke Castilian Spanish and the Mexican women were depicted in a dubious moral light. All over Latin America boycotts, demonstrations and even violence are being directed against Spanish films that ignore the idiom of their continent. It is a grand brawl in which the studios of Hollywood simply must take sides or find some way to reconcile these almost warlike differences.

So far Paramount has thought of the best scheme. This studio figures that drama is drama in whatsoever environment, so the directors there are deliberately changing their locale to fit their stars. No Latin American objects to a Castilian speaking Castilian—all right, locate the story in Spain. If the star is an Argentinian, locate the story in the Argentine. But then suppose the ingénue happens to be Spanish, how can she get by in Latin America with her accent? Cover the awkward situation with a title. "Ah, such an accent!" sniffs Don Orestes. "Where does she get it?" "Too bad," replies Señora Valdez, "but that's what we get for sending her to Madrid to school." In this way the studio is adroitly sidestepping one of the biggest problems of the foreign talkie. In fact the lesson might be well applied to our American films. In Romance, Greta Garbo is characterized as a great Italian opera singer. The Italians are blowing up at her accent. Without hurting the story, she could just as well have been a Swedish opera singer.

So far I have spoken only of the foreign-language actors. Directors present a more difficult problem. It takes years and years to make a good movie director. The syntax, the punctuation and the complex technique of camera angles, cutting and laboratory tricks cannot be learned in a day or a month. Consequently, until foreigners can be trained, Americans must direct these foreign pictures in Hollywood. The results are often amusing.

In a recent picture an American director was shooting a scene in which six or eight Mexicans were used in the crowd of American extras to mumble "atmosphere." It sounded all right to him, but next morning when the rushes were run off for the studio executives, the foreign production heads suddenly blew up. "My God, do you know what that girl in the background is saying?" cried the Spanish dialogue expert. "She's panning the pants off Gus, the casting director!"

Speech Makes the Actor

It is difficult to find actors in all languages. The ambitious daughter of the consul may speak Montreal French, New Orleans French or Paris French, but can she act? The male star in the French version of a famous murder story was found in a local barber shop. He looked the part and spoke the language, but he was no Henry Walthall. One of our Spanish stars was recently a waitress in a chili joint down in Sonoratown and a German leading man was only a few weeks ago a five-dollar extra. But that's what we'll have to do until we can crash the quotas with foreign artists or develop our own stars.

I was watching David Howard direct an interior scene of the Spanish version of The Last of the Duanes. He would pantomime the action and then give instructions which were interpreted by his assistant. Instantly there was bedlam, everybody in the cast talking at once, the dialogue fellow and the assistant joining in. Howard would let them rave for a few minutes, then quietly raising his hand he would say, "Let's go!" Just as suddenly as the storm began, it would subside and the action would be gone through as smoothly as an American scene.

A Mexican actor, sitting beside me, explained: "The trouble with us is that we have no social sense; we're incorrigible individualists. That's what always has been the matter with Spain politically. Spaniards are magnificent fighters, but poor soldiers; grand explorers, but poor administrators. Left to themselves, everybody would be trying to direct this picture. We *must* have American directors."

Another of our present troubles is in subject matter. The usual Anglo-Saxon and Latin formula is the triangle played against different backgrounds. The Russians are more interested in backgrounds than in individuals. In other words, they prefer mass drama. Then there are the religious prejudices of the Catholic countries. They don't believe in divorce and just think of the number of our stories that include that custom.

Fun for Foreigners

So far our most successful foreign films are comedies, for pantomime and action are the background of comedy. Laurel and Hardy, for instance, are making comedies in a half dozen languages, cheaply and easily. In the first place, they have only a very few spoken titles, usually questions and answers, and they learn to parrot them in any tongue. First they shoot a scene in English. Immediately "props" stands a blackboard right behind the camera upon which are written the German words, often spelled phonetically. They glance at the board to refresh their memory and repeat the dialogue, a matter of only a few feet of film. "Props" then writes the same gag in Italian and they parrot that. And so on.

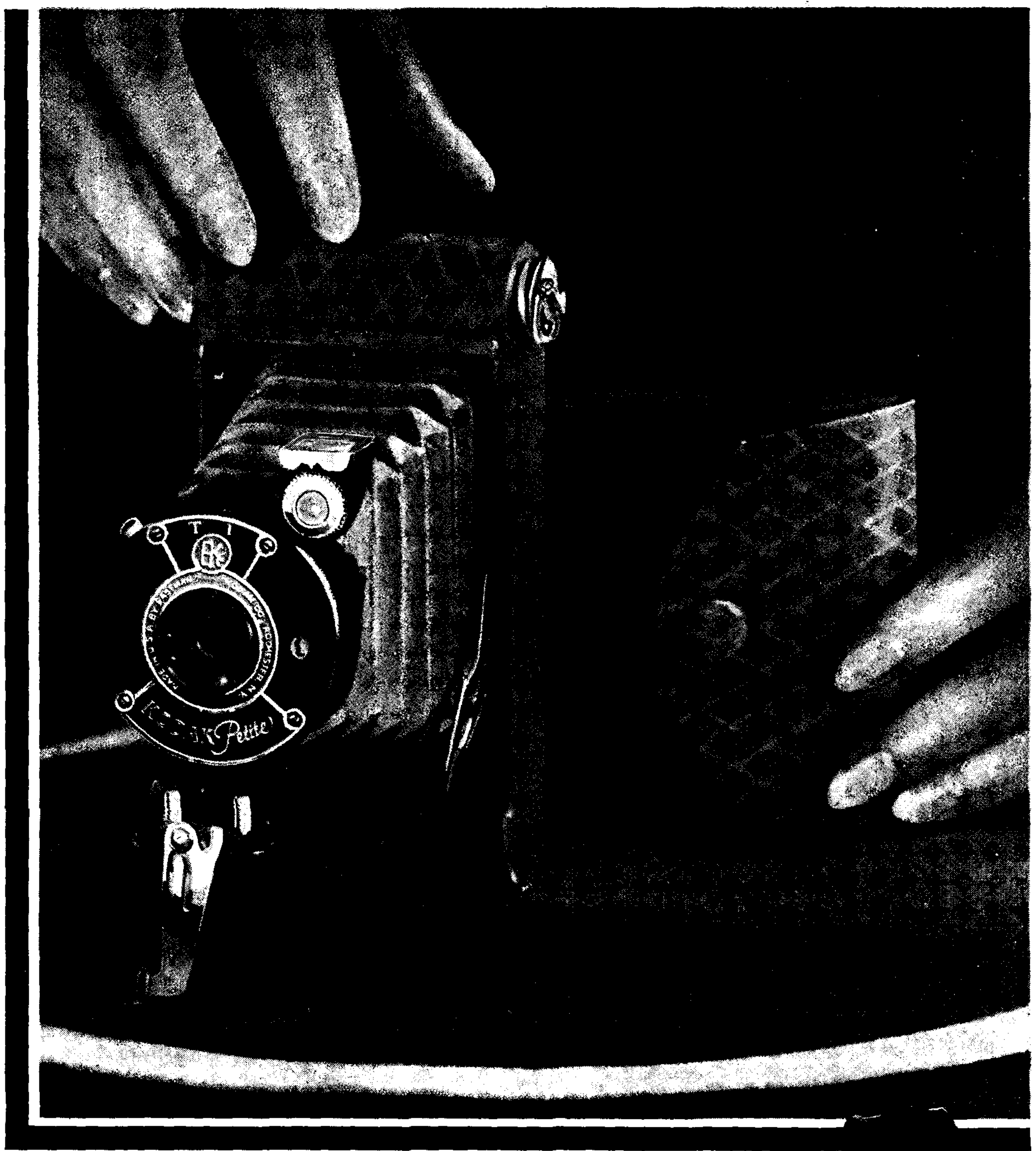
Sounds, of course, are the same in all languages, so by simply cutting in a dozen short shots of dialogue in French, German, Italian, or even Japanese, Hal Roach has made films for the whole world in not much more time than that required for shooting just the American version. Of course their accents are terrible but so long as they are understandable that's all that is necessary. In fact, their faulty dialects make them all the funnier. In many foreign theaters they run whole programs of Laurel and Hardy comedies.

Fox recently put over an American favorite in a clever way. In a Spanish story with a Spanish cast he was frankly cast as an American boy in love with the Spanish heroine. Naturally the star had had hard sledding, so he bought a book, Spanish Made Easy, and used it in his love-making. The comedy gag was that one day he looked up a phrase under the heading, How to Make Love, but the wind blew the page over and instead of calling the girl a beautiful rose, he said she was a "load of manure."

Five years from now, when Hollywood has trained a great army of foreign directors and technicians, will she still control the market or will every nation be rolling its own? Nobody knows. Never was the industry so puzzled. At present it is blundering ahead, doing its darnedest to make pictures that the whole world likes.

A special Christmas showing *of the new 1931 Kodaks*

For Christmas shoppers, new model Kodaks, Brownies, Ciné-Kodaks . . . Ready now at Kodak dealers'



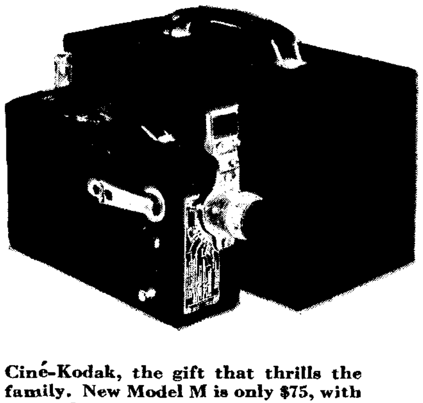
WHAT perfect Christmas gifts! New Kodaks . . . in smart Parisian styles. Always favorites at Christmastime . . . especially attractive this year in their exquisite new colors and modern designs.

You'll find them waiting for you at your nearest Kodak dealer's. They are really advance numbers from the 1931 Kodak line . . . newly created by Eastman stylists, announced now for the special convenience of Christmas shoppers.

At whatever price you have in mind, you'll find an Eastman camera; from the inexpensive Brownie to the finest Ciné-Kodak for home movies.

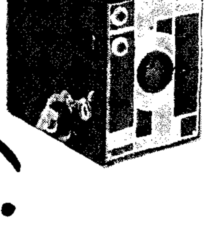
See these colorful new Kodaks. See what handsome gifts they make. And remember . . . *a Kodak is always many gifts in one.* For it's a gift of countless pictures that keep happy memories alive forever. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

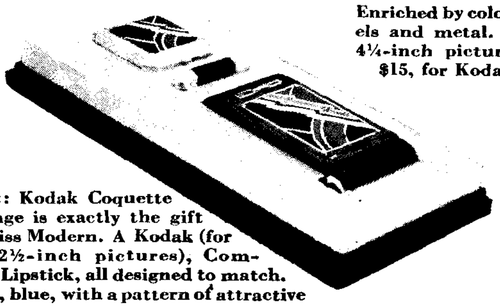
At Right: Kodak Petite. Charming for any woman. Colors . . . lavender, blue, gray, green, old rose. A camera that's almost tiny. Picture size, 1⅝ x 2½ inches. Price $7.50, with pouch-type case to match.



Ciné-Kodak, the gift that thrills the family. New Model M is only $75, with case. New Model K (shown above) is in blue, gray, black, brown. Case included, price $110 to $150. Kodascope projectors, as low as $60.

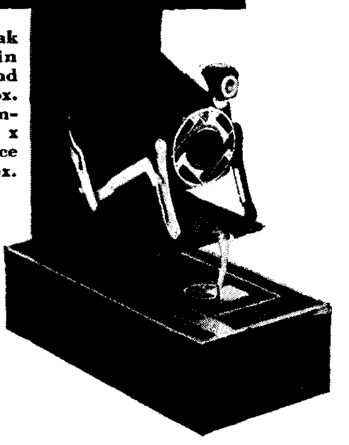
Below: Beau Brownie, a new, small, gaily dressed camera, with Doublet lens. Blue, green, rose, black, tan. No. 2, for 2¼ x 3¼-inch pictures, $4. No. 2A, for 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures, $5.





Right: Kodak Coquette Package is exactly the gift for Miss Modern. A Kodak (for 1⅝ x 2½-inch pictures), Compact, Lipstick, all designed to match. Color, blue, with a pattern of attractive enamels. Beautifully boxed. $12.50.

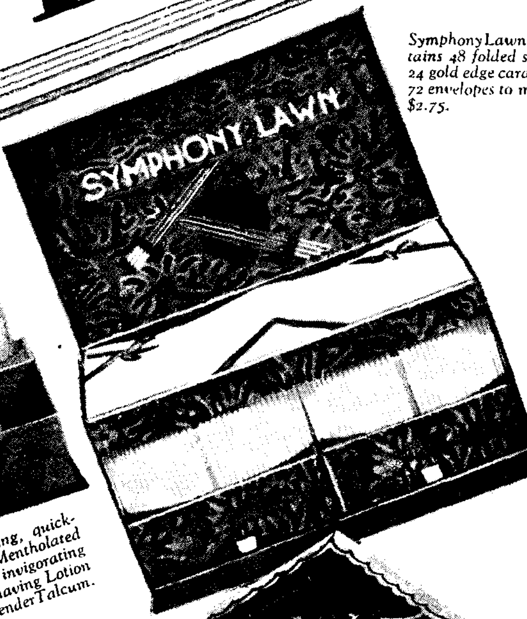
Right: No. 1A Gift Kodak is handsomely done in brown genuine leather and encased in a cedar box. Enriched by colored enamels and metal. For 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures. Price $15, for Kodak *and* box.

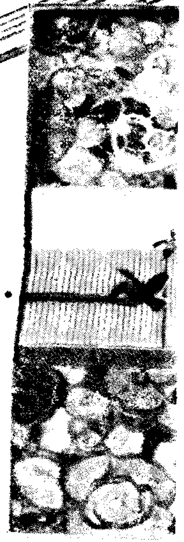


Give a KODAK

Dad
MERRY CHRISTMAS
Mother
Sister

Gifts to Please Everybody


SymphonyLawn. Contains 48 folded sheets, 24 gold edge cards and 72 envelopes to match. $2.75.

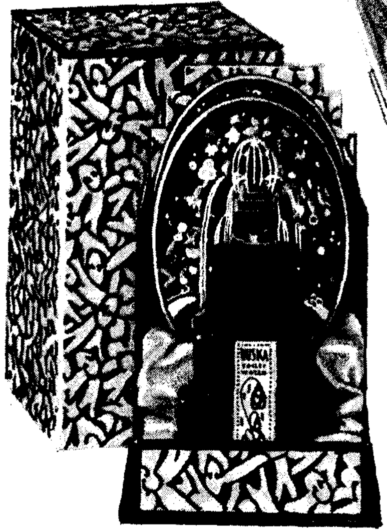

Symphony Royal. C
and 72 e

Lavender
MENTHOLATED
SHAVING CREAM
Shaving Set. Cooling, quick-softening LavenderMentholated Shaving Cream, invigorating Lavender After Shaving Lotion and soothing LavenderTalcum.

Shari Two-Piece Combination Set. Superior face powder and mild astringent toilet water will be appreciated.

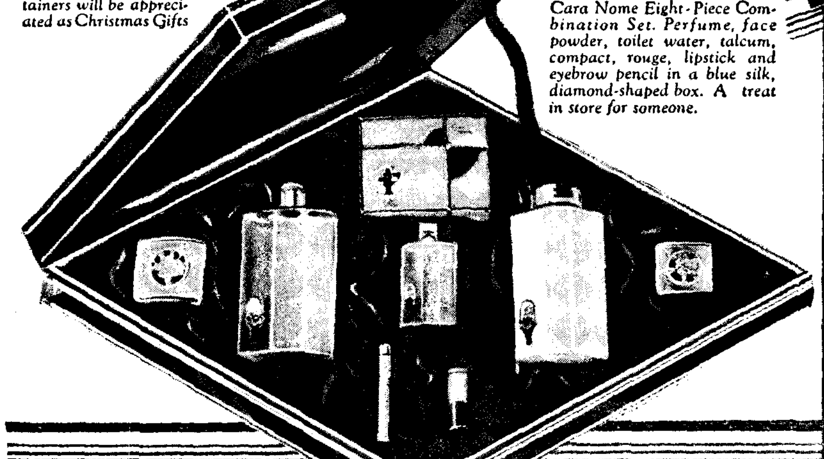
Artstyle "F
package. 9
$1

Artstyle Fruit and Nut Assortment. Fruits and nuts are essential parts of Christmas festivities. $1.50 per pound.



DuskaTwo-Piece Combination Set. Fragrant, refreshing toilet water and fine face powder in their red and silver containers will be appreciated as Christmas Gifts

Duska Four-Piece Combination Set. Compact, rouge, lipstick and perfume in a handsome box will be the means of preserving youthful charm.


Cara Nome Eight-Piece Combination Set. Perfume, face powder, toilet water, talcum, compact, rouge, lipstick and eyebrow pencil in a blue silk, diamond-shaped box. A treat in store for someone.

Health, charm, comfort, happiness—t
your dear ones and friends when your "M

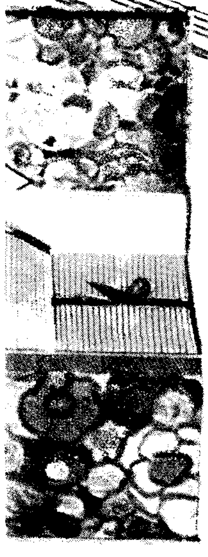
You can make these wishes come true by including among your gifts these practical aids to a happy life.

Your Rexall Drug Store specializes in just such gifts, which are conveniently displayed for your easy selection.

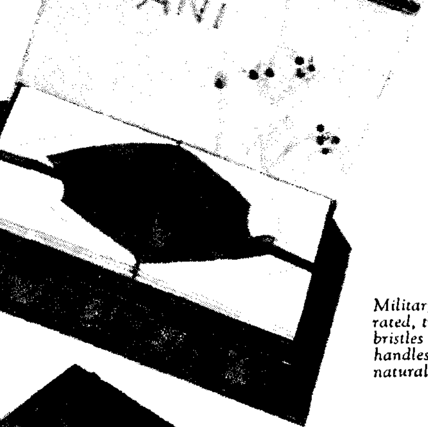
All the thought
family and frien
toilet requisites;
appliances that
lessen household
for the children.

Cousin
Brother
Aunt

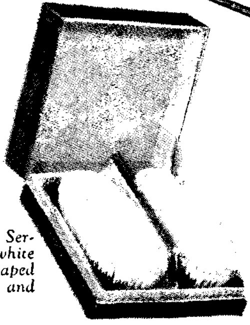
At Your Rexall Store



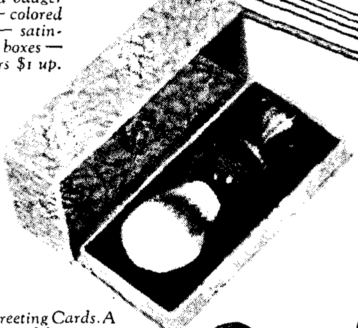
heets, 24 gold edge cards
match. $2.75.



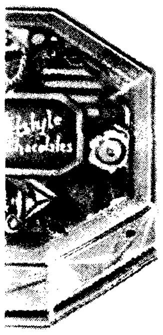
Swani. A handsome box containing 24 white, fancy finish, folded sheets and 24 lined envelopes to match. $1.50.



Military Brushes. Serrated, trimmed, white bristles in oval-shaped handles of black and natural ebony.

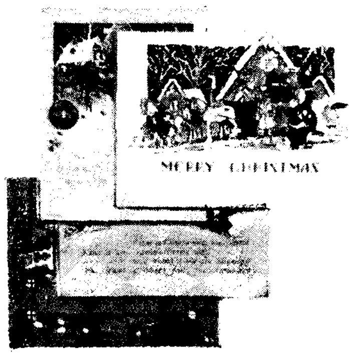


Klenzo Lather Brushes. Pure, silver tipped badger bristles — colored handles — satin-lined gift boxes — $5. Others $1 up.



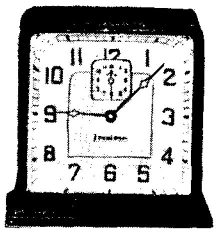
' (For You)
28 varieties.
nd.

Artstyle Red Box. Especially wrapped for Christmas giving. Selected creams, fruit and nut centers hand-dipped in tasty chocolate. 1, 2 and 5 pound sizes. $1.00 per pound.



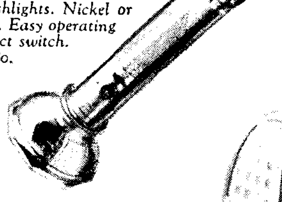
Greeting Cards. A beautiful assortment of Greeting Cards ranging in price from two for 5¢ to 35¢ each.

Time-table Wrist Watches, accurate, good-looking. Silver dial, pigskin strap. $3.39 and $3.89.

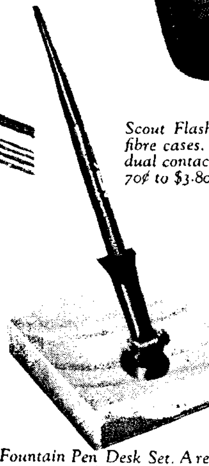


Rexalarm Clocks. Silver dial, bevel base alarm clocks in several colors. $2.98.

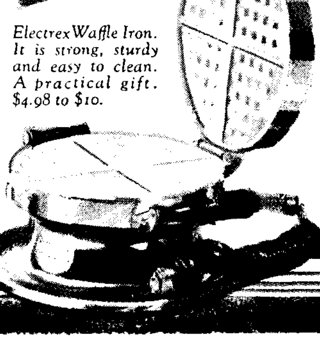
Kantleek Hot Water Bottle in pastel shades. A popular gift. $2.50.



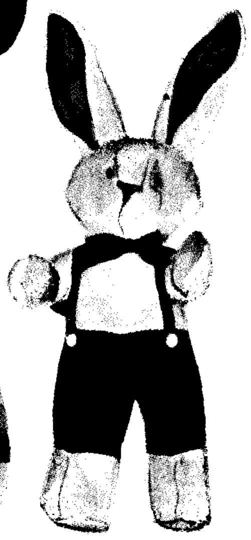
Scout Flashlights. Nickel or fibre cases. Easy operating dual contact switch. 70¢ to $3.80.



Fountain Pen Desk Set. A real, grown-up gift for some young miss. Homework and letters become a pleasure. Self-filling pen, cut plate glass base. $5.00 up.



Electrex Waffle Iron. It is strong, sturdy and easy to clean. A practical gift. $4.98 to $10.



Stuffed Toys. Velour bunnies, elephants, bears and puppies stuffed with wool. Gay, fast-color combinations. 98¢ and $1.98.

precious blessings are what you wish
y Christmas" comes straight from the heart

easing gifts that your
sire are included—
ng needs; electrical
bute to health and
rs; candy and toys

The moderate prices will delight you as much as the gifts will please those who receive them.

At all Rexall Drug Stores, which include Liggett and Owl Stores. There is a Rexall Store conveniently near you.

GIVE HIM ONE OF THESE KNITTED COATS

You know how men are—they like to be comfortable—not over-dressed on most occasions whether lounging around the house; on the club porch; tinkering around the car or doing a dozen other things any season of the year.

There's no reason either why "he" should look as if he has on something that looks like a shapeless meal sack when he can look neat and well dressed by wearing a Thermo Knitted Coat.

Thermo coats are exceptionally well made of virgin wool or camel's hair knitted fabric. They are stylishly cut—shoulders are shaped—tailored sleeves have loose-fitting cuffs.

Thermo coats do not wrinkle easily—they keep their shape. See the new patterns and colors in Thermo coats and vests at your retailers. Look for the Thermo hanger in the neck. If your retailer cannot supply you, write us for illustrated folder.

We also make Mercury Coats, big value at a lower price.

THERMO MILLS, INC.
345 Broadway Dept. C New York

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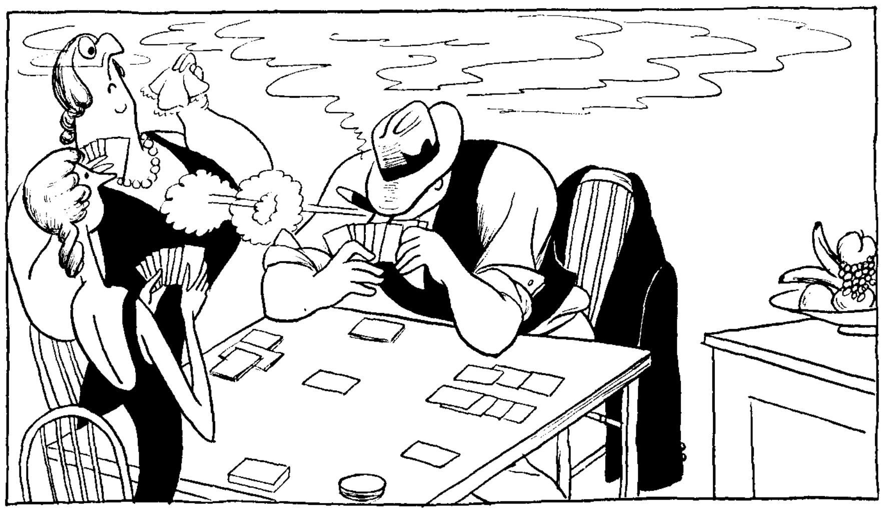
Thermo

KNITTED COATS AND VESTS



The veteran poker player who took up bridge

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. A-10-3
H. 6-5-4
D. A-10-8-6-3-2
C. A

West
S. 8-7
H. Q-10-9-8-2
D. Q
C. K-Q-J-8-6

East
S. 5-4
H. K-J
D. J-9-7-4
C. 9-7-4-3-2

South
S. K-Q-J-9-6-2
H. A-7-3
D. K-5
C. 10-5

THE above hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, was played in a game of Duplicate Contract. At all the tables South started the bidding with two Spades. Although any of the Wests would have overcalled one Spade, none of them felt strong enough to overcall two; and this put it up to North to bid four or five Spades.

Under the generally accepted system of raising, North can count as assisting tricks (or "raisers" as they are generally called) his Spade and Diamond Aces as one each and his Club Ace as two more—one because it is an Ace and one because it is a singleton; so he has four raisers and the length of his Diamond suit as an additional asset. When one partner bids two of a major suit, the other should jump to three with two raisers and to four with three; but to justify going to five, a slam invitation, four and a half raisers are required. North's hand is just a shade under that requirement.

The great danger incident to extending a slam invitation with North's hand lies in the fact that it has three losing cards in the Heart suit; South may have a worthless doubleton in the same suit, and that would mean at least two lost tricks and no slam.

It was a close decision and the North players were about evenly divided between calling four and five Spades. The conservatives bid four and that stood; the bold ones bid five and then the problem of the slam was up to South. He had announced six tricks by his two-bid, for which he counted five Spade tricks and one for the Ace of Hearts; but he had a King and two doubletons in addition. The doubletons would not be reckoned as strength for an initial bid; but with so gigantic a jump by North they deserved to be considered in further raising. Most of the Souths whose partners had bid five Spades went on to six; but there was almost as much to be said against the slam bid as for it.

The Auction Bridge bidding of the hand would be: South one Spade, West two Hearts, North two Spades, East pass, South pass. West probably would pass also; he has a good Club suit, but too much weakness on the side. If he did bid three Clubs, North would bid three Spades, East four Clubs, and South four Spades, which would hold the contract.

In the play there were all sorts of variations, and at only two tables did the Declarer bid and make the small slam; it was accomplished as follows:

West started with the King of his strongest suit (Clubs). If he had led either a Heart or the singleton Queen of Diamonds, the Declarer would have made thirteen tricks. North's singleton Ace won, and it was evident that to make a small slam dummy's Diamonds must be established and run.

The Trey of Spades was led from dummy and the King played by South; then the King of Diamonds was led to trick three by South. West played the Queen on the King; an amateur would have led trumps again immediately to keep West from ruffing, but the seasoned player would know better. West's Queen meant that he had either the Jack or no more. If he had the Jack, a Diamond lead would establish the suit, the adverse trumps could be exhausted, and dummy put in with a trump to cash the remaining Diamonds; if West's Queen was a singleton, East must have three more Diamonds and the suit stopped twice—which would mean that Declarer can afford to lose the second Diamond trick and by ruffing subsequently establish the suit. Declarer at this stage could not afford to lead another trump if East had four Diamonds; if he should do so dummy would be short an entry to establish the Diamonds.

So it was clear that South should lead a second Diamond with the hope that West would not ruff. But West ruffed and then led a Heart. South won with the Ace, put dummy in with a trump to lead a losing Diamond for South to ruff, and then a Club for dummy to ruff and obtain the lead. This allowed him to run the last three Diamonds, giving South the necessary discards for a small slam.

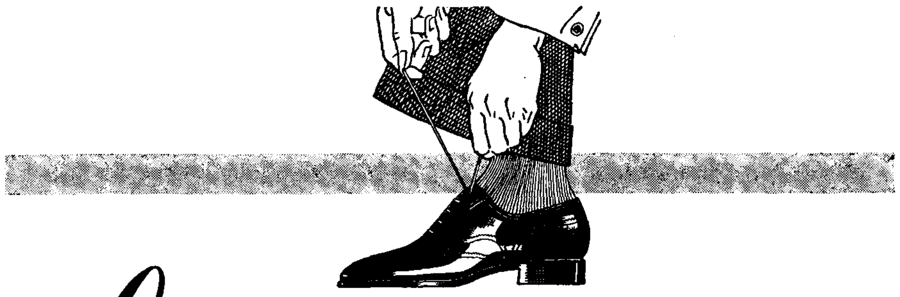
Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. J-9-7-4-2
H. 8
D. 9-8-5-2
C. J-6-4

East
S. Q-8-3
H. J-7-5-4-3
D. 6-3
C. K-7-2

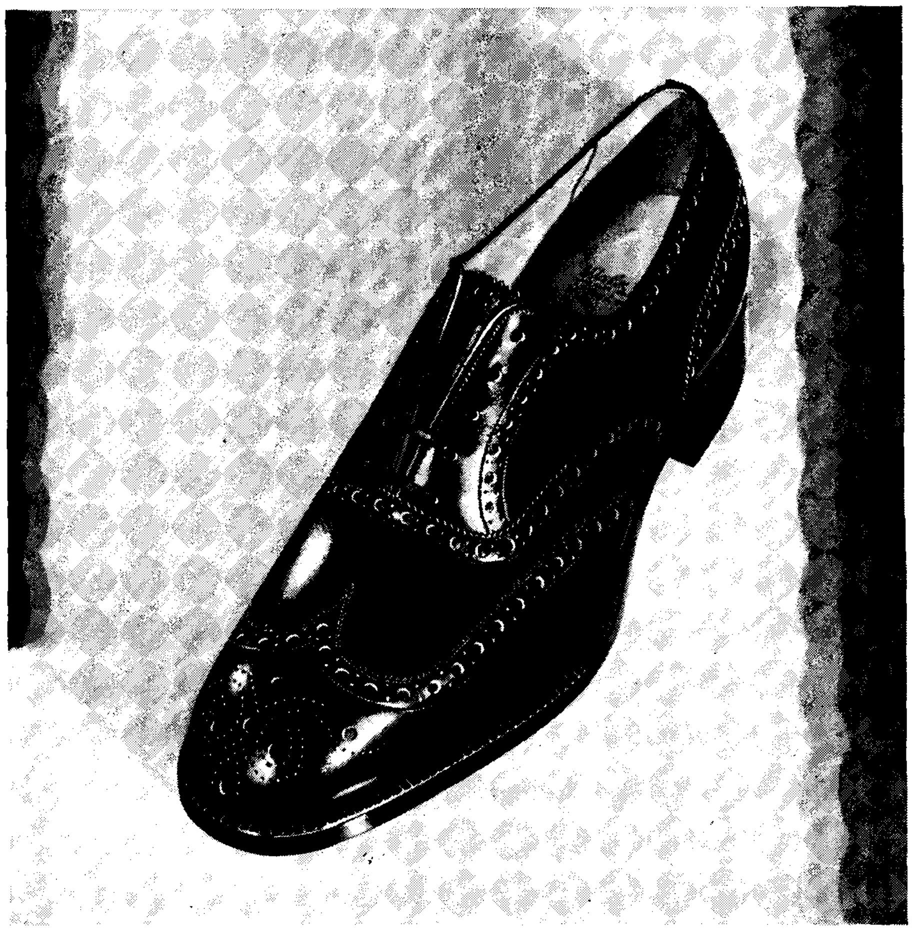
West
S. K-10-5
H. K-Q-10-9
D. K-J-10
C. A-10-5

South
S. A-6
H. A-6-2
D. A-Q-7-4
C. Q-9-8-3



fit to be tied

THE DRURY LACES UP WITH AN UNUSUAL INSTEP-FIT.



The unusually compact fit of this new DRURY brogue proves itself when you draw up the laces and tie them. See how smoothly the leather conforms to your instep ... how snugly your ankle is incased ... what a well-tailored look you've given your foot! This new last has the English type, semi-tapered toe. And the leather, plump and supple, is imported black calf. $10.

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The Other Woman

Continued from page 15

who sat beside her to trick and to deceive! This woman, with her rectitude of taste, her limpid clarity of spirit, her crystal grace, her high innocence!

Mrs. Sylvain writhed, shaking the hand from her forehead, convulsed with a new spasm of pain. How did she know that this woman was so innocent, after all? This woman must have known . . . something! But no, no, no! She could not, she would not, think that! Of course she had not known! She had not known herself. This woman was really what she seemed to be. Mrs. Sylvain forced herself to lie still upon the bed; she told herself that she must not let hatred seize upon her.

HOW long she lay with her eyes closed she did not know; for the emotions, the movements of the soul, have their own time independently of the clocks. Gradually the ability to rationalize came back to her in some measure. She began to see the one man shaping himself into a unity, where the two of them had seen different men. He had turned from one of them to the other and taken the best of each, taken what he had wanted, taken all that both had had to give of their essential selves. He had taken this high rare affection here; and from herself he had taken her own passionate, vivid emotion. Nor had he been able to give either one of them up, to break quite loose from either—indeed, the man had not wanted to!

It did not make him seem to her a strong man, a big man, with so many sides to his nature—with such a vigor and versatility and force—that his demands were justifiably imperious. It made him seem a little man, stealing from both of them—nothing much in himself, but taking his color from each in turn. It was simply this: each had *seen in him* the thing that she was herself. How he had fooled them both! Himself, too, perhaps.

The practical side of it had been easy enough for him, too. He had been connected with a bonding house in the Wall Street district, a big concern that specialized in floating issues of securities, and it had been his work to investigate the exact status of industries in various parts of the country before the stocks and bonds were underwritten. So he had traveled a great deal, necessarily—that had been his story, and she had accepted the necessity for these frequent absences readily enough. So, of course, had this woman here. They had both trusted him.

Even the circumstances of his death had prevented an immediate discovery—had been such, indeed, as ironically to protect his deceit, instead of uncovering it at once. Had it not been for the strange chance that she had blundered into this apartment, neither one of them might ever have known the truth, both of them might have thought, forever, of the wild ocean as the final resting place of a true husband and faithful lover! He had made a brief trip to England, and he had written to her that he was coming home, not on one of the big popular liners, but on one of the freighters that took only a dozen or so passengers—it would be a change and a rest, he said.

The Alberta was bound from Liverpool to Halifax. She had wondered a little about it when she got his letter—he would disembark at Halifax, he had written, and come to New York by train; he could not tell within three or four days the time of his arrival, for these boats took at least two weeks, and did not hold themselves to the fixed schedules of the fast passenger vessels. He would come home and surprise her. She smiled bitterly at his small cleverness in forestalling any possibility of a meeting at the pier in New York.

This was the last she had ever heard from him. The Alberta had struck ice in the North Atlantic, and had gone down before help could arrive from any quarter of the compass: gone down with all on board.

Several bodies had been found floating; but not his, and the newspapers had not published the complete passenger list. But she knew that he had been on the ship, for he had sent her a wireless message signed "Dick" just a dozen hours before the disaster.

A new thought struck her now—had he, perhaps, sailed under the name he gave to this woman here? Had he planned to meet this woman on his home-coming, at Halifax, or elsewhere, before he came on to her? Had there been a Johnson on the partial list she had seen in the newspapers? She could not remember. Sylvain? Johnson? "I am not even sure," she cried to herself, with a hotter humiliation, "what my own name is!"

Then the tears trickled down from beneath her closed eyelids as she thought how joyous their reunions had been, how vital their raptures at times, upon his return . . . his return from his travels. . . .

His frequent returns from . . . here! She abruptly got off the bed. Her steps were still uncertain. She sat in a chair. "I'm better now, thank you," she said at the other woman's gesture of solicitude. She recovered her hat and shoes.

Then her eyes rested on the photograph of the little boy. How she had wanted children! An impulse of anger surged up in her again. The words formed themselves in her mind: "You stole that child from me!"

But she did not utter them. Something in the other woman's face checked her. She, too, was looking at the photographs. Her lips were moving silently. Her grief had struck her freshly again, Mrs. Sylvain thought. Her lips, her face, were pale; were as drained of all vitality as, Mrs. Sylvain knew, her own must be.

OUT of the turmoil of her emotions there emerged—emerged as if it had formed itself independently of her own volition—a quiet, and unselfish, resolution: This woman must *never* know the truth!

She would not tell her. She would leave the man to her as the woman had thought he was. No consideration of a lower sort should rule here. This woman's trust in life, her serenity, her harmony of spirit, her nobility of nature, must not be shattered. It was often said of women that they were not capable of putting aside their personal impulses, when rivalry over a man came into the equation, for the sake of another woman. Very well, but she would prove that this was a slander on women—in this case, at least, something more generous should triumph! This woman was innocent, a victim; she had built a dream for herself out of the purity of her own nature, and she should be left to inhabit that dream, that cool and silver tent.

Her own anger at Dick Sylvain—the bitter, humiliated, fierce, heart-broken satisfaction that it would be to her to tell him what she thought of him!—must not touch this woman! Strengthened by this resolution, strengthened physically even, Mrs. Sylvain got to her feet. She must get away from here now before one of the recurrent spasms of anger and pain forced her into breaking the resolve.

"I don't think I'll take the apartment, after all," she said.

"I understand," said the woman with the white face. The face was white, but the gaze was steady. Something in the way she spoke made Mrs. Sylvain ask:

"Just what do you understand?"

"Everything." There was no hesitation. But the other woman could not keep out of her tones a great grief—a grief that moved with a desolate stateliness in the slow procession of her simple words: "Yes . . . I understand . . . everything. You said . . . more than you knew you were saying . . . you talked . . . you talked for minute after minute . . . before you came back . . . came back to full consciousness."

In the long look which the two women exchanged there was more than speech is able to convey. Mrs. Sylvain moved silently toward the door. But in the doorway she turned, whirled about by a sudden thought.

"When," she faltered; "just when . . . how long ago . . . did you . . . marry him?"

AN INFINITE pity spoke from the other woman's eyes, and brought back something of the quiet glory of her beauty, before her lips moved.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, I didn't want to tell you that! I wanted to spare you that knowledge!" In the moment's pause, Mrs. Sylvain was thankful for her own earlier resolve of forbearance. "You were married eight years ago, you said," the other woman concluded; "we were married ten."

So! Then she herself was The Other Woman!

It had only needed this to complete her humiliation, Mrs. Sylvain told herself. But in an instant she laughed, with a fresh, sharp bitterness of mirth. "A lot of difference that makes, after all, for either one of us!" she said.

And then, touched: "You weren't going to tell me?"

"No." There was something in Mrs. Johnson's high nobility and proud courage of demeanor that forbade Mrs. Sylvain to be entirely cynical even now. "You didn't tell *me,*" she said; "or you didn't *know* you were telling me; you tried to save me from the knowledge."

She came to Mrs. Sylvain and put a light hand upon her arm. "I think this is going to work out, for both of us, according to the way we take it." Her bosom was heaving slowly with the emotion it held, but she forced herself to go on speaking: "If we don't let it defeat us, we can turn it into something that will make us . . . grow!" It was as if she were pleading with Mrs. Sylvain to help her to retain her faith in the essential, underlying rightness of the universe, in spite of the occasional bitter accidents in which men and women found themselves entangled.

"We can do it," she breathed; "we've made a beginning—we did not look on each other with malice or hatred, but we tried to save each other pain!"

Mrs. Sylvain, as she gazed upon her, felt for an instant something curative, something healing, in this high mood. "Yes," she said, "I suppose somebody has to try to live up to ideas like that, or they'll die out of the world!"

"And you," she added, "are . . . a wonderful person." She gave her an impulsive, fugitive, light kiss upon the cheek and was gone.

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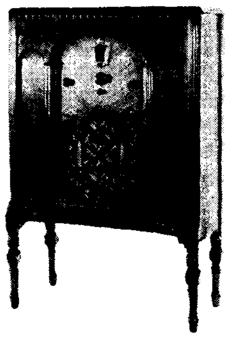

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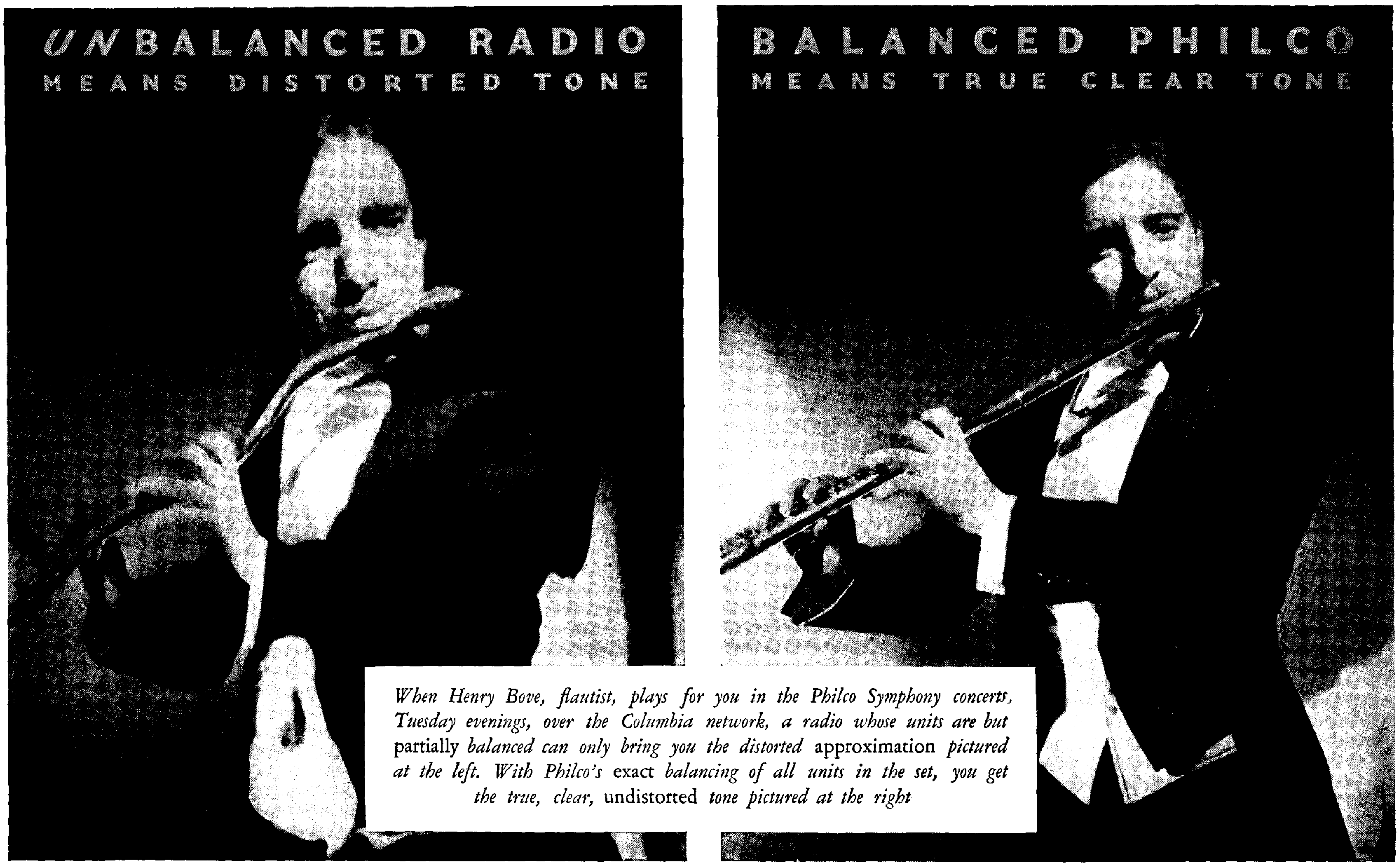

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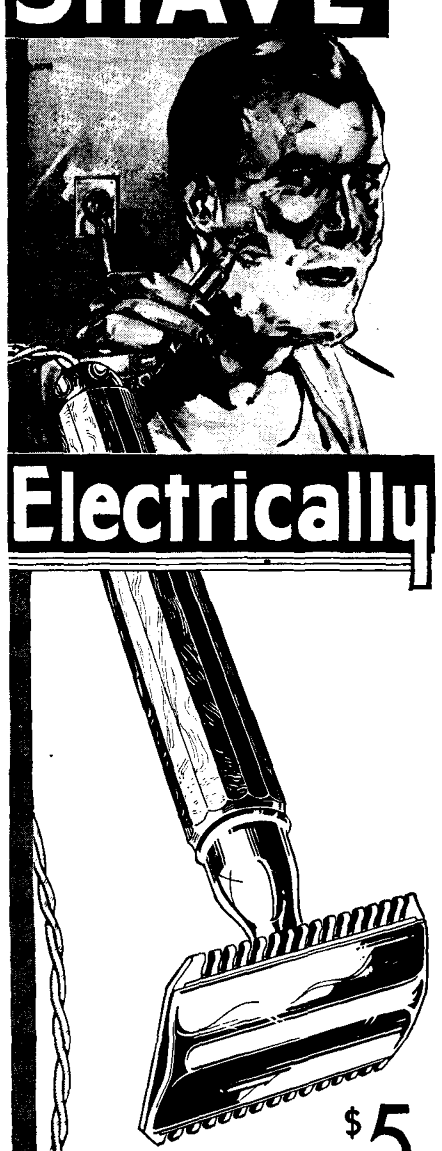

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Yes, Your Excellency!

Continued from page 22

his enemies with a thoroughness that drove them mad, and pursuing a medicine-man campaign wherein he demonstrated that he is one of the greatest salesmen of our times, captured the Protestant north of the state and the Catholic south, although Mr. Ransdell is a Catholic. He even won three wards of New Orleans.

And on the morning of the tenth he sat down to the telephone in his hotel room and began calling up the New Orleans newspapers that had fought him. To the first editor he represented himself as an irate Italian. What did that editor mean by advising him, a poor fruit vender, "that thisa man Huey Long no gotta chance? What th' hell, hey? You tella people thisa guy Long sure gat beat.

"I betta guy feefty dollar on Ransdell because you taal me Huey Long ees a bum. And now I loose my money. What th' hell, hey?"

While the editor with becoming dignity was trying to pacify the excited one Huey dropped his voice disguise and with a loud, backwoods laugh roared:

"Okay, okay, this is only Huey talking. Happy days, mister."

In the Books

To the next editor he represented himself as a Jew who wanted to know whether it wouldn't be a graceful thing for that newspaper to apologize to Huey Long for its gross misrepresentation of the new boss of Louisiana. If it did not the speaker would feel obliged to withdraw his advertising.

Again Huey heard pacific words from editorial lips until, unable longer to restrain himself, he shouted:

"Drop in and see me some day, boy. This is Huey Long speaking."

And so on down through the newspaper list until he tired of the fun.

Little things like wholesale opposition, like impeachments on twenty-five counts running all the way from lack of official dignity to kidnapping, bribery, graft and moral turpitude—little things like these fail even to give Huey pause. I have met many men, many politicians, but I have never met one so quick to turn an enemy's thrust against the attacker or to convert a mean situation into a personal triumph.

For example, there was the morning Huey was in his tub when somebody knocked viciously on the door. At Huey's roar to enter, a man came in with a bill for printing and electrotyping in his hand.

"Hello, old-timer," bellowed Huey through lather. "Just the guy I wanted to see. Here, take this brush and soap. Take off your coat and roll up your sleeves. Thata boy. Now scrub the nasty old governor's back. Allez-oop!"

It may be difficult to believe, but the intruder took the brush and soap and scrubbed the gubernatorial back with a vicious will.

"Thata boy!" shouted Huey. "Thata boy. Hey. Lay off. That's enough."

He leaped to his feet, thrust the scrubber back and turned on the shower—cold. In a moment the bathroom was a cloudburst and the bill collector, wiping water from his eyes, backed out blind and speechless. Then, struggling free from the influence of his dynamic governor, he fled in damp panic, the bill still in his pocket.

Then there was that schoolbook legislation. Distributing public moneys to the schools of Louisiana had been a problem which had robbed governors of sleep, prestige and office. The politicians had turned contortionists and acrobats in their wild efforts to dodge the wrecking machine of the school appropriations.

North Louisiana is Protestant. South Louisiana is predominantly Catholic. The children of the upper parishes were cared for by the public schools. The parochial schools receive the majority of the youngsters in the lower part of the state. How then was state money to be disbursed for education? Politically it was not healthy to deny state help to the children of Catholics simply because they attended Catholic schools. Politically it was dangerous to antagonize that considerable element which insisted that state funds might not be given to sectarian institutions.

Huey met the situation with characteristic simplicity. Huey is one of earth's perpetual children anyway. A keen but everlasting sophomore. All he did was to draw up a bill which provided that every child in Louisiana should be given free schoolbooks. That's all—schoolbooks. It mattered not where that child went to school, just so long as it was enrolled in a school. Free schoolbooks—and God love 'em.

His opponents, chagrined that so old a problem should be solved by this irreverent upstart, appealed to the courts, Huey had dared the unfriendly legislature to refuse to pass the bill. He dared them to reject it and then to go back and face the parents of the children. They passed it. But the more courageous of Huey's enemies followed it into the courts, demanding that it be declared unconstitutional because it gave state moneys to sectarian schools—indirectly of course, but still gave it.

And Huey himself, admittedly one of the best lawyers in the South, went along arguing to victory after victory until it appeared in the Supreme Court of the United States. There Huey defended his naïve legislation with such conviction and enthusiasm that it was not only declared wholly constitutional, but Huey was commended by Mr. Justice Brandeis.

There's no routine, no uniformity, convention nor schedule to the Long method. Details are not delegated to clerks and secretaries. Huey attends to all that, making as much furor over a detail as over a whole campaign.

Speaking His Piece

If he adheres to his present plan (which he probably won't) Washington will not have the joy of knowing him until after his term as governor expires—until his successor is elected in the fall of 1931. The reason is that he is much more interested in maintaining his personal dictatorship in Louisiana than in sitting in the Senate; and he is not going to surrender the governorship to his mortal enemy, Dr. Paul N. Cyr, lieutenant-governor. Dr. Cyr, a combative dentist, openly declared war on Huey when the latter insisted that Mrs. Ada LeBoeuf hang with her lover, Dr. Thomas E. Dreher, for the murder of the lady's husband. Both were hanged and Dr. Cyr has since devoted his time to plans calculated to ruin the political career of Huey Long. He hasn't succeeded, but Huey pays Dr. Cyr the compliment of declining to turn his back on him.

Huey is thirty-seven years old, about five feet, ten inches tall and a natural light heavyweight. He carries himself like a well-conditioned baseball player and his reddish hair seems to get redder as he works himself up to his favorite fighting speed. You may not agree with his politics, his methods or his demagoguery (and Huey's a demagogue), but it's almost impossible for the visitor from outside not to like him. He's a combination of Billy Sunday, Jack Sharkey, Sonny Boy, and the late Harry Houdini. He is also a smart politician.

He was born in lonely Winn Parish. During his childhood food was so close to being a curiosity in the Long home that Huey went to work at the age of seven. Out of his daily wage of thirty-five cents he saved enough money to buy ragged sets of Victor Hugo, Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott. He memorized whole poems and chapters of the Bible. He dared anybody to bet him ten dollars he couldn't recite all of Pilgrim's Progress but people fled at the prospect. In rapid succession he became a book peddler, a printer, a salesman of a lard substitute. He sold soap, groceries, furniture, clothing, starch and heaven knows what else. He went to school whenever he had money enough to keep himself housed and fed. He tramped the state organizing cooking contests for the makers of the lard substitute and in Shreveport gave first prize to a girl named Rose McConnell for her bride's loaf cake. Soon thereafter he married her and he has the grace to admit that she has done more to promote his success than he has.

No Crime Too Great

At her urging he borrowed four hundred and fifty dollars in 1912 and registered at Tulane University as a special student in law. In seven months (this straight from the records) Huey, taking every class offered him and working day and night, completed the three-year course and passed the bar examinations. By sheer clamor he induced the supreme court of the state to hold its examinations three months in advance of the set time and he passed that test far out in front of the others.

Even if he weren't a good lawyer he'd be a prominent one because of his love of a fight. He boasts that he never turned down a case and would today appear in police court to defend a chicken thief or a liquor toter and tomorrow argue the case of the Standard Oil Company of Louisiana. He would, too.

At his wife's insistence he ran for public service commissioner for northern Louisiana in 1918 and won hugely over four competitors. In 1924 he was defeated for governor but even his enemies admit that the weather did it—the rain deluge keeping the farmers at home. Four years later he won by the largest majority ever accomplished for the office—140,000.

Since then practically everything short of hanging has happened to him. He has been accused of all sorts of graft, from taking fees from state contractors to shaking down the Standard Oil Company, from outright banditry in the state treasury to illegal transfer of public land. He has been accused of bribing legislators with jobs and cash. They have charged him with bargaining with one Battling Bozeman, a heavyweight prize fighter whom he once retained as his bodyguard, to murder Jared Y. Sanders, one of the most active of his opponents. Mr. Sanders, happily, is alive and well and Mr. Bozeman is no longer protecting his governor's person from assault. One Joe Messina has succeeded to Bozeman's old job.

Huey has been challenged to a duel by a septuagenarian legislator, Gilbert

(*Continued on page 50*)

THE READYSET TRAVELER

From the unbeaten track . . . from the originality of stylists and camera designers, comes The Readyset Traveler—unquestionably the most outstanding and practical innovation in camera creation of this beauty-conscious day.

In its distinctive specially woven repp covering, colorful striping, platinum finish, and mechanical rightness there is a cosmopolitan air . . . an expression of the modern spirit that appeals to all who travel—at home or afar. For the Traveler looks like custom-made luggage . . . and *is* luggage—luggage to pack full of pictures.

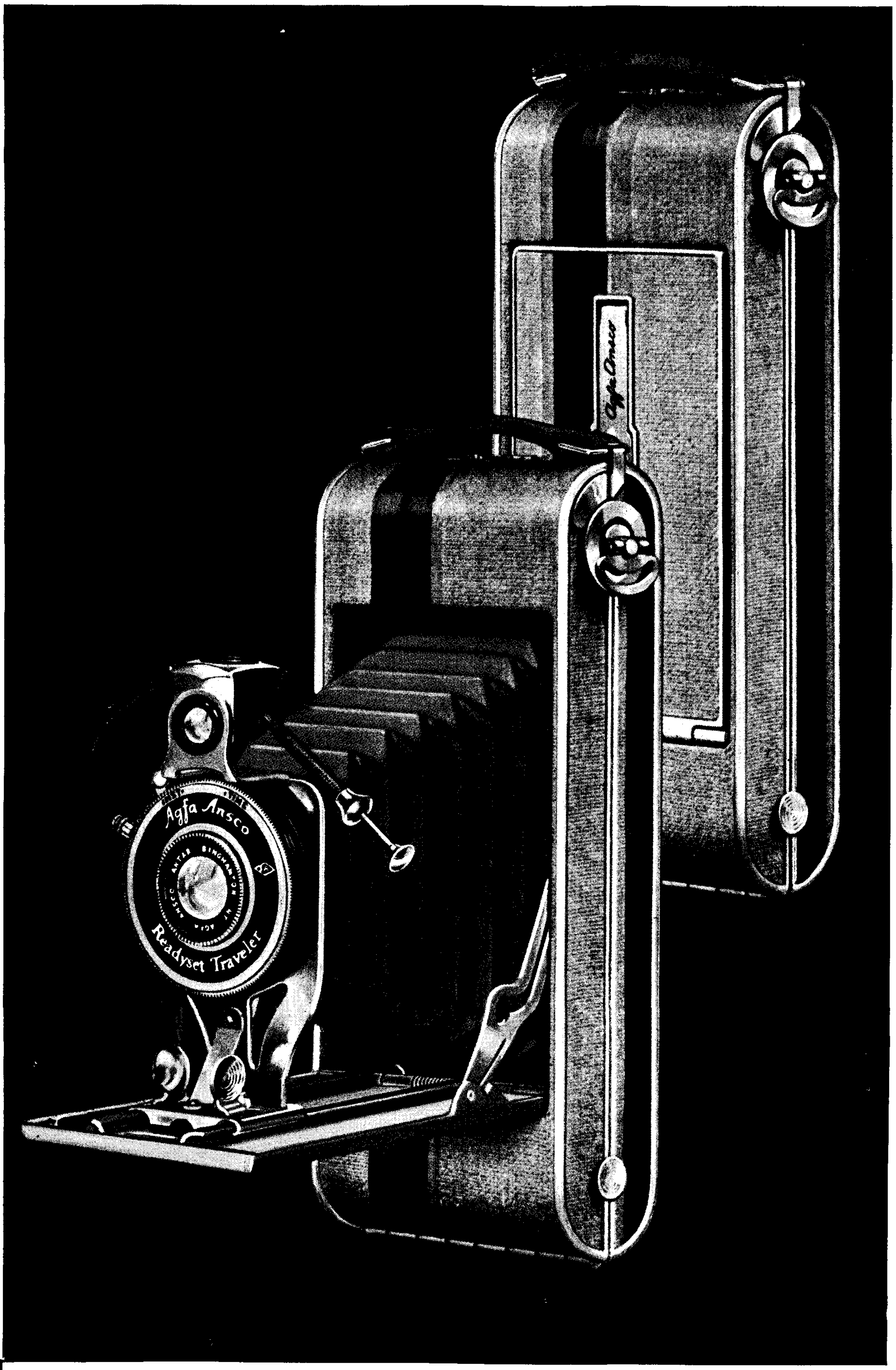
The Traveler is a certified picture-taker. One you can count on for clear, sharp pictures always.

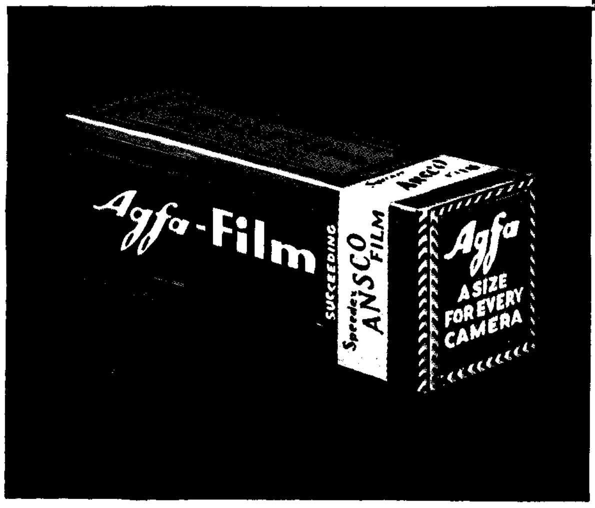
You'll be proud to own, or give as a gift, the colorful, smart Traveler. For the thrill of its possession is surpassed only by the delight in its remarkable picture-taking ability. Ask to see it when you buy your next roll of film.

No. 1 Readyset Traveler—$13.00
(2¼ x 3¼ Pictures)

No. 1A Readyset Traveler—$16.00
(2½ x 4¼ Pictures)

Available in four different color stripings.





And the Traveler is one of the famous Agfa Ansco Readyset Cameras . . . as nearly automatic as cameras can be and yet insure perfect pictures. No focusing, no shutter adjustments—just "Open, aim, shoot." As simple as that.

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READYSET TRAVELER

BY AGFA ANSCO

AGFA ANSCO OF BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
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Ripley CREATOR OF **BELIEVE IT or NOT— PROVES IT**

OLD GOLD VOTED BEST

by World's keenest

TASTE TESTERS

By ROBERT RIPLEY, Himself

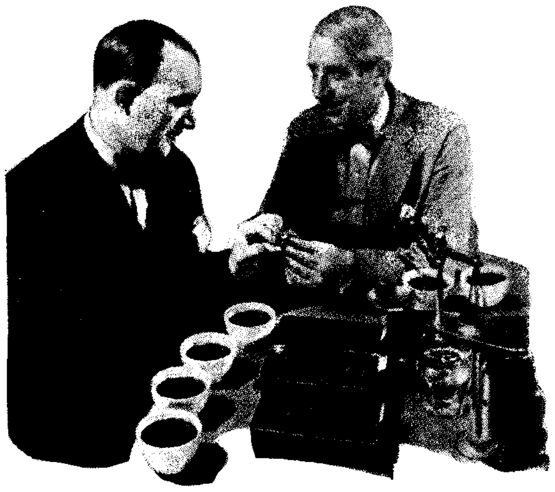
"Believe it or not . . . these men together earn over $250,000 yearly . . . *on their sense of taste alone!*

"They are expert coffee tasters . . . the world's Supreme Court on taste matters . . . and they have just put OLD GOLD through the toughest test any cigarette has ever faced!

"At my request, they sampled each of the four leading cigarettes with names concealed. Once . . . twice . . . three times. Rated them all . . . on flavor, aroma, general appeal.

"I was impressed when OLD GOLD won. I was *stunned* when I looked at the final score . . . their verdict.

"*Believe it or not, the keenest judges of taste the whole world knows picked* OLD GOLD *two to one over its nearest rival!*"



GETTING THE VERDICT. "Rip" checks the choice of one of America's best judges of flavor. It's an OLD GOLD!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT . . . *Here's proof!*

Here's the score, checked as usual by a Certified Public Accountant.

OLD GOLD chosen by 10 smokers Brand "Y" chosen by 4 smokers

Brand "X" " " 5 " Brand "Z" " " 2 "

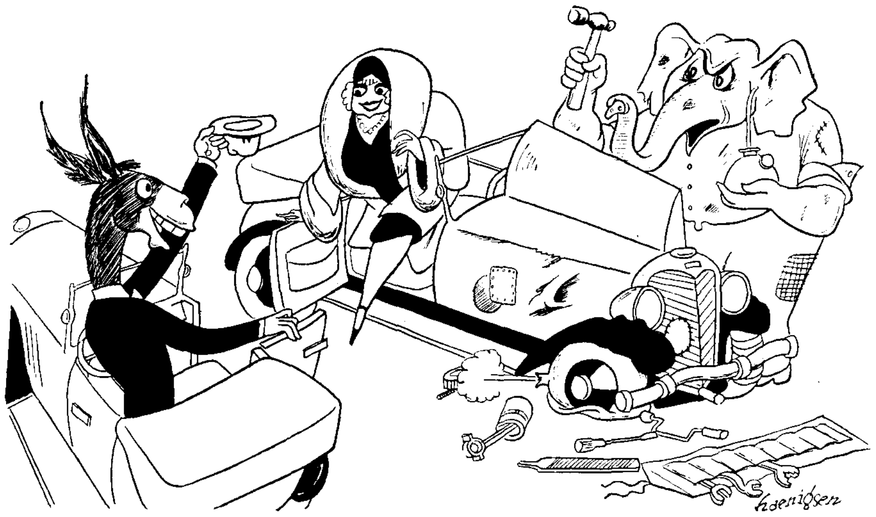
Total . . . 21

J. S. M. GOODLOE, *Certified Public Accountant*

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL

© P. Lorillard Co.

Not a COUGH in a CARLOAD



Prosperity Preferred

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

CANDIDATES for the Democratic nomination in 1932, some of them reluctantly, are already forming a line.

Of all the names mentioned, Owen D. Young, who hasn't mentioned it himself, means the greatest change in the future of American politics.

His nomination would mean practically a revolution. It would split the business interests of the nation politically right down the middle. It would accomplish what Governor Al Smith had in mind when he threw all the Bryanistic baggage of his party out of the window at Houston in 1928. He caused his party to abandon all its traditional ideas about the tariff and to become in its professions what it had long been in practice—moderately protectionist. He appointed a big business man, John J. Raskob, chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Being the party of business has been the Republicans' stock in trade since 1880, when the business scare was first used effectively by them to win an election. It has won nine of the last thirteen elections for them. To become something more than the party of protest to which the country will turn in times of discontent with their regular rulers, the anointed dispensers of prosperity, the Democrats have either to detach all the business from the Republican party or to profit by divisions in these business interests and attach to themselves as Democrats important elements in the business world.

Signs for All to Read

The signs of a conflict between the big business interests with international outlook and the smaller business interests whose eyes do not go beyond the home market are on every hand.

One sign of it was the tariff struggle in the Republican party last winter, the longest and most desperate in the history of tariff-making. A high protective tariff is the central article of Republican dogma. But here was a tariff which Republicans in the Senate joined with Democrats to defeat, which Republican newspapers all over the land urged President Hoover to veto. It was made by the power of local manufacturers, by Senator Grundy and the Manufacturers' Association of Pennsylvania, by Senator Bingham and the Manufacturers' Association of Connecticut.

So long as business in this country had a purely national orientation, the Republican party served its purposes. But when an important part of business began to look outside the boundaries of the United States there was a clash of interests in business itself sharper than any that has developed in this country since the clash between the old economic system of the South and the newer economic system of the North.

It seems to me that the feud which developed in the Republican party in Pennsylvania is significant of what is going to happen generally in the next few years. And the line of cleavage there is significant. Senator Grundy and his Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association backed Mr. Pinchot for governor. Bigger business, represented by General Atterbury, bolted to the Democratic candidate.

A Significant Split

Andrew Mellon would probably have been found with the bolters if his position in the administration had not made it impossible to refuse at least nominal support to the regular Republican nominee. If all business in Pennsylvania had as a unit bolted Mr. Pinchot these extraordinary happenings would not have been half so significant. At least business would have retained its usual solidarity. But business split in Pennsylvania, where it has always been more politically conscious than anywhere else.

The time is ripe for part of business to seek a new political alliance. The Republican party's usefulness to business is impaired for the immediate future. The party is full of divisions. There is a clash in it between West and East.

There is an equally serious clash in it between wets and drys. It functions badly in Washington. Its pretension to being the party of prosperity is seriously damaged. Its chances of winning in 1932 are not bright. And if it does not win then, it will probably be out of power for eight years.

The nomination of Owen D. Young would be an indication that the Democratic party was to profit by this situation. It would split business interests of the country exactly as they were split in Pennsylvania. And that party, being now moderately protectionist and having a certain international outlook due to Wilson, is in a position to attract the favorable regard of big business, which is beginning to find that it cannot live in the same house with Mr. Grundy and his organized manufacturers.

The name of Owen D. Young as the possible Democratic nominee in 1932 makes Republicans blanch. They see in it the beginning of a new political era not altogether pleasant for themselves.

Sunkist Junior
Merry Christmas!

So many are hoping for this Christmas Gift

SINCE fresh fruit juices are a necessity for breakfast and entertaining, Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor is a Christmas gift eagerly received by everyone —family and friends.

It gets a glass or a gallon of orange or lemon juice —*quick! Better* juice, too—"aerated", and with all the healthful fruit pulp finely shredded. Saves time, labor, waste; gets *more* juice than hand methods without the mussiness.

There's just enough of luxury about Sunkist Junior to make it Christmas gift-like—and enough of the sensible to bring sincere day-after-day appreciation for its usefulness.

Sunkist Junior is guaranteed by the California Fruit Growers Exchange for use in the busiest households. It operates at a flip of the switch when plugged in on ordinary electric lighting outlets. Reaming bulb and alabaster glass bowl are instantly removable for quick cleaning under running water. Stands 10 inches high on its rubber feet; weighs 6 pounds. The price—$14.95 —is much less than you pay for many household appliances used much less frequently.

Check Sunkist Junior on your shopping list now, for the family—for friends who entertain—for friends with an orange-squeezing problem. And that includes almost everyone these days!

$14.95

at department, electrical and hardware stores. If your dealer is sold out, send coupon *now* with money order for $14.95 (Canada $19.95) and a Sunkist Junior will be sent to reach you before Christmas.

Sunkist Jr.

ELECTRIC JUICE EXTRACTOR

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900 No. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois *or* Box 530, Station C, Los Angeles, California
Enclosed is money order for $14.95 (Canada $19.95). Send Sunkist Junior.

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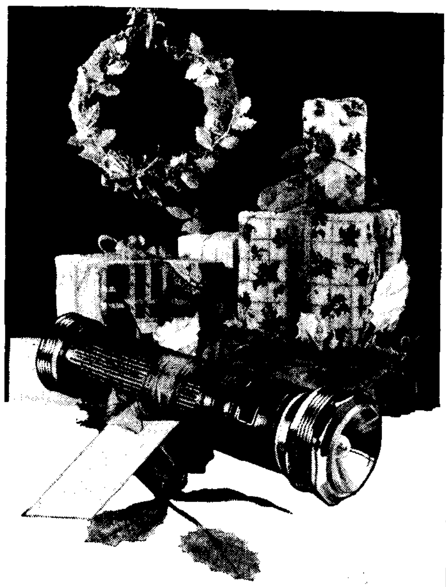


Give a RAY-O-VAC FLASHLIGHT

LAST-MINUTE SHOPPERS . . . bewildered shoppers . . . knowing shoppers . . . remember Ray-O-Vac! There isn't a man, woman or child living who wouldn't appreciate a brand-new, gayly colored Ray-O-Vac Rotomatic Flashlight in the old Christmas stocking...

Light for life . . . foolproof switch . . . snappy colors . . . long-distance beam . . . can't light accidentally...Ray-O-Vac Rotomatic . . . remember it!

Other Ray-O-Vac products for other Santa Clauses, too . . . Ray-O-Vac Radio Tubes, Standard Flashlights (a whole line of 'em!), Ray-O-Vac Radio Batteries (proved superior in tests conducted according to Government standards) . . .

Ask your dealer about the Ray-O-Vac line!

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY
MADISON, WISCONSIN
General Sales Office:
20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago

RAY-O-VAC

Uniform high quality throughout—backed by twenty-five years of manufacturing experience.

"A", "B" and "C" Radio Batteries; Aircraft and Autoradio Radio Batteries; Ignition, Telephone and Flashlight Batteries; Rotomatic and Standard Flashlights, Electric Lanterns; Licensed Radio Tubes.

Yes, Your Excellency!

Continued from page 46

Dupré, for saying, "Some men think just because they're deaf they're honest." Huey made it clear that he was talking about Mr. Dupré and Mr. Dupré was quite upset. However, Huey declined the duel. Then an even older man, Judge J. E. Reynolds, seventy-eight, expressed himself as eager to punch Huey's nose because Huey was extremely active in having the judge defeated for the state supreme court.

"What's the matter with all these old boys? Ain't there somebody younger than seventy to take a poke at me?"

There was. William G. Wiegand, a newspaper reporter, called on Huey one morning and Huey, being a bit fretful, applied to Mr. Wiegand the most popular of American epithets. Mr. Wiegand, being even younger than Huey, knocked Huey groggy with a magnificent right to the chin. Whereat Huey's guards rushed Mr. Wiegand against a wall and held him there while Huey pulled himself together and socked the reporter, making matters more or less even.

Capturing the Germans

One hears all these charges against Huey and asks repeatedly and in vain just why a man guilty of so many crimes (if guilty) isn't sent to jail instead of to the United States Senate. Or whether the state, despairing of jailing so desperate a brigand, has compromised on the next best thing. Certainly the celerity with which the politicians dropped their charges against Huey when he demonstrated by 38,000 votes that he was the undisputed boss of Louisiana indicates that their aim was to rid themselves of a tyrant, not a criminal.

He is a one-man machine. He brooks no interference, tolerates no advice, recognizes no other intelligence and won't even listen to the plans of the old party leaders. Huey is the state. The others, in Huey's calm judgment, are a collection of clucks.

Perhaps his most famous exploit involved the reception of the officers of the German cruiser Emden. Huey insists that the country didn't get it altogether straight.

"Doggone, boy, I had an awful time explaining green silk pajamas to the folks back in Winn Parish. Pajamas were bad enough; but silk ones! Boy! Listen, after that story folks all over the country, from New York, Chicago, San Francisco, all over, began sending me silk pajamas. I got close onto five hundred suits of pajamas now. Want a suit?

"Listen. These German officers came early in the morning. I was just out of the hay. I heard the knock on the door and there they were. Boy! All dressed up. 'Come on in,' I said. They came in but I could see they didn't like it. 'Have some coffee,' I said. They didn't say anything. 'Okay,' I said, 'have some eggs.' But nope, they wouldn't. Boy, I was in bad. I had to apologize because there was no telling what would happen.

"I asked some authorities on this international eat-a-cat how I'd have to dress to go down to the ship and apologize. Boy, I didn't have any such clothes. But I scouted around. You ought to've seen Huey Long. Wow! Listen, I borrowed a pair of patent-leather shoes from a guy in a barber shop. The assistant manager of the Roosevelt Hotel lent me a pair of striped pants. One of the waiters slipped me a boiled shirt and a preacher lent me his swizzle-tail coat. Listen, I was wearing a collar so high I had to stand on a box to spit over it. I went down to that ship and told the captain I was damned sorry about those pajamas and in no time they fired twenty-one guns—twenty-one loud ones for Huey! And we were hot friends. The newspapers bawled me out for being undignified. Sure, I'm undignified.

"And listen, I'm going to be less dignified hereafter. I've got too much Cajun in me to get dignified. This state's full of sapsucker, hillbilly and Cajun relations of mine and there ain't enough dignity in the bunch to keep a chigger still long enough to brush his hair."

(Cajun is a corruption of Acadian. The Acadians were the French of Nova Scotia, many of whom, when deported by the British in 1755, made their way to the Bayou Teche sector of Louisiana.)

While his amazing energy lasts, he'll rule Louisiana. Let the Legislature balk him, as it did for a while on his $68,000,000 good roads program, and Huey takes his case straight to the people. He's forever campaigning. At eighty miles an hour, with reporters panting far behind, he darts hither and yon like an infuriated hawk, screaming anathema upon refractory legislators and talking so fast that among the simpler minded the impression remains that the people's liberties are about to be snatched out of their hands and that the only way out is to rally hard round Huey Long. What he says may have no direct bearing upon the political issue, but when Huey departs with a final roar from a town it is a safe bet that the heart of the town has gone with him.

Defeat Huey Long! Of course somebody is going to do it—but not just yet. One of the reasons why he defeated Mr. Ransdell was the weakness of his opposition, Mr. Ransdell included. Or perhaps the opposition only seems weak by comparison. But the truth is that the Long mind is usually five or six laps ahead of any political rival's.

When the Louisiana House of Representatives moved to impeach Huey, few except Huey believed that the Senate would fail to find him guilty. Which would have meant the end of Huey—until the next election anyway. But while his enemies were still gloating over so comprehensive an indictment of the tyrant, an amazing thing happened. Huey had leaped into his bellowing motor car and had crashed up and down the state, screaming hate and derision and calling upon the farmers to look to their liberties. He returned to Baton Rouge, called a conference of a few senators and then announced that the House of Representatives had his permission to go to hell.

Try And Prove It

Almost simultaneously, fifteen senators—more than one third of that body—signed a manifesto wherein they declared that no matter what the evidence was, they would not vote to convict Huey because they believed the whole proceedings illegal. And there you are. How Huey accomplished this is one of his own secrets. His enemies, licked again, said it amounted to bribery. Very well, replied Huey, prove it. They didn't. They didn't even try.

Presently they dropped the whole impeachment, admitting thereby that Huey was boss. Not only that, they adopted his magnificent road program—a program that will not be carried out in its entirety. Not on $68,000,000 anyway.

His plan is to lay 3,000 miles of concrete roads and 6,000 miles of gravel highways. Somebody discovered that Huey's concrete roads were going to cost $54,000,000 and his gravel $30,000,000. Add to this a $15,000,000 bridge which happens to be an item in his scheme and you've spent $99,000,000. It just doesn't work out.

Not that Huey pauses. He simply refers you to his new tax on gasoline (he raised it from two cents a gallon to four) and says the solution lies there, because with better roads there will be additional motorists and with more cars to consume gasoline the aggregate taxes will . . . Anyway you're answered.

Once—at least once—Huey went to a party. The outstanding personality at that party (before Huey arrived) was a lady named Miss Helen Clifford, whose dancing was one of New Orleans' most popular reasons for staying up late. So completely had Huey's enemies lost their political sense that they tried to convince the state that Huey's presence at the lovely Miss Clifford's party was something that the truly God-fearing men and women of Louisiana could not possibly tolerate. This seems to have been a sizable mistake because, according to the votes Huey amassed while his opposition blushingly whispered about the party, large numbers of the best people of Louisiana indicated at the ballot box that their only regret was that they too hadn't been there.

There was nothing in Huey's campaign for the senatorial nomination to indicate that he was interested in national affairs. Hardly once did he mention a national issue. He won on his good roads issue and his tremendous appeal for the rural vote. To compensate for the enmity of all the daily papers in the state he started a newspaper of his own—a weekly—the Louisiana Progress. In no time it achieved a circulation of fifty thousand and the right to its claim to being the livest and frankest journal in the state.

The Kidnapping Mystery

As a final desperate and futile effort to discredit Huey the newspapers surrendered their front pages to the mystery of Sam Irby and James Terrell, who were supposed to have dark secrets about Huey's dealings with the highway commission—secrets of graft that would convict the governor and forever retire him from politics.

Boldly they accused Huey of kidnapping Messrs. Irby and Terrell (the latter the divorced husband of Huey's secretary, Miss Alice Grosjean, lately appointed Secretary of State) to prevent them from testifying before the grand jury.

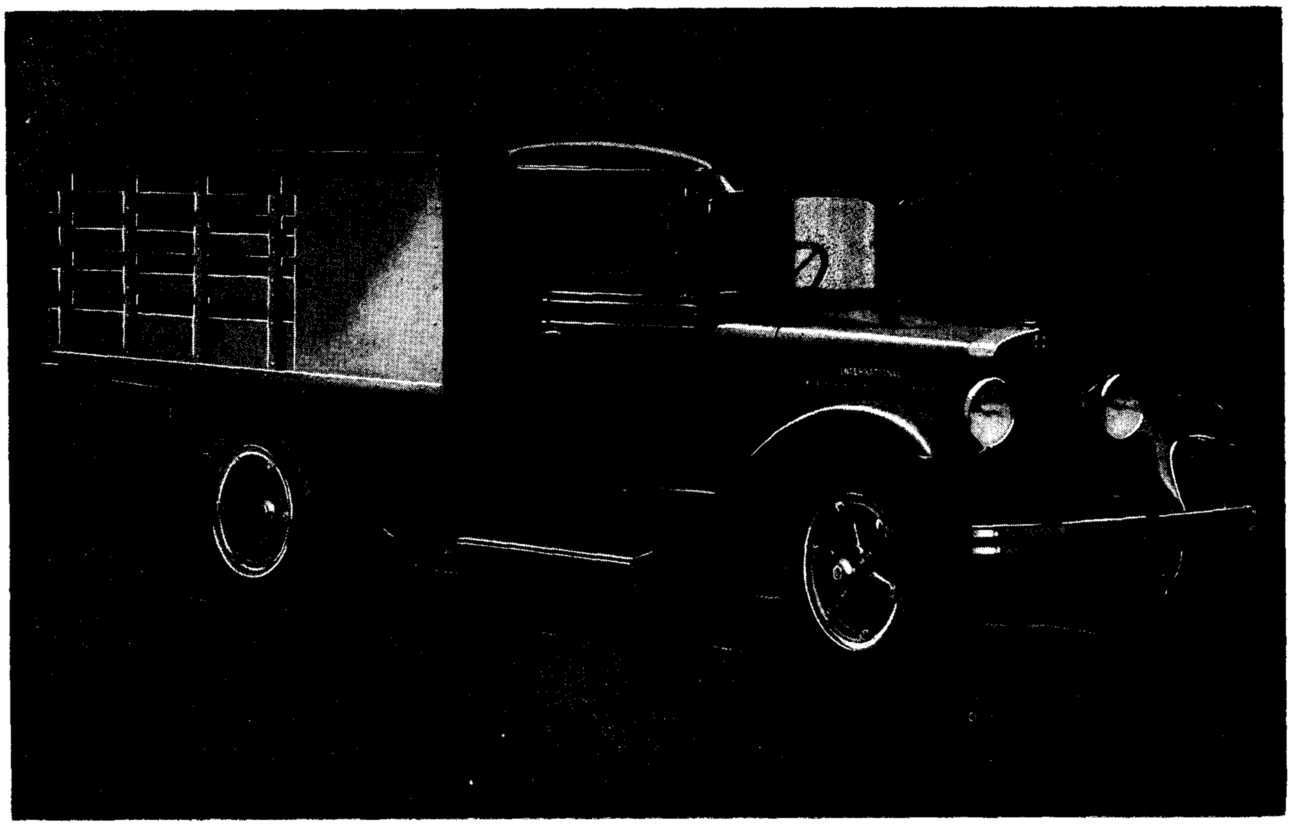
The excitement was at its height. The election was but a day away. That night Huey addressed Louisiana by radio, promising a nice surprise. And Huey made good. After a brief (for Huey) speech, he introduced Mr. Irby, who proceeded to ruin everything by telling how he'd been taken for a nice airplane ride by Huey's enemies and paid $2,500 to say nasty things about Huey. Being a gentleman of honor there was but one thing Mr. Irby could do—and thereat he proceeded to do so.

He gave the $2,500 to Huey for campaign uses! They tell me that the screams of anguish from the opposition could be heard for miles. A few of them are still protesting, but in sullen whispers only.

"Listen," says Huey, "there are smarter guys than I am—I guess. But not in Louisiana."

Here's the NEW

International Six-Speed Special



The new 136-inch wheelbase Six-Speed Special with standard stake body 8 feet long by 6 feet wide, with 36-inch stakes

NOW we round out the new line of International Trucks by announcing the *new* "Six-Speed Special."

Have you seen the celebrated "Six-Speed Special" going through its paces? This is the truck that gave the hauling world something entirely new in performance. *It is the original heavy-duty speed truck with six forward speeds and two reverse speeds.* It has a remarkable 2-speed axle through which its driver gets generous *speed* instantly on the hard road, or changes instantly to tremendous *pulling power* on any kind of tough going.

The original "Six-Speed Special" was sold everywhere. You can see these sturdy trucks working on steep hills, through mud and gumbo, in heavy timber operations, in farm fields, in the roadless oil fields, in and out of excavations and speeding along the highways everywhere.

1931 *Edition—Ready to* GO!

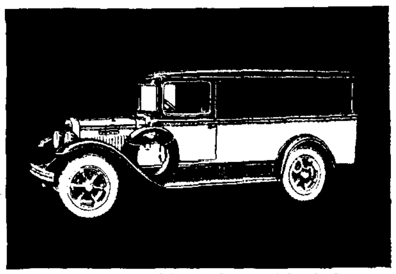
NOW we offer the handsome new model, retaining all the famous "Six-Speed Special" features—an even better truck in every way. Increased power, 1½-ton rating; smoother operation and handling; greater comfort for the driver; improvements throughout making for sturdiness and long life; and the handsome design of hood, radiator, and body that characterizes all the models in the new International line.

Come and watch this new "Six-Speed Special" perform. You'll admire its trim lines and speed on the delivery route. Its unequaled work on the heavy grade will amaze you and its economy is sure to please you. Any International Harvester branch or dealer will demonstrate the new "Six-Speed Special"—at your convenience and without obligation.

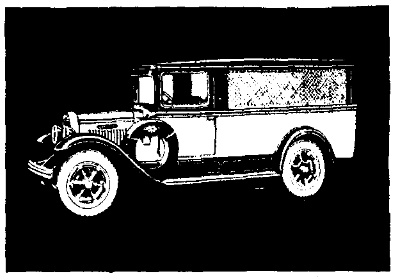
BRIEF FACTS

Wheelbase: 136 inches.
Rated Capacity: 1½ tons.
Engine: Powerful and unusually economical.
Clutch: Single dry-plate.
Transmission: 3 speeds forward, 1 reverse.
Final Drive: Spiral bevel gear of the 2-speed type, providing, with the transmission speeds, 6 speeds forward and 2 reverse.
Springs: Semi-elliptic front and rear. Auxiliary rear springs quarter elliptic.
Brakes: 4-wheel mechanical.

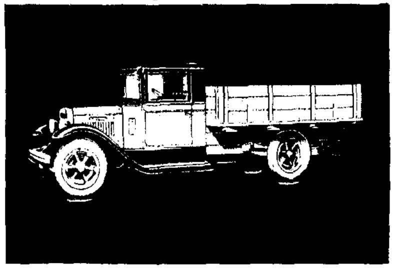
Body Types for all Requirements



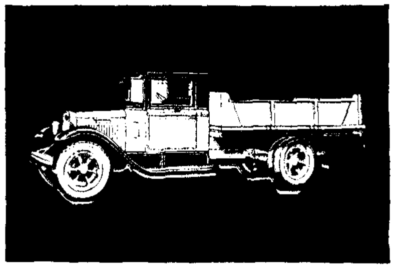
The International Type C panel body for the Six-Speed Special is available in 8 or 9-foot lengths (back of driver's seat).



The Type C body is also available with screen sides, as shown in this illustration, or with glass sides.



The Six-Speed Special with 60-bushel grain box. This body is quickly convertible into a flat bed or into a roomy stock rack.



Dump bodies of 1⅛ yards capacity are available in many styles for the Six-Speed Special.

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Martini & Rossi Vermouth is a taste—the taste of tastes. Always the same taste yet ever different. Funny how it is—and how glad your guest! Herbal, vineyard flavor—luxurious snap, grand opera twang. No cloy. Gastronomic. Like the clear ring of a bell—on the palate. (2 kinds: Recipes indicate 'Regular' and 'Dry').

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Please send me free Pocket Set of Recipes of World's Most Famous Cocktails.

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Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 24

here, there, everywhere in that crack on the rim. And before that dust settled Jim emulated Smoky's feat.

"Mebbe thet'll hold the sucker fer a spell," muttered Smoky, as he reloaded.

But it increased the ricocheting of the bullets to the growing embarrassment of the besieged.

"I'm goin' up in thet hole," declared Mac, furiously, after another leaden missile had chased him around the cave.

"Mac, it ain't any safer up there," warned Smoky.

"All I'm lookin' fer is to kill one of them cusses."

He laboriously climbed up out of sight, and presently Jim heard him shooting. No volley answered him, only a single shot. Conditions were changing up on top. Mac fired again, then bellowed down the hole:

"Smoky, I crippled one runnin'."

"Don't cripple nobody, Mac. Kill 'em!" yelled Smoky. "Keep your head down."

OTHER shots pattered out from the cliff. Jim heard a scuffle above, then the clang of metal on stone. Mac had dropped his rifle. A shock of catastrophe affected Jim, and flattening himself against the wall he stared at the aperture. A sodden crash did not surprise him. Mac had fallen back into the hole to lodge upon the shelf. His shaggy head hove in sight over the edge. It dripped blood. Then he slid heavily off the bottom of the notch.

An instant later, before either Jim or Smoky could comment on this further diminution of their outfit, another spanging, zipping, spatting ounce of lead entered the cave. It actually struck both walls and the ceiling before it droned away into space.

"Jim, the only safe place from thet—is hyar, huggin' this corner," declared Smoky. "An' there ain't room enough fer the two of us."

"Keep it, Smoky. I'm not going to get hit. This is my day. I feel something in my bones, but it's not death."

"Huh. I feel somethin' too—clear to my marrow—an' it's sickish an' cold. . . . Jim, let's both sneak out an' crawl back of them. Thet's my idee. I don't have wrong idees at this stage of a fight."

"Leave that girl here alone? Not much."

"Hell, I clean fergot her," declared Smoky, his hand going up. "I'll go an' you stay. . . . Jim, it'd be a pity to let Heeseman's outfit git her. Why, they'd devour her alive, like a pack of bloody wolves."

"It would, Smoky, by heaven!"

"Wal—wal! . . . Hank is goin' to raise hell out there, an' if I do the same on this other side, between us we might stave Heeseman off. But if we don't an' there's no chanct fer you to take thet poor gurl back home—"

"Smoky, you forget."

"Aw! . . . But if you see the fight goin' agin us—Jim, you could kill her. Thet'd be merciful."

"Smoky, I promised her I would."

"Wal, thet's all right. . . . Now! . . . Another glancin' hunk of lead—thet sharpshooter. I'm gonna snip off the top of his head. . . . Jim, there's only one thing more thet sticks in my craw."

"And what's that?"

"Hays. I'd never be comfortable in hell if he lived on, crucifyin' thet gurl."

"He sticks in my craw, too, Smoky. And in my throat and brain and blood."

"Wal, then, it jest ain't written thet both of us could croak an' Hays be let live. . . . Jim, I reckon we understand each other."

"Yes. . . . Smoky, I'd have liked you as a pard, under happier circumstances."

"Wal, it's too late, 'cause we can't both git out of this mess. But I'm sayin' you shore air a man after my heart."

That was the last he spoke to Jim. Muttering to himself he laid a huge roll of bills under the belt Hays had deposited on the little shelf of rock. Then he vanished.

Scarcely had he gotten out of sight when Jim thought of the field glass. Smoky should have taken it. Jim risked going back to his pack to secure it, and had the fun of dodging another bullet.

Jim returned to his safest cover and waited. Sitting against the wall he used the glass to try to locate Smoky across the oval. But birds and rabbits were the only moving objects that fell under his vision. Meanwhile the sharpshooter kept firing regularly, about three shots to the minute. Jim became accustomed to the *whang* of the bullets.

Next he attempted to locate this diligent member of Heeseman's outfit. This man evidently shot from behind the rim, low down, and not even the tip of his rifle could be seen. From his position, however, as calculated by the puffs of smoke, he certainly must be exposed from the west side of that cliff. Jim had a grim feeling that this fighter would not much longer be so comfortable. Before this, Smoky must have passed the danger zone below. He could work up the ravine on the north side, climb a ragged rock slope, go down into the valley beyond the oval and, under cover all the way, get high up somewhere behind those of Heeseman's riders who were still on that west side.

What had become of Hays? Waiting alone amongst these deflecting bullets wore on Jim's mood. He decided to peep out of the hole again, making sure that his impatience would not result in recklessness. To this end he climbed to the shelf, rifle in hand and the glass slung round his neck.

He could command every point with the aid of the field glass, without exposing his head. Through apertures in the brush the glass brought most of that west cliff, at least the highest third of it, clearly and largely under his eye.

The sharpshooter had eased up a bit on wasting ammunition. Jim sought for the owl-shaped piece of rim rock and got it in the center of the circle. Just then, up puffed a wisp of smoke—crack went the rifle, followed by the spanging and pattering in the cave below.

AN INSTANT later a far-off shot thrilled Jim. That might be Smoky. Suddenly a dark form staggered up, flinging arms aloft, silhouetted black against the sky. That must be the sharpshooter. Smoky had reached him. Headlong he pitched off the cliff, to plunge sheer into the wash below.

This tragedy heralded war on the cliffs. Dull booms of heavy guns vied with sharper reports, and between, in slow regularity that indicated cool and deadly nerve, cracked the rifle beyond the cliff. Smoky had at least carried out his idea.

The rattle of rifles fell off, but still what was left was not the scattering, desultory kind. It meant a lessening of man power. One at least for every two shots of Smoky Slocum's! And those on the cliff grew louder, closer. Heeseman's gang, what was left, were backing from that fire out of the west.

Jim swung the glass to the left and swept the cliff and the rocky approach to it. Suddenly he espied Hays boldly mounting the slope at that end. Bold, yet he lunged from rock to rock, taking advantage of what cover afforded. But it appeared that he had not been discovered yet. Those on top were facing the unseen peril to the west.

Jim marveled at the purpose of the robber chief. Certain death, it seemed, awaited him there. But he kept on. Jim, transfixed and thrilled, waited with abated breath. Still another shot from Smoky—the last! But Hays had reached high enough to see over. Leveling the rifle he took deliberate aim. How menacing and deadly his posture! His shaggy locks stood up. His rigidity was that of resistless and mighty passion. Then he fired.

"Heeseman!" hissed Jim, as sure as if he himself had held that gun.

Hays, working the lever of his rifle, bounded back and aside. Shots boomed. One knocked him to his knees, but he lunged up to fire again. He made for a rock, gained it, but it was not high enough to shield him. Again he was hit, or the rifle was, for it broke from his hands. Drawing his two revolvers he leveled them, and as he fired one, then the other, he backed against the last broken section of wall. Jim saw the red dust spatter from the rock above Hays, on each side, and low down.

The shots thinned out and ceased. Hays was turning to the left, his remaining gun lowered. He was aiming down the slope on the other side. He fired again—then no more. Those who were left of Heeseman's outfit had taken flight. Hays watched them, strode to the side of the big rock, and kept on watching them.

SOON he turned back with an air of finality and, sheathing one gun, took to reloading the other. It was at this moment that Jim relinquished the field glass to take up his rifle. With naked eyes through the aperture in the brush he could see Hays finish loading his gun.

This moment, to Jim's avid mind, was the one in which to kill the robber. He drew a bead on Hays' breast. But he could not press the trigger. Lowering the hammer, Jim watched Hays stride up among the rocks to disappear. No doubt he meant to have a look at that enemy whom he had so deliberately shot with the rifle.

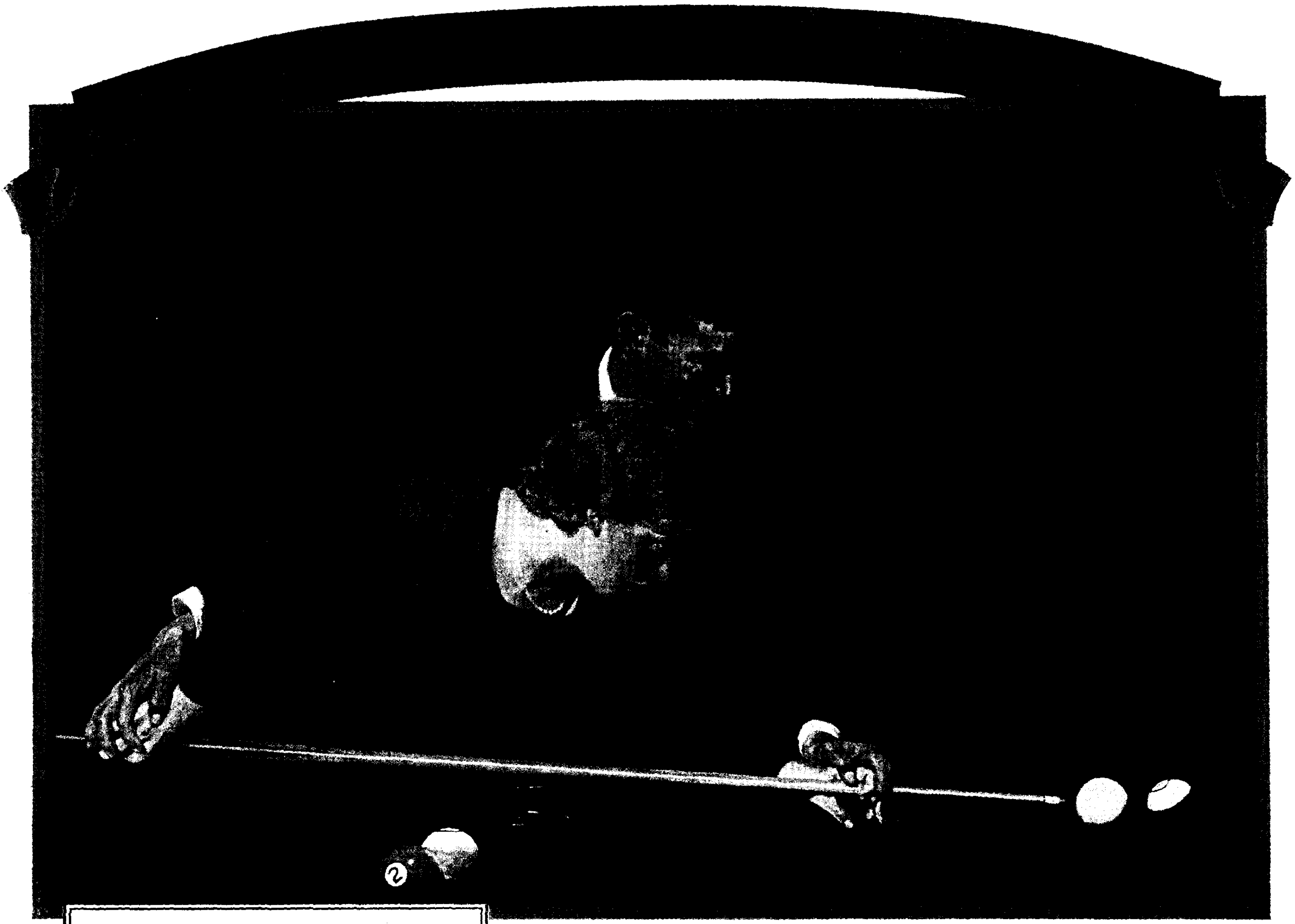
A storm was imminent. The sky had darkened, and a rumble of thunder came on the sultry air.

Jim leaped up out of the hole to have a better look. Far beyond the red ridge he discerned men running along the white wash. There were three of them, scattered. A fourth appeared from behind a bank, and he was crippled. He waved frantically to the comrades who had left him to fare for himself. They were headed for the cove where the horses still stood. And their precipitate flight attested to the end of that battle and as surely to the last of Heeseman's outfit.

Jim picked up the field glass and slinging it in his elbow, essayed a descent into the cave. On the shelf he hesitated and sat a moment locked in thought. A second time he started down, only to halt straddling the notch. The battle had worked out fatefully and fatally. Would he see Smoky again? Yet nothing had changed the issue. The end was not yet. With his blood surging back to his heart, Jim leaped down to meet the robber chief.

Hays was not yet in sight. Thunder was now rolling and booming over the brakes, and gray veils of rain drifted

(*Continued on page 55*)



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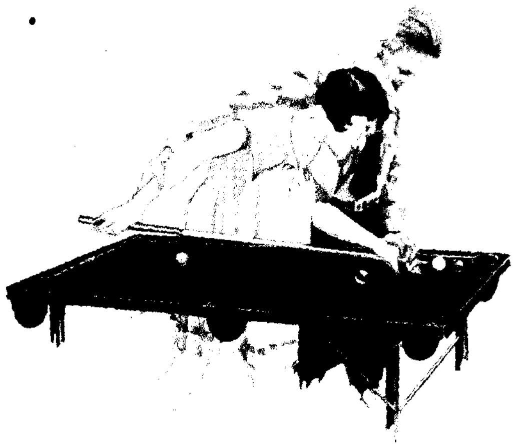

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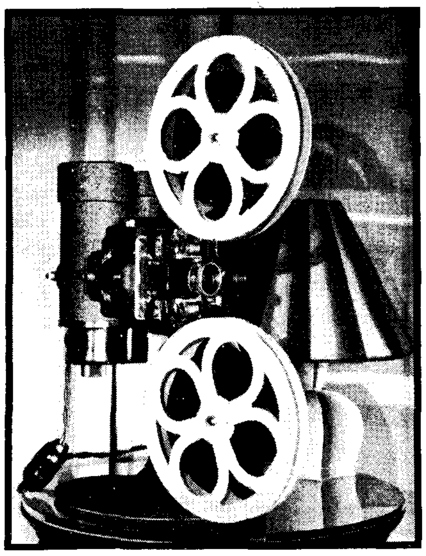

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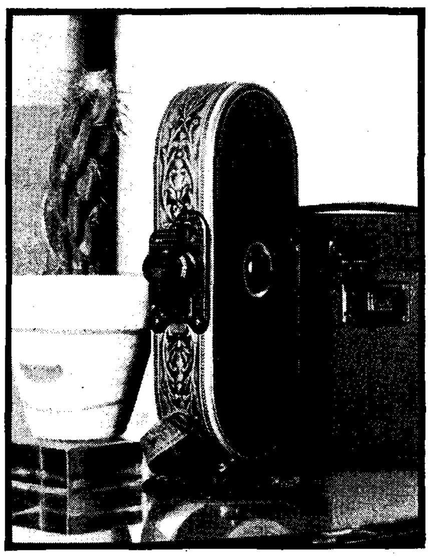

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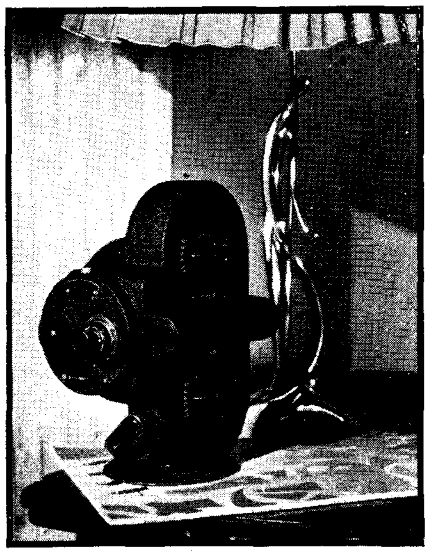

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Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 52

from purple clouds. The storm, black as ink, centered over the peaks of the Henrys.

Between the intervals of mumbling rumble there was an intense quietness, a sultry suspension of air. Even in that moment the beauty of the scene struck Jim as appalling. It seemed unnatural, because death lay about him, bloody and ghastly; and down the arroyo stalked the relentless robber.

Jim strode out. The chief hove in sight. He walked slowly with an air of intense preoccupation.

"WHERE'S Smoky?" called Jim, his lynx eyes on Hays' right hand.

"Cashed in," boomed Hays, fastening great hollow eyes of pale fire upon Jim. "He had cover. He plugged I don't know how many. But Morley's outfit had throwed in with Heeseman. An' when thet gambler Stud broke an' run Smoky had to head him off. They killed each other."

"Who got away? I saw four men, one crippled."

"Morley an' Montana fer two. I didn't recognize the others. They shore run, throwin' rifles away."

"They were making for their horses, tied half a mile back. Where'll they go, Hays?"

"Fer more men. Morley is most as stubborn as Heeseman. An' once he's seen this roost of ours—he'll want it, an' to wipe out what's left of us."

"Heeseman?"

"Wal, *he* didn't run, Jim. Haw! Haw! He's dead."

The chief strode to the mouth of the cave and stared around. Jim remained at the spot he had selected, to one side, between the robber and Helen's covert.

"Jack an' Mac, too?" he ejaculated in amaze. "How come? No more of thet outfit sneaked down in hyar."

"Mac stuck his noodle too far out of that hole in the cave. And Happy Jack stopped a glancing bullet. There's just two of us left, Hays. By the way—you going to bury your dead?"

"No. If I do anythin' at all it'll be fer my gurl. Them stiffs ain't a pretty sight."

If Jim Wall needed any galvanizing shock to nerve him to the deed he had resolved upon, that single possessive word was enough.

"I'll bury them later," he said.

"Good. I'm all in. I climbed more'n a mile to git to them fellers." Hays sat down heavily, and ran his right hand inside his shirt to feel of the bulge on his shoulder. Jim saw him wince. Blood had soaked through his shirt.

"You got hit, I see."

"Flesh wound. Nothin' to fuss over this minnit. An' I've got a crease on my head. Thet hurts like sixty. Half an inch lower an'—"

"I'd have been left lord of Robbers' Roost?"

"You shore would, Jim. Lousy with money, an' a gurl to look after. But it jest didn't happen thet way."

"No, it didn't. But it will!"

That cool statement pierced the robber's lethargic mind. Up went his shaggy head and the pale eyes, opaque, like burned-out furnaces, took on a tiny, curious gleam. When his hand came slowly down from inside his shirt the fingers were stained red.

"What kind of a crack was thet?" he demanded, puzzled.

"Hays, you forget."

"Oh, ho! Reckon I did. Never thought I'd fergit Smoky's blastin' tongue. May he roast in hell! . . . But, Jim, this wasn't no mix of yours."

"I've made it mine."

"You an' Smoky come to be pards?"

"Yes. But more than that."

"You're sore thet I didn't divvy square?"

"Hays, I take it you double-crossed me same as you did them."

"Uh-huh. Wal, you got me in a corner, I reckon. Thar's only two of us left. I'd be crazy to quarrel. . . . Would a third of my money square me?"

"No."

"It wouldn't. Wal, you air aimin' at a bargain. Say half then?"

"No."

A tremor ran over the robber's frame. That was a release of swift passion—hot blood that leaped again. But he controlled himself.

"Jim, I *don't* savvy. What's eatin' you? Half of the money hyar is a fortune fer one man. I did play the hawg. But thet's past."

"I won't make any deals with you."

"Ahuh. Then we've split?"

"Long ago, Hays."

"Air you tryin' to pick a fight with me?"

At this Jim laughed.

" 'Cause if you air, I jest won't fight. I'd be senseless. You an' me can git along. I like you. We'll throw together, hide somewhere a while, then build up another outfit."

"Hays, you're thick-skulled," retorted Jim, sarcastically. "Must I tell you that you can't bamboozle me?"

"Who's tryin' to?" demanded the robber, hotly. "All I'm tryin' is to patch it up."

"It can't be done."

"I'll give you two thirds of the money."

"Hays, I wouldn't take another dollar from you—that you gave willingly."

Jim had turned his left side slightly toward Hays, concealing his right hand, which had slipped to his gun butt, with his thumb on the hammer! For Jim then, Hays was as good as dead.

"It'll all be mine, presently," he replied.

"Holdin' me up, huh?" rasped Hays. "Learned to be a shore-enough robber, trailin' with me, huh?"

"Hays, I promised Smoky I'd kill you—which he meant to do if he had lived to come back."

THE robber's face grew a dirty white under his thin beard. At last he understood so much, at least. What volumes his stupidity spoke for his absorption! It changed. Jim's posture, his unseen hand, suddenly loomed with tremendous meaning.

"Shore. Thet doesn't surprise me," admitted the robber. "When men's feelin's are raw, as in a time like this, they clash. But I did my share to clear the air. An' if Smoky had come back he'd have seen it different. I could have talked him out of it. . . . Jim, you're shore smart enough to see thet, an' you oughter be honest enough to admit it."

"I daresay you could have won Smoky back. He had a fool worship for you. . . . But you can't talk me out of anything."

"Why, fer Gawd's sake—when I'm givin' you all the best of the deal?"

"Because I want the girl," thundered Jim.

A great astonishment held Hays stricken. Through it realization filtered.

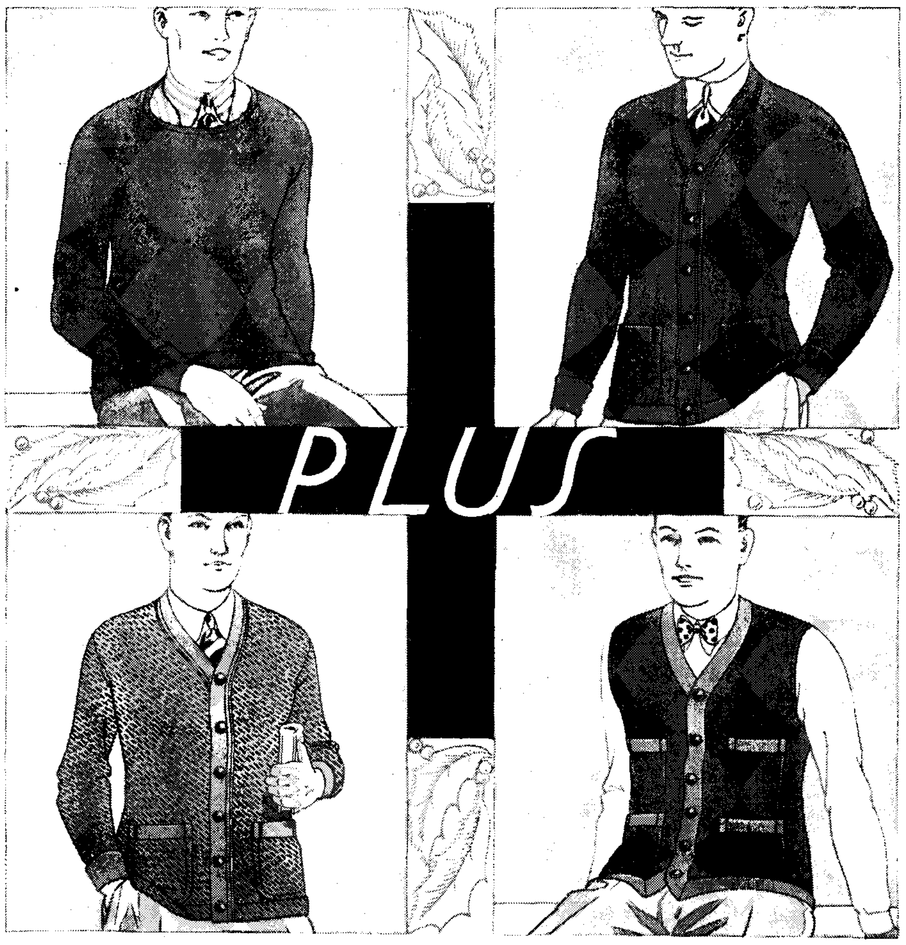
"*Thet!* Thet was it—all the time!" he gasped.

"All the time, Hank Hays," replied Jim, steadily, and it was the robber's eyes, pale fires no longer, that he watched for thought and will.

(*Continued on page 56*)

STYLE

FOR THE WEARER



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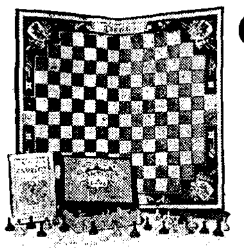

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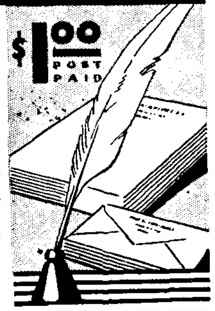

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(*Continued from page 55*)

Still he saw the violent muscular quivering which slowly diminished to freeze into rigidity. He had struck the right chord. In whatever way possible, Hank Hays loved this woman. However it had begun, the sordid, brutal thing had ended in Hays' worship of the golden-haired sister of Herrick. Jim read this in the extraordinary betraying eyes; and read more—that it had been Helen the robber had fought for, not his lost caste with his men, not the honor of thieves. It was this that accounted for the infernal blaze of unquenchable hate, of courage that death itself could scarcely have stilled. All this immediately coalesced into the conscious resolve to act and kill!

AS THE robber sprang up Jim's first shot took him somewhere in the breast. It whirled him half round. His gun, spouting flame, tore up the gravel at Jim's feet. A terrible wound with its agony, a consciousness of its mortality, added to the overwhelming ferocity of jealous hate, gave the man superhuman physical activity. He whirled, bounding the other way so swiftly that Jim's second shot missed him altogether. Hays' gun was booming, but it was also describing the same curves and jerks as his body. Then as passion gave place to desperate need and the gun aligned itself with Jim, Jim's third shot destroyed aim, force and consciousness.

Hays' demoniac face set woodenly. The gun, with hammer up, dropped to explode. And the robber lodged against the slant of wall, dead, with the awfulness of his mortal passions stamped upon his features.

It was over. Jim breathed. The hand which held his gun was so wet that he thought his blood was flowing. But it was sweat.

"I wish—Smoky could—know," muttered Jim, over a convulsive jaw. He shoved Hays off the wall.

Wiping his face, Jim staggered to the rock and sat down. Spent and heaving he sat there, his will operating on a whirling mind. It was over—the thing that had had to come. All dead! Loyal and faithless robbers alike. What to do now? The girl! Escape from that hell-hole, soon to be besieged again! He must pack that very hour and ride—ride away with her.

"Jim—oh, Jim!" came a cry from the back of the cave.

"Helen—it's all—over," he called, hoarsely.

She appeared in the opening. "Gone?" she whispered.

"Yes, gone—and dead."

"I—saw—you . . . is *he*—dead?"

"You bet your life," burst out Jim, his breast oppressed.

"Oh, help me out!"

He ran to assist her. She came sliding out, to fall on her knees, clasping Jim with fierce arms. Her head fell against him.

"Get up," he ordered, sharply, trying to lift her. But she was more than a dead weight.

"God bless you! Oh, God bless you!" she cried. The voice was husky, strange, yet carried the richness and contralto melody that had been one of Helen's charms.

"Don't say that!" he exclaimed, aghast.

"Jim, you've saved me," she whispered. Jim's hands plucked at her arms, caught them.

She loosened her hold and raised her head to look up at him. He saw only her eyes, tearless, strained in overwhelming gratitude.

"No—not yet!" he blurted out. "We must hurry out of this."

She arose, still clinging to him. "Forgive me. I am selfish. We can talk some other time. I should have realized you would want to leave here at once. . . . Tell me what to do. I will obey."

Jim stepped back and shook himself.

"You kept me from thinking," he began, ponderingly. "Yes, we must leave here. . . . Put on your riding clothes. Pack this dress you have on—and all you have. Take your time. We're safe for the present. And don't look out. I've got to bury Hays and the men."

"My spirit wouldn't faint at that," she replied. "I saw you kill the wretch—and I could *help* you bury him."

"I won't need you," replied Jim, constrainedly, and wheeled away, a victim of conflicting tides of emotion. What manner of woman was this? She had blessed him to God! She could not see in him anyone but a savior. Harder to bear—inexplicably sweet and moving—she had clung to him willingly. Madly he rushed to and fro, cursing while he searched the dead robbers, to fling their money and valuables in a pile, cursing while he dragged them to the brink of the wash and toppled them over. He hauled Hays by the hair—gave him a shove into a grave with villains who were better men. Then he carried rocks and rolled them. He performed prodigious feats of strength, and lastly he pushed an avalanche of sand and gravel, a whole section of bank down to half fill the wash.

He was as wet as a dog coming from the water. And he burned. Yet he felt cold within.

But action had begun to steady Jim, if not compose him. He shoved all the money into his saddlebag. Next he packed every one of his shells. He might be attacked again in that hiding place. Then he selected supplies for two packs and filled them, not forgetting a few utensils. Poor Happy Jack! That fellow would whistle no more. He unrolled his bed, which consisted of three blankets and a tarpaulin.

HIS next move was to strap blankets and saddles on the two gentlest horses. Those he led back to the cave, where he packed them. It was an indication of his state that though he had always been a poor, slow packer he now developed into a swift and efficient one. After that he had only to saddle Bay and the gray horse Helen had ridden there.

Suddenly he thought of Smoky. If he had been alone, or with another man, even a helpless one, he would have taken time to find that strange and faithful robber and have given him decent burial. But he would not leave the girl.

While he stood there, trying to think what else to do, he remembered a sack of grain that Hays had packed from Star Ranch. He found it half full and tied it on the lighter pack. Sight of his rifle started another train of thought. He put it in his saddle sheath.

Huge, scattered raindrops were pattering down on the hot stones and earth. The storm was working toward the northwest, trailing gray veils across the canyons. The tail of it would flood Robbers' Roost and the canyon below would be impassable. Southward sunshine and silver cloud, blue sky and hazed desert threw the balance on his inclination that way.

He hurried back to the girl, calling: "Are you ready?"

"I've been waiting," she said, and came swiftly out. The rider's costume brought out the rounded grace of her form. She had braided her hair. The sombrero he remembered shaded her face.

"Where are your veil and long coat?" asked Jim, seeing her as on that unforgettable day.

"He burned them," she answered in a stifled voice.

"Get into this." And he held his slicker for her. It enveloped her, dragged on the ground.

"We're in for storm. Rainy season due. You must keep dry."

TURNING to the gray horse, she mounted. But she nearly fell, owing to the cumbersome coat. Jim sprang quickly to right her. Then his swift hands attacked the too-long stirrups.

"How strong you are! I saw you toiling like a giant with those huge stones."

But Jim had no reply for such inconsequential speech. His mind was racing again, yet wild as were his thoughts they could not outstrip his savage joy. She was saved. The endless wait was past. Dependent upon him now! Strong? He could have laughed like a hyena. He could drag down the pillars of the escarpments for her. He could wade through gore. Something vague and new crept into his sense of possession. It edged into his rapture.

His hands, just lately so swift and efficient, fumbled over the task of shortening stirrups, of cinching the saddle. It was because he could not avoid contact with her.

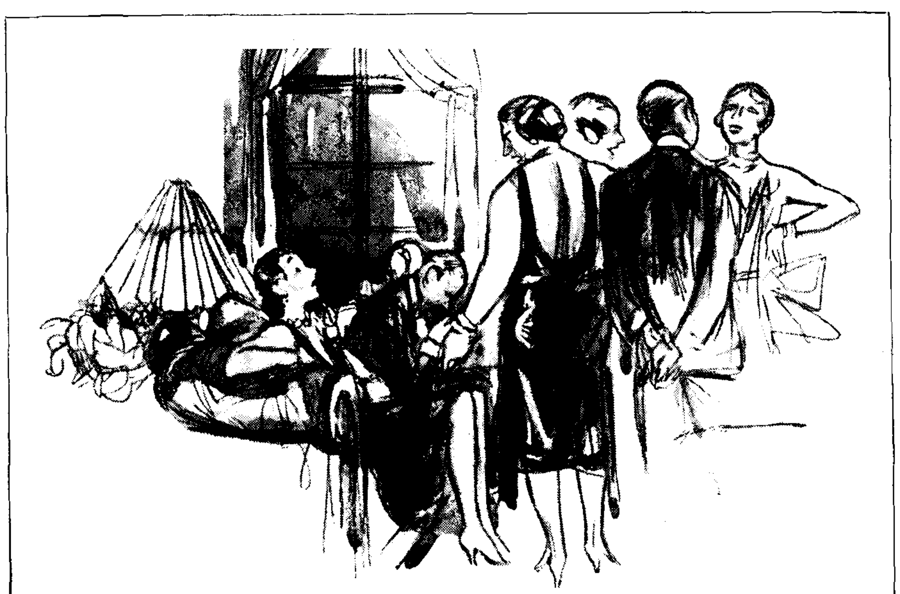
"Ride close beside me where there's room. Just ahead where there's not," he directed her.

Jim tied the halters of the two pack animals to their packs, and started them off. Then he vaulted upon Bay—the first time for many weeks. The horse pranced, but steadied down under an iron hand and heel.

Helen looked back as one fascinated, but Jim bent stern gaze ahead.

"I would destroy this canyon if that were in my power. Come," he said.

(*To be continued next week*)



"Pauline—go right upstairs this minute and put them on!"

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Whiz Gold Band gives off no objectionable fumes. It is non-inflammable and, *like pure water itself, Whiz is harmless to any part of your car.* And Whiz actually costs less per season than any other brand.

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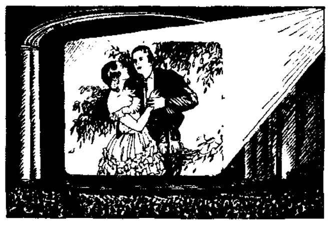
heroes must not lisp!



"My thweet" lisped from the screen would mar the star's romantic appeal. But that is something you don't hear in the theatres which have Western Electric talking picture equipment.

To reproduce the letter 'S' was but one of many difficulties in the way of giving you talking pictures at their best. Western Electric was able to solve these problems by reason of its 50 years' experience in making Bell telephones and other voice transmission apparatus.

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Western Electric

Makers of your Bell Telephone and leaders in the development of Sound Transmission

THE WESTERN ELECTRIC SOUND SYSTEM GIVES YOU TALKING PICTURES AT THEIR BEST IN OVER 6,500 THEATRES

The Road Back

Continued from page 9

no monkey will ever want her again."

Heinzmann knows nothing more. He rattles in his throat and arches on his back; he is choking, his lungs are full of blood. He gasps it out with every breath. But Kosole means that he shall yet have this final joy. So he stoops low and cries anew in his ear: "Rest assured, Heinzmann! I'll see she gets it hot!"

Heinzmann suddenly opens his eyes once more. It is all the same to him now. He sinks rapidly, and two hours later is under the ground.

IN THE afternoon we are sitting in a brewery yard. Our company commander, Lieutenant Hehl, comes out from the office of the factory and calls us together. There is an order that representatives shall be elected from the ranks. We are astounded. Such a thing has never been heard of before.

Then Max Weil appears in the courtyard, waving a newspaper and crying: "Revolution in Berlin!"

Hehl swings round. "Nonsense," he says sharply, "there are disturbances in Berlin."

But Weil has not finished yet. "The Kaiser has fled to Holland."

That wakes us up. Weil must be mad. Hehl turns fiery red and shouts: "Damned liar!"

Weil hands him the paper. Hehl screws it up and glares furiously at Weil. He cannot bear Weil, for Weil is a Jew, a quiet fellow who is always sitting about, reading. But Hehl is a fire eater.

"All gas," he growls and looks at Weil as though he could choke him.

Max unbuttons his tunic and produces yet another special edition. Hehl glances at it, then tears it to bits and goes back into his billet. Weil gathers up the shreds of his newspaper, pieces them together and reads us the reports. And there we sit like a row of sotted hens. This is beyond our comprehension.

"It says that he wanted to avoid a civil war," says Weil.

"Damned rot!" snaps Kosole. "What if we had said that, eh? The bloody limit—and that's what we've been hanging on here for!"

"Jupp," says Bethke, shaking his head, "give me a dig in the ribs and see if I am still here." Jupp establishes the fact. "Then it must be so, no doubt," continues Bethke. "All the same I don't get onto the idea. If one of us had done that, they would have stood him up against the wall."

"It won't do to think of Wessling and Schröder and Heinzmann just now," mutters Kosole, clenching his fists.

"Let's talk about something else," says Willy Homeyer.

Weil begins to explain how Soldiers' Councils have been established in a number of the regiments. The officers are not the leaders any more. Many of them have had their shoulder straps ripped off them.

He wants us to found a Soldiers' Council too. But he does not get much encouragement. We don't want to found anything any more. We want to go home. And that we can do anyway.

Finally we choose three representatives: Bethke, Weil and Ludwig Breyer.

Weil wants Ludwig to take off his shoulder straps.

"Here—" says Ludwig wearily and lightly taps his forehead. Bethke shoves Weil back. "Breyer belongs to us," he says curtly.

Ludwig came to our company as a volunteer and was afterwards given a commission. It is not merely with Trosske, Homeyer, Bröger and me that he talks familiarly—that goes without saying; we were former school fellows—but, when no other officer is about, he is the same with all his old mates in the ranks as well. His credit stands high in consequence.

"Well, Hehl, then," insists Weil.

That is more easily to be understood. Weil has often been tormented by Hehl—no wonder if now he means to savor his triumph. We feel it is no business of ours. Hehl was rather harsh, it is true, but he did go for them like old Blücher, he was always up and coming where there was trouble. And a soldier gives credit for that.

"Well, you can ask him, of course," says Bethke.

"But take your field dressing along with you," Tjaden calls after him.

The event takes another turn, however. Hehl comes out of the office just as Weil is about to enter. He has some message forms in his hand, and points to them. "You were right," he says to Max.

Weil begins to speak. When he comes to the question of the shoulder straps, Hehl makes a swift movement. For a moment we suppose there is going to be a stand-up fight, but to our utter astonishment the company commander says abruptly: "Quite so!" Then turning to Ludwig, he lays his hand on his shoulder. "You will not quite understand, perhaps, Breyer? A private's tunic, that is it. The other is finished with now."

None of us speaks a word. This is not the Hehl that we know, the man who would go out at night on patrol with nothing but a walking stick, whom everyone regarded as bullet-proof. This is a man who is hard put just to stand up and to speak.

This evening as I lay already asleep, I was roused by sounds of whispering—"You're pulling my leg," I hear Kosole say. "Fact," insists Willy. "Come and see for yourself."

They get up hastily and go out into the yard. I follow them. There is a light in the office, so that it is possible to see inside. Hehl is seated at the table. His blue officer's jacket, the litefka, lies before him. The shoulder cords have gone. He is wearing a private's tunic. His head is supported in his hands, and—but no, that cannot be—I go a step nearer—Hehl, Hehl is crying.

"Can you beat it!" whispers Tjaden.

"Hop it," says Bethke and gives Tjaden a kick. We sneak away embarrassed.

NEXT morning we hear that a major in one of the neighboring regiments shot himself when he learned of the flight of the emperor.

Hehl is coming. He is gray and worn with sleeplessness. Quietly he gives the necessary instructions. Then he goes away again. And we all feel just terrible. The last thing that remained to us has been taken away. Now the very ground is cut from under our feet.

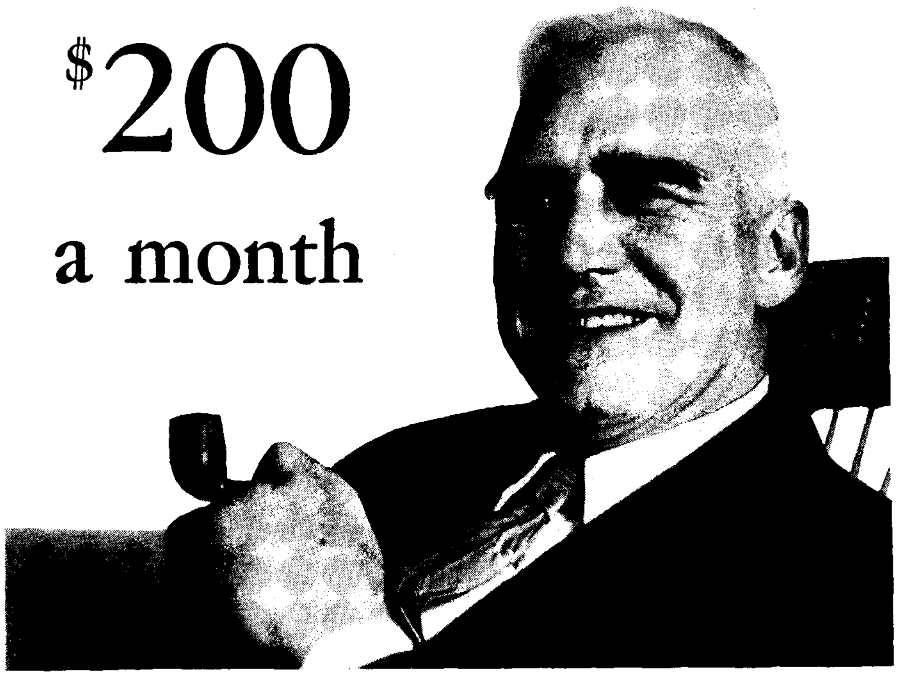
Very different from yesterday is the column that lines up today and marches off mournfully. A lost company; an abandoned army. The entrenching tool claps with every step—monotonous melody—in vain—in vain. . . .

Ledderhose alone is as happy as a lark. He sells us tinned meat and sugar out of his American plunder.

The next evening we reach Germany. Now that French is no longer spoken all about us, we begin at last slowly to believe that the peace is real. Until now

(*Continued on page 60*)

How you can retire on



THIS new Retirement Income Plan enables you to provide for yourself a guaranteed income for life.

The income begins at any age you say—55, 60, or 65. It can be any amount you wish—$100 a month, $200, $300, or more.

This life income is unconditionally guaranteed to you by the Phoenix Mutual, a 79-year-old company with assets of over 135 million dollars.

A business man recently asked us questions about the Plan. Here are his questions and our answers: "A Retirement Income takes care of me, but suppose my wife outlives me. How can I be sure she will not be without money?"

"That can be taken care of. The income can be made to continue as long as either you or your wife lives."

"Suppose I should be killed suddenly by some accidental means."

"Your wife would receive double the amount of cash or double the income received in the event of natural death."

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"Shortly after you became totally and permanently disabled, the company would pay you a monthly income. This income would continue as long as your disability lasted."

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A Monthly Income for life of $200, which assures a return of at least $20,000, and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live, or, if you prefer, a Cash Settlement of $27,000.

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A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $20,000. Or a monthly income for life.

It guarantees upon death from accidental means before age 60
A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $40,000. Or a monthly income for life.

It guarantees in event of permanent total disability before age 60
A Monthly Income of $200. Plans for women or for retirement at age 55 or 65 are also available.

"How much does a Retirement Income cost?"

"That depends upon your present age and upon the amount of income you want to retire on. A Retirement Income does not have to be paid for all at once. It is purchased on the installment plan. The payments are usually spread out over a period of years. Naturally this makes the payments comparatively small."

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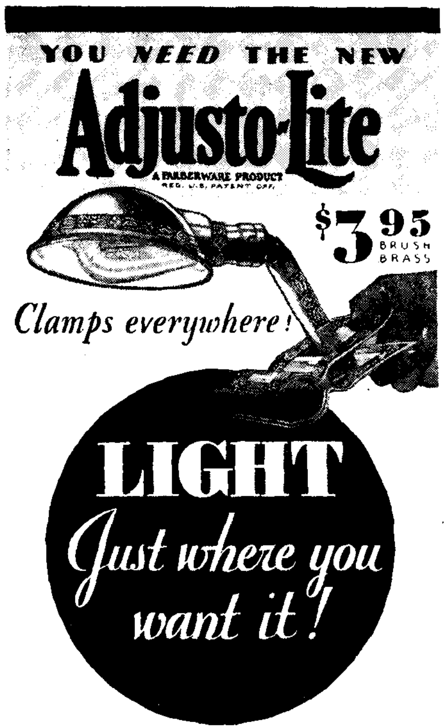

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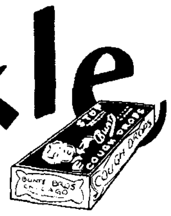
BUNTE BROTHERS
CHICAGO



(*Continued from page 59*)

we have been secretly expecting an order to turn about and return to the trenches: a soldier is mistrustful of good and it is better to count on the contrary from the outset. But now a bubbling ferment begins gradually to work in us.

We come to a large village. A few bedraggled garlands hang across the street. So many troops have passed through already that it is not worth while to make any special fuss about the last of us. So we must content ourselves with the faded welcome of a few rain-bedraggled placards loosely looped round with oak leaves cut out of green paper. The people scarcely even look after us as we march by, so accustomed have they grown to it. But for us it is a new thing to come here, and we hunger for a few friendly words, friendly looks, however we may pretend we do not give a damn. At least the girls might stop and wave to us. Tjaden and Jupp try now and then to attract the attention of one or two, but without success. No doubt we look too grisly. So in the end we give it up.

Only the children accompany us. We take them by the hand and they run along beside us. We give them all the chocolate we can spare, for we want, of course, to take some small part of it home.

Kosole has taken a little girl up in his arms. She tugs at his beard as though it were a bridle and laughs with pleasure to see him make such grimaces. The little hands pat his face. He catches one of them and holds it fast and shows it to me.

The child begins to cry, now that he pulls no more faces. Kosole tries to pacify her, but she only cries the more loudly and he has to put her down.

"We seem to have turned into first-rate bogey men," he growls.

"Of course they are scared of a real front-line phiz," Willy explains to him, "it must give them the creeps."

"Especially yours, you ginger-headed Old Nick," retorts Kosole, who is no more willing to take an affront lying down than is Willy himself.

"We smell of blood, that's what it is," says Ludwig Breyer wearily.

"Well, we must have a good bath," replies Jupp, "and then perhaps that will make the girls a bit keener too."

"Yes, if bathing were all there is to it," answers Ludwig pensively.

Listlessly we trudge onward. We pictured the entry into our own country after the years out there rather differently from this. We imagined that people would be waiting for us, expecting us; but now we see that everyone here is already taken up with his own affairs. Life has moved on and is still moving on farther; it is drawing away from us almost as though we were already superfluous. Of course this village is not Germany; all the same the disappointment sticks in our gizzards, and a shadow passes over us and a strange foreboding.

Carts rattle past, drivers shout, men glance up in passing and then fall back again to their own thoughts and cares. The hour peals from the church tower; the damp wind sniffs us over as it goes. Only one old woman with long bonnet-strings runs indefatigably along the column, and asks in a tremulous voice for one Erhard Schmidt.

WE ARE billeted in a large outhouse. Though we have marched a long way none of us takes rest. We go to the tavern.

Here is plenty of life, and a turbid wine of this year's vintage. It tastes wonderful and works powerfully in the legs, so we are the more content to sit. Clouds of tobacco smoke drift through the low room; the wine smells of the earth and summer; we fetch out our tins of preserved meat, carve off great slices and lay them on thick slabs of buttered bread, stand our knives upright beside us in the big wooden table and eat. The kerosene lamp shines down upon us all like a mother.

Night makes the world more beautiful. Not in front-line trenches, of course, but in peace. We marched in this afternoon dejected; and now we begin to revive. The little band playing in the corner is quickly reinforced by our fellows. We have not only pianists and virtuosos with the mouth-organ; there is even a Bavarian with a zither. Willy Homeyer joins in too. He has rigged himself up a sort of devil's fiddle and with the help of a couple of enormous pot lids is producing all the glory of the clangor of cymbals and kettle-drums and rattles.

BUT the unusual thing, that goes to our heads even more than the wine, is the girls. They are quite unlike what they seemed this afternoon, they smile and are complaisant. Or are these different ones? We have not seen any girls for a long time now. At first we are both eager and shy at the same time; we are not quite sure of ourselves; we seem to have forgotten how to get along with them. At last Ferdinand Kosole waltzes off with one, a husky wench. Now all the others are following his lead.

The heavy, sweet wine sings pleasantly in the head, the girls are whirling by, the music is playing. We are sitting in the corner gathered round Adolf Bethke. "Well, my boys," he says, "tomorrow or the next day we'll be home again. Yes, lads—my wife—it's ten months now—"

I lean across the table and speak to Valentin Laher, who is looking the girls over coolly, with a superior air. There is a blonde sitting beside him, but he is paying her little attention. Something in my pocket is pressing against the edge of the table. I feel to find out what it is. Heinrich Wessling's watch. I am to give it to his wife. He was one of the last to be killed. How far behind that lies already.

Jupp has hooked the fattest dame. He is dancing like a question mark. His great paw lies flat upon her spacious back. With moist lips she smiles into his face, and he grows merrier every minute. At last he waltzes out through the courtyard door and vanishes.

A few minutes later I go out.

Cool wind, good after the smoke inside there, dark roofs and gables, boughs overhanging, stillness and peace.

Albert comes and stands beside me. We walk round the house and discover Willy Homeyer. He has lit a great fire of weeds in a field and thrown on a few handfuls of stolen potatoes. Now he is sitting alone in front of it peacefully dreaming, waiting till the potatoes are baked. Beside him he has set out some tins of American cutlets.

The flickering fire throws copper gleams through his red hair. Mists are gathering from the meadows. The stars twinkle. We sit down beside him and fish the potatoes out of the fire. The skins are burned black, but the inside is golden yellow and fragrant. We grasp the cutlets in both hands and saw away at them as though they were mouth organs. And we wash them down with schnapps out of our aluminum cups.

The fire has burned out. Willy wipes his hands on his breeches and shuts his knife with a snap. Some dogs are barking in the village—otherwise all is quiet. No more shells. No clatter of munition columns. No more the wary scrunching of ambulance cars. A night in which far fewer men will die than ever in the last four years.

We go back to the inn again. But there is not much doing now. Valentin has taken off his tunic and stands up on his hands a few times. The girls clap their hands, but Valentin is dissatisfied. "I was a good artist once, Ferdinand, but that won't do, not even for the village fairs," he says gloomily to Kosole. "Gone stiff in the joints, I have. And Valentin's turn on the horizontal bar, that was a thing to gaze on, once upon a time. Now I've got rheumatism—"

He props his head in his hands. "What can a man turn his hand to?"

"Just you be glad you're alive," says Willy, to comfort him.

He looks up. "It's all very well for you to talk. You'll just go back to school again, but we, eh, Jupp? eh, Kosole?"

Jupp nods. "My job is done for too. Work a typewriter with flippers like these? No fifty words a minute will I live to do again. At the most they might do for grave-digging; after all a man has learned how to dig a trench."

Kosole is drawing circles on the table. "I'd damn' well like to know what'll become of us all."

The rest of us are silent. We are strangers to such thoughts. We left no job behind us when we became soldiers. After the first fever of joy in the realization of being safe is passed, anxieties begin to creep out from corners upon our comrades, troubles that we do not know, and in which we can give them no help.

"Let it wait," says Bethke quietly, "we are all in the same boat, anyway."

"Right again!" Kosole crashes his hand down on the table. "Music, Willy!"

Homeyer sets to work with a will on kettledrum and rattles. Things begin to be lively again.

Ludwig Breyer sits pale and still at the table. He ought to have been asleep long ago but he does not want to go. His arm is healing well, and the dysentery has improved slightly. But he continues turned in upon himself and troubled.

Wine is pouring over the table, the lamp smokes, and girls' spirits are flying. A warm, damp weariness seems to be moving gently behind my brows; everything shows soft, blurred edges, like star shells through fog; a lot has receded already, remote, almost forgotten—war, trenches, shell holes—years back in this smooth recession, unreal, things dreamed of long past and gone. Slowly my head sinks down upon the table. As I fall asleep I feel a light pressure over my heart. I thrust the hard object away—Wessling's watch. Then the night roars on, smoothly and wonderful, like an express train.

FOR the last time we stand drawn up on the barracks square. Our regiment is being disbanded. Some of the company live in the neighborhood, the others must push on alone. The railway services are so irregular that we can no longer be certain of transport. We must separate.

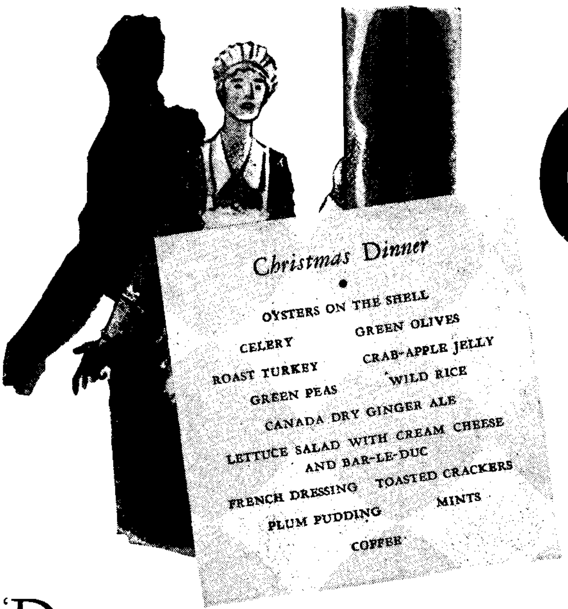
The broad, gray square is much too big for us. A bleak November wind smelling of decay and death is sweeping across it. We are lined up between the canteen and the guardroom, more space we do not require. The wide empty space around us wakes comfortless memories. There, rank on rank, invisible, stand the dead.

Hehl passes down the company. And behind him walks soundlessly the ghostly train of his predecessors. Seven company commanders in two years. And more than five hundred men. Thirty-two are standing in the barracks square.

Hehl tries to say a few words in farewell. But nothing will come; he has to give up. No words in the world can take the field against this lonely, empty

(*Continued on page 63*)

Here's a wonderful Christmas Dinner



Christmas Dinner
•
OYSTERS ON THE SHELL
CELERY GREEN OLIVES
ROAST TURKEY CRAB-APPLE JELLY
GREEN PEAS WILD RICE
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE
LETTUCE SALAD WITH CREAM CHEESE
AND BAR-LE-DUC
FRENCH DRESSING TOASTED CRACKERS
PLUM PUDDING MINTS
COFFEE

"DINNER IS SERVED!"

Three magic words that lift the curtain to the climax of Christmas Day. And whether that feast is built around America's magnificent bird—the turkey—or is truly English with prime roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, there is one crowning touch that will make the event memorable to everybody—Canada Dry Ginger Ale.

Here, indeed, is a rare beverage. No tender, firm-fleshed oyster on its bed of crushed ice is more elusive in its flavor. No plump, green olive is more zestful in its tang. No stately plum pudding is more full-bodied in its goodness. No brilliant Christmas morn is more dazzling in its sparkle.

Bring those dark, green bottles, chilled through and through, to the table. Fill the slim-stemmed glasses slowly. What a delicate, fragrant bouquet! What color—radiant amber! And then for the thrill! Lift the glass to your lips for a sip. Your taste will be aroused instantly by a delicate, mellow flavor that is not matched by any other ginger ale made.

All over the world they will be drinking Canada Dry Ginger Ale on Christmas Day. In regal dining halls . . . in great hotels and the best clubs . . . in countless homes . . . there you will find this Champagne of Ginger Ales.

Yes, your Christmas dinner is an ideal setting for Canada Dry. But, in addition, every day offers opportunities to serve this fine old ginger ale. Throughout this holiday season when friends drop in to exchange greetings. When you give dinners and parties. Whenever you drink Canada Dry—whenever you have this Champagne of Ginger Ales, there will always be delight and complete satisfaction in its exhilarating deliciousness.

Order the convenient Hostess Package of twelve bottles. Keep a few bottles in your refrigerator. Then you will always be ready for any social occasion.

CANADA DRY'S

SPARKLING LIME GOLDEN GINGER ALE
SPARKLING ORANGE

These three delicious beverages are also made under the Canada Dry seal. Try them soon. They are all delightful.

CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE
NEW YORK

CANADA DRY

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The Champagne of Ginger Ales

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Clean inside - well outside!

"They are *lovely, aren't they?...*

"It's a comfort they are so well! They sleep all night without a whimper, and while I'm doing my work they play so happily! It's certainly no trouble to take care of children if they're in perfect health. . . .

"You think I'm looking pretty well myself? Thank the children for that. They weren't so well—and although I knew what was the matter I didn't dare give them medicines or pills. When I asked Dr. Jim, he told me all they needed was to be kept clean inside—and that there was a drugless way to do it. He said it would do me good, too. . . . the babies and I went on the Nujol treatment the same day—and we've been a well family ever since!"

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and they look it!

"GUESS that big ocean isn't going to scare us any, Sister! Mother's watching us! C'mon!"

Health! In babies and grown-ups, the thing that helps us tackle the world with a smile, no matter how big and cold it looks!

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

The tonic effect of Nujol on the whole body is due to the way it helps you without the weakening effect of drugs. As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Why? Because it's common sense, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of keeping in the best of health all the time.

Two things you have to remember if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One. Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully and normally and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two. Be sure you get Nujol. Your druggist has this pure and drugless product in a sealed package, trademarked Nujol to protect you. Good for babies, good for you! Don't you think it's worth trying?

Nujol

Nujol
Nujol

health

The Road Back

Continued from page 60

barracks square, with those sorry ranks of the survivors, standing there in their overcoats and their boots, dumb and freezing, remembering their comrades.

Hehl passes from one to another and gives each man his hand. When he comes to Max Weil, with thin lips he says: "Now your time begins, Weil—"

"It will be less bloody," answers Weil quietly.

"And less heroic," Hehl retorts.

"That is not the only thing in life," says Weil.

"But the best," Hehl replies. "What else?"

WEIL pauses for a moment. Then he says: "Things that sound feeble today: kindness and love. These also have their heroisms, Herr Lieutenant."

"No," answers Hehl, and his brow is clouded, "only martyrdom. That is something quite different. Heroism begins where reason leaves off: when life is set at a discount. It has to do with folly, with exaltation, with risk, and you know it. But very little with purpose. Purpose, that is your world. Why? Wherefore? To what end? Who asks these questions, knows it no more."

He speaks emphatically as though he wanted to convince himself. His worn face works. Within a few days he has become embittered and seems years older. And Weil also, he has altered as rapidly. The more agitated Hehl becomes, the calmer is Max. Quietly and firmly he says: "The misery of millions is too big a price to pay for the heroics of a few."

Hehl shrugs his shoulders. "Price—purpose—pay—those are your words. We shall see how far they will bring you."

Weil glances at the private's uniform which Hehl is still wearing. "And how far have yours brought you?"

Hehl turns crimson. "To a memory," he says harshly. "To a remembrance of things which are, at least, not to be had for money."

For a time Weil is silent. "To a remembrance—" he repeats, then turns and looks out over the empty square, and along our scanty ranks. "Yes—and to a terrible responsibility."

We do not understand much of all this. We are freezing, and think it unnecessary to talk. Talking will not make the world any different.

THE ranks break. The farewells begin. Müller, the man next to me, adjusts the pack on his shoulders, clamps his bundle of rations under his arm; then he stretches his hand to me: "Well, good luck, Ernst—"

"Good luck, Felix—" He passes on, to Willy, to Albert, to Kosole. . . .

Now comes Gerhard Pohl, the company singer. On the march he used to sing all the top tenor notes, as occasion demanded, pursuing the melody up into the clouds. His tanned face with the wart is troubled; he has just parted from Karl Bröger, with whom he has played such countless games of skat. That has been hard for him.

"Au revoir, Ernst—"

"Au revoir, Gerhard." He is gone.

Weddekamp gives me his hand. He used to make the crosses for the fellows who were killed. "It's a pity, Ernst," he says, "I suppose I'll never be able to fit you up now. And you might have had one of mahogany. I was saving a lovely bit of piano lid for you."

"Given time, all things must happen," I reply. "I'll write to you when it comes to that."

He laughs. "That's right, keep your spirits up, lad, the war is not over yet."

Then with stooping shoulders he trots away.

The first group is already at the barracks gate. Scheffler and Fassbender have passed out. Others follow. We begin to feel troubled. It is difficult at first to get accustomed to the fact that so many fellows are leaving. Heretofore only death, wounds, or temporary transfers have depleted the company. Now peace must be reckoned with.

We cannot grasp that immediately. For we belong together, and we have to struggle and fight on. We are so used to shell holes and trenches that we are suspicious of the still, green landscapes of peace, almost as though their stillness were merely a device to lure us into a region secretly undermined and full of perils.

And yet there go our comrades, hastening out into it, heedless, alone, without rifles, without bombs. We do not realize that they are going and that they will not return; one would like to run after them and fetch them back, calling to them: Hey, where are you going? What are you doing out there alone? This is where you belong, here with us still. What we must do is to stick together, build ourselves dugouts and put out sentries. How else should a man live? We must prepare to defend ourselves, we are sure to be attacked again.

But they laugh and wave, they will not be stayed. And a foolish anxiety rises up in us; mischief will come of this—something is in hiding, lurking there—they will certainly be shot down.

Queer millwheel in the brain: too long a soldier. . . .

The November wind pipes over the empty barracks square. More and more comrades go. Not long now before every man will be alone.

OUR group is still together. We all go home by the same route and now are lounging in the station, waiting to catch a train. The place has become an army dump of chests, cardboard boxes, packs and waterproof sheets.

Only two trains pass through in seven hours. Men hang round the doorways in clusters, in swarms. By the afternoon we have won a place near the track, and before evening are in the best position, right at the front.

We have rations for several days with us, and Albert Trosske has swiped a big can of artificial coffee stuff to drink. Kosole extorts cigarettes from Ledderhose under the threat of tossing him in front of the train. And thus fortified we are able to hold out. Karl Bröger and Valentin, whom we lost in the scramble, fight their way through to us during the night. Willy's ginger head served them as a beacon. We sleep standing.

The first train comes in the early morning. It is crammed so full that it would be madness to attempt to board it; we would merely end by losing our front-rank position.

The next is a freight train with blind horses from the front. Their skewed eyeballs are blue-white and red-rimmed. They stand stock still, their heads are outstretched and there is life only in the quivering of their nostrils.

It is announced that no more trains will leave today.

Not a soul moves. A soldier does not believe in announcements. And in fact yet another train does come during the

(Continued on page 64)

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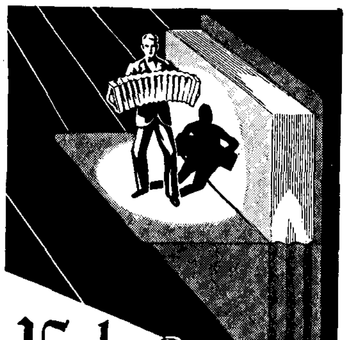

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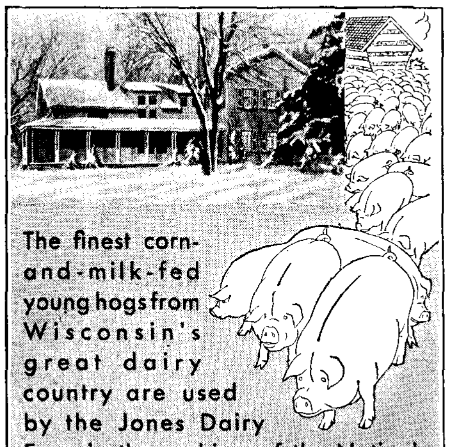

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Fort Atkinson, Wis.
In Wisconsin's great dairy center—owned and operated by the Jones Family since 1834.

(*Continued from page 63*)

afternoon. One glance shows that it will do. At most only half-full.

The station hall reverberates to the assembling of gear and the mighty roar of the columns that stampede from the waiting-rooms and burst in wild confusion upon the men waiting in the hall.

The train glides by. One window is open. Albert Trosske, lightest and nimblest of us, is heaved up and clambers through like a monkey. The next moment all the doors are blocked with men. Most of the windows are shut. But some are already being shattered with blows from rifle butts by fellows who mean to get aboard at any price, though it costs them torn hands and legs. Blankets are flung over the jagged glass points, and here and there the boarding is already in progress.

There is no time to waste. It is hardly a second before this method receives general approval. Now everyone is trying to swarm in through the windows. Albert runs back along the corridor of the train so that, as the train moves, he yet keeps level with us; otherwise our scheme would fall through, for we are jammed in so tightly that we cannot move an inch either to right or left.

The train stops. Albert whips open the window in front of us. Tjaden shoots in, Bethke and Kosole after him, with shoves from behind by Willy. The three at once make for the doors opening into the corridor so as to close the compartment on both flanks. Then follows the baggage along with Ludwig and Ledderhose, then Valentin, Karl Bröger and I, and, after thoroughly clearing the decks around him once more, last of all, Willy.

"All in?" shouts Kosole from the gangway, where the pressure is becoming momentarily more urgent. "All aboard!" bawls Willy. As though they had been fired from a pistol Bethke, Kosole and Tjaden shoot into their seats, and outsiders flood into the compartment, climb up on the luggage rack, till every possible inch of space is occupied. Even the engine has been stormed. Already there are fellows sitting on the buffers. The roofs of the coaches are swarming. "Come down out of that," cries the guard, "you'll get your brains knocked out." "You shut up! We're all right," they shout back. There are five men sitting in the lavatory. One is half out of the window.

The train pulls out. Some who were not holding on fast enough fall off. Two fellows are run over and dragged away. Others jump into their places. The footboards are full. The crowding gets worse as the train goes on.

One man is hanging onto a door. It swings open and he falls. He hurtles down the embankment like a sack and lies still. Others we lug in through the windows.

DURING the night our coach has its first casualties. The train passes into a low tunnel. Some fellows on the roof are squashed and swept clean off. The others had seen it coming but had no means of stopping the train. And the man in the lavatory window dropped asleep and fell out.

Other coaches have casualties also. So the roofs are now rigged up with wooden grips, ropes and bayonets rammed into the woodwork. And sentries are posted to give the alarm in case of danger.

We sleep and sleep. Standing, lying, sitting, squatting, in every possible attitude on packs and bundles, we sleep. Not that we take exception to this; on the contrary, it strikes us as something very near luxury. At least we are undisturbed. No sudden raids to burst in upon us.

At midday we get some thin soup that stands in copper kettles on a station platform; a sort of dishwater, but hot.

A freight train draws up alongside us. We learn that it is going in the same direction, so practically all the roof-riders migrate to it and, with blankets and overcoats, make themselves comfortable among the planks of wood and heaps of stone. It was cold out on top there during the night: some had their hands frozen so numb that they were soon jolted off even though they were not asleep. A couple of them are coughing like a donkey engine. We make room enough with us for one of them. He is spitting blood. "Blast it," says he dismally, "I thought I had got over it," and stares into his handkerchief.

A messenger dog is running up and down on the deserted platform past the coaches in search of his master. Someone tells us he belonged to one of the men who was crushed up on the roof. Swiftly I scramble down once more and seize hold of him by the collar. The train starts. I jump onto the footboard, and Bethke and Willy drag me in. "I shall keep him," I say, quite out of breath, and happier than I have been for a long time. Then I cadge some food for him. Everybody contributes. He eats and wags his tail gratefully. We christen him Wolf. After five minutes we feel we cannot get along without him.

The train rattles on. Houses, trees, gardens, people waving. We sleep, for we have a lot to make up. Processions, red flags, guards on the railway, cries, special editions, revolution—we will sleep first, the rest can wait till later. Now for the first time a man feels how tired he has become in all these years.

EVENING comes. There is one miserable lamp burning. The train moves slowly. It has to stop often because of engine trouble.

Our packs joggle. Pipes are glowing; the dog sleeps. Woods lie along the skyline like black cows, fields show faintly in the dim light that shines from the coach windows. It now wants but two hours for home. Bethke is getting his luggage ready. He lives in a village a few stations this side of the town, and so has to get out sooner.

The train stops. Adolf shakes our hands. We are very excited and shout after him. He stumbles out onto the little siding and looks about him with a sweeping glance that drinks in the whole landscape in a second, as a parched field does the rain. Then he turns to us again. But he does not hear anything any more. Ludwig Breyer is standing at the window. "Trot along, Adolf," he says, "your wife is waiting."

Bethke looks up at us and shakes his head. "No such hurry as all that, Lud-

(*Continued on page 67*)

MORE OR LESS UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY
?
?
WORD HUNT
TRADE MARK

In the English language there are exactly eight words (each having just seven letters) that begin with the letters C·O·N·D. One of them is CONDEMN. You supply the others.

"Have you tried all de wowels?"
MR. COOPER

1	C	O	N	D	E	M	N	To pronounce to be wrong; to censure. To sentence; to doom.
2	C	O	N	D				(*Anatomy and Zoölogy*) An articular prominence on a bone.
3	C	O	N	D				To guide. Also, behavior. Also, to convey.
4	C	O	N	D				To forgive an offense or fault.
5	C	O	N	D				Deserved; adequate; merited.
6	C	O	N	D				To contribute to a result.
7	C	O	N	D				To express sympathy.
8	C	O	N	D				A channel for conveying fluid. Also, a tube for protecting wires.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for December 6th

1. Lissom
2. Listen
3. Listed
4. Lisita
5. Lister
6. Listel
7. Lissen
8. Listly
9. Lisper
10. Lisped

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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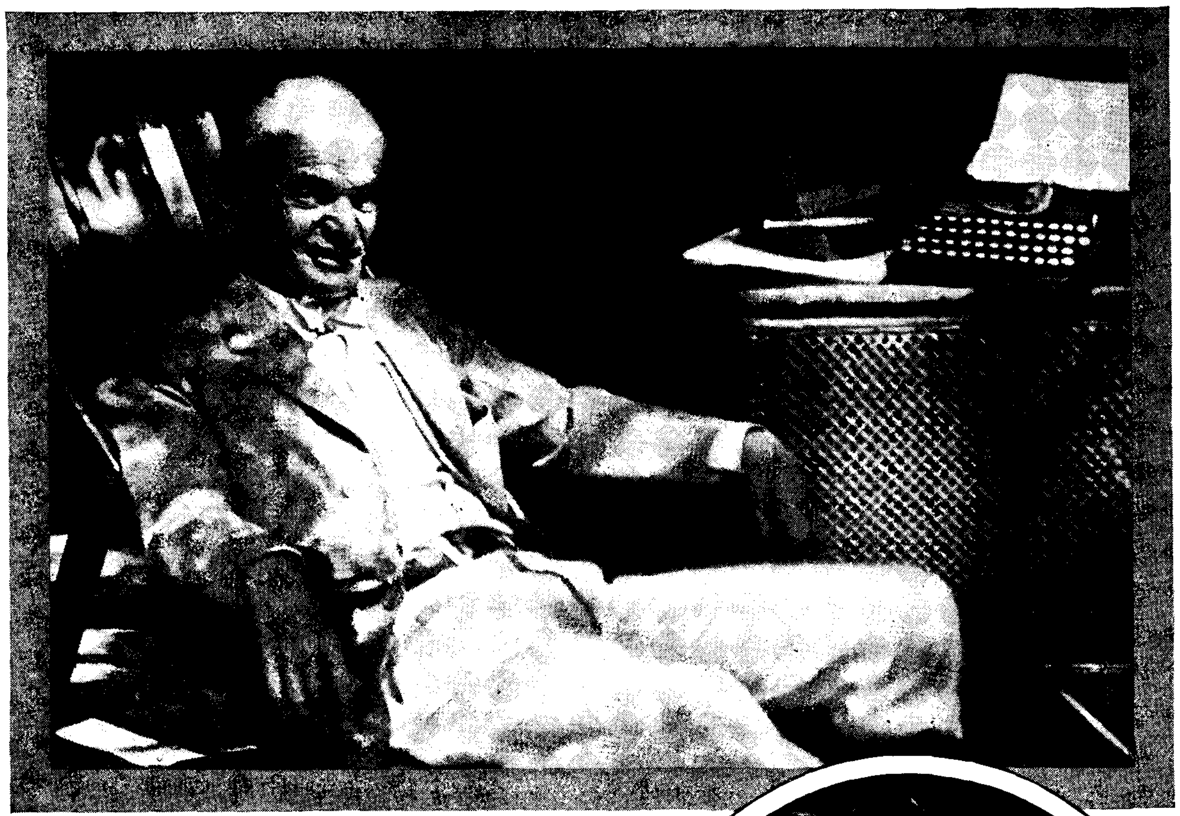

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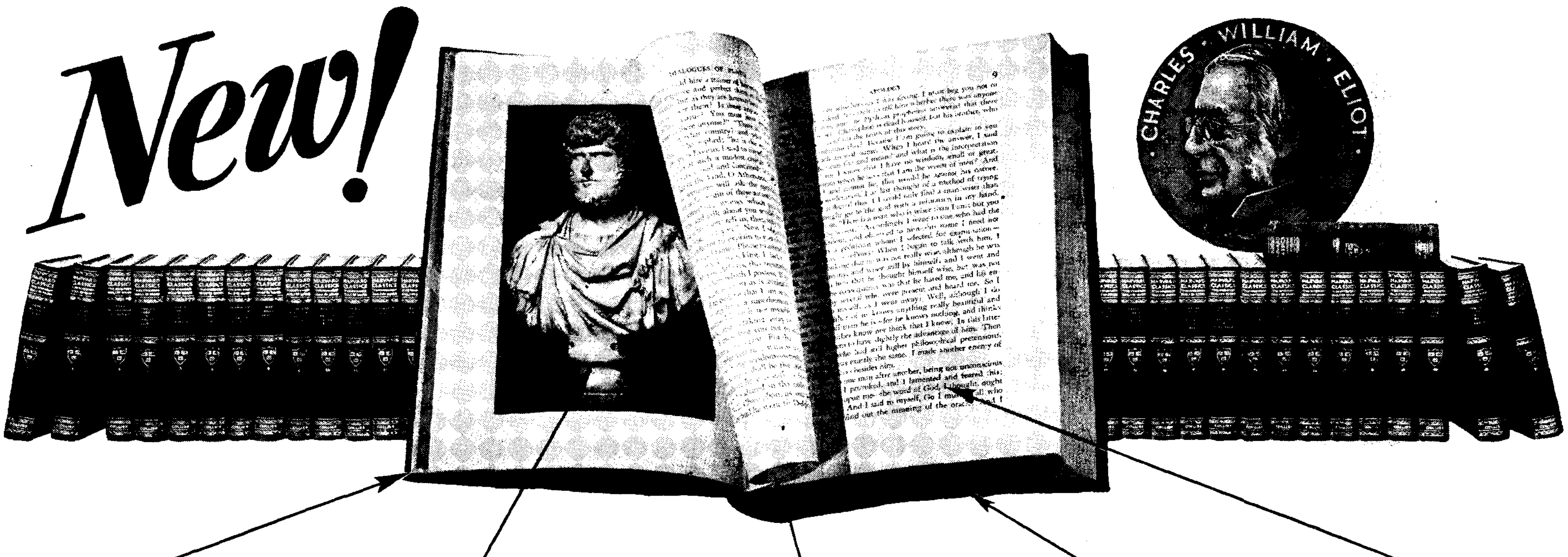

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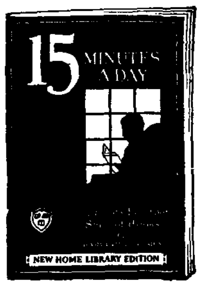

The Road Back

Continued from page 64

wig." It is obvious with what power home draws him away; but Adolf is Adolf—he continues to stand beside us until the train leaves. Then he turns swiftly about and goes off with long strides.

"We will be visiting you soon," I call after him.

We watch him go out across the fields. For a long time he continues to wave. Steam from the engine drifts past. In the distance gleam a few red lights.

The train makes a big sweeping loop. Now Adolf has become very small, a mere point, a tiny little man, quite alone on the wide, dark plain, above which, vast and electrically bright, ringing the horizon in sulphur-yellow, towers the night sky. I know not why—it has nothing to do with Adolf—but the sight fascinates me—a solitary man going out over the wide stretch of fields against the mighty sky, in the evening and alone.

Then the trees close up in massive darkness and soon nothing is left but swift motion and woods and the sky.

IN THE compartment things begin to be lively. Inside here there are corners, edges, odors, warmth, space and boundaries—here are brown, weathered faces with eyes like bright spots in them, here a smell of earth, sweat, blood and uniforms—but outside a world full of uncertainty careers past to the steady stamping of the train; and the world of trenches and shell holes, of darkness and terror, remains behind, ever farther removed from us, now only a whirlwind, seen from the window, that concerns us no more.

Somebody begins singing. Others join in. Soon everyone is singing, the whole compartment, the next compartment, the entire coach, the whole train. We sing ever more lustily, with more and more power; our brows are flushed, the veins swell out; we sing every soldiers' song that we know. We stand up and glare at each other. Our eyes shine; the wheels thunder the rhythm; we sing and sing, with raw throats and cracked voices, and feel mightily that we live.

I am wedged in between Ludwig and Kosole and feel their warmth penetrating my tunic. I move my hands, I turn my head; my muscles brace themselves and a shiver mounts from my knees to my belly; a ferment is in my bones like sherbet, it leaps, foams up into my lungs, my lips, my eyes; the carriage swims; it sings in me like a telegraph pole in a storm, thousands of wires twanging, thousands of roads opening; slowly I place my hand on Ludwig's hand, and I feel that it must burn—but when he looks up, worn and pale as ever, all that I can drag out of what is surging within me is simply to ask confusedly, stammering: "Have you a cigarette, Ludwig?"

He gives me one. The train whistles; we go on singing. Gradually a more ominous rumble than the rattle of the wheels mingles with our songs, and in a pause there comes a mighty crash that travels rolling in long reverberations across the plain. Clouds have gathered; a thunderstorm bursts. The flashes of lightning dazzle like close gunfire. Kosole stands in the window and shakes his head. "Another thunderstorm now," he mutters and looks out. "Quick! quick! there she is!" he suddenly cries.

We press round. At the limit of the land, in the glare of the lightning, the tall slender towers of the city pierce the sky. Then darkness closes over them again in thunder, but with every flash they come nearer.

Our eyes shine with excitement. All of a sudden expectancy has shot up amongst us, over us, within us, like a giant beanstalk.

Kosole gropes for his things. "Oh, my boys," says he, stretching his arms, "where shall we all be sitting a year hence, I wonder?"

The city has sprung upon us, and gathered us to herself. There she lies, panting under the wild light, outstretched, inviting. And we are coming to her—a trainload of soldiers, a trainload of home-coming from the limbo of nothingness, a trainload of tense expectancy, nearer and nearer. The train tears along; the walls leap out against us, in a moment we will collide; flashes of lightning, the thunder roars—a thought suddenly jerks into the mind: What will it be, home or an abyss? Then the station rises up on both sides of the coach, seething with noise and cries; a pelting rain is falling; the platform gleams with the wet. Reckless, we jump out into it all.

As I jump out of the door the dog follows. He presses close after me and through the rain we run together down the steps.

(*To be continued next week*)

Gunmen Dodge this City

Continued from page 11

sheriff with his deputies, a county attorney; there are twenty-three grand jurymen, a judge, twelve trial jurymen and perhaps, finally, a prison warden with his deputies.

If the criminal, or his lawyer, can corrupt any single one of these forty or more links of the law at any point up from graft-taking policemen to a politically-minded county attorney or a bribe-taking penitentiary warden, he has whipped the whole great crowd; the law loses; crime goes free.

In Milwaukee they say such methods are foolish.

With no grand jury and with no control of trials in the hands of the county attorney there is only *one* man or, if there be a jury in a trial, not more than thirteen men, between a prisoner and freedom or between a prisoner and the penitentiary. That doubtful collection of forty possible cushions has been removed.

An arrested man in Milwaukee is up against quick freedom or quick imprisonment; there's no palaver and no chance for politicians to put pressure on the county attorney's office or on any other office, except that of the judge. "And how the newspapers watch us!" the judge exclaimed to this writer. Interminable continuances of trials, requested either by the prisoner's lawyer or by the county attorney, are not allowed. Cases are tried while the cases are hot, while memories are fresh and before witnesses can be tampered with.

And how amazingly they call their juries together! You never saw anything like it. The clerk of the court has the telephone number of every man on the current jury panel. The man goes

(*Continued on page 68*)

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If *your* depression comes, will you be prepared?

WE have recently seen a drastic business recession swiftly follow an era of marked prosperity. The same thing often happens as suddenly to the individual.

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in 20 yrs.	57.54	115.08	172.62	230.17	460.33
in 15 yrs.	89.75	179.49	269.24	358.98	717.96
in 10 yrs.	156.54	313.08	469.61	626.15	1,252.30
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(*Continued from page 67*)

about his business as usual; he doesn't have to report to the court every morning to see whether he's wanted.

If one of Milwaukee's sudden trials is called (the trial usually follows no longer than two weeks after the alleged crime), the clerk of the court merely telephones to a dozen or more men on the panel and asks them to appear the next day.

Eager to Serve

Lawyers rarely ask to have jurymen thrown out because the entire bar association of Milwaukee knows that the selection of juries is made fairly, without political intervention. There's no nonsense in getting men into the jury box. You rarely hear a lawyer ask a prospective juryman: "Have you read about this case in the newspapers?"

Of course he has; or heard about it over the radio; or perhaps seen pictures connected with it at the movies. But that doesn't let him out. Milwaukee lawyers (and again this is because of the general spirit and the training in such matters of the bar association of Milwaukee) don't seek nincompoop jurymen who actually do *not* read, or lying jurymen who say they do not read the newspapers.

Business men of prominence and influence actually serve on the juries in Milwaukee. Only the best of excuses are admitted by the court. Besides, seeking to avoid jury duty in that town isn't considered good form. Being a juryman on call, thanks to the telephone system and to quick trials, is not a severe task, as it is in many other cities. Citizens do not generally seek to avoid jury duty as if it were a spell of neck-ache.

All of the foregoing only goes to show how justice, in Milwaukee, has her finger on a hair trigger, a trigger just as fast and sure as any gunman's.

Not long ago a man murdered his wife at seven o'clock in the morning; by one o'clock in the afternoon he was on his way to Waupun state penitentiary. There is no capital punishment in the state of Wisconsin, but prisoners sent to the penitentiary there really work in the prison factories. And a life sentence there means a life sentence.

Justice works in Milwaukee. Crowd it all into this:

Milwaukee has the lowest burglary insurance rate in the country; "the lowest," as one surety company expert told me, "that any city *can* have and still leave a *little* profit for the insurance companies."

Now don't expect, please, to learn that this town of Milwaukee is fortified against criminals by laws different from those of other cities. Nor is it any special machinery of law, different from such machinery in other cities, that makes Milwaukee stand out these days in the country's ever-growing civic struggle against quickly spreading organized crime.

What strikes you, after you have talked with citizens of the town, is that these citizens expect more—far more—from their public officials than citizens of other towns seem to expect.

Milwaukee had its bad days twenty years ago. The machine of Mayor David Rose, back in 1910, was one of the crookedest political machines in the nation. The citizens grew so angry that finally they voted a Socialist ticket; they put one Daniel Webster Hoan—a Methodist, Elk, Eagle, Knight of Pythias and Socialist—into the mayor's office.

Mayor Hoan has been there ever since. He's a long, lanky, hard-headed, corn-cob-pipe-smoking, flivver-driving individual. His father used to be a bus driver between the depot and hotels in Waukesha, Wisconsin. Daniel Webster, himself, thus brought into contact with hotels, went into a Waukesha hotel kitchen and learned to cook. Then he fared forth into the big world, ninety miles, to Chicago, and ended his cooking career as a chef at Rector's in that big town. He once owned a restaurant in Chicago that Jim Corbett later purchased. He cooked his way, incidentally, through the University of Wisconsin. He wound up there as president of his graduating class. Political science was his favorite study.

Milwaukee people know where Daniel Webster Hoan stands. It isn't a gang of politicians that gets him his reëlections; the voters pick him. At the city hall you don't see any "mayor's gang," hanging on for favors; Hoan hasn't any press-agent secretary who boosts him to the newspapers.

One of Hoan's first steps to clear the Rose régime political gangs out of Milwaukee was to get in touch with the tens of thousands of credulous foreign-born citizens within the town. Every large city has them. They feel helpless, as citizens; powerless either to obtain or retain their rights. Some man of their own nationality steps forward as their leader. He controls their votes and he "goes to the city hall" to help them when they're in trouble. It's an old racket in American cities. Groups of only a few, perhaps, of these foreign leaders, representing various foreigners, have more than once elected and controlled the city government in such towns as Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis and other towns too numerous to list here.

Hoan talked to these foreign-born citizens, who had been herded into the voting booths and into city jobs by their leaders. He said to the Poles, for instance, as he said to Italians, Austrians, Czechs, and so forth:

"You Poles don't need any Polish leaders from now on. As a matter of fact you haven't got any. I've kicked them out. I won't give them any favors for you. You needn't send them to the city hall for anything. They can't get anything there—jobs or favors or anything. We'll say 'No' to your boss right or wrong just because he is trying to herd you around like cattle.

Be Your Own Spokesman

"You Poles," he went on, "had better begin to understand that you are just as much citizens of this town as anyone else of any blood. Come to the city hall yourself for what you want; jobs or anything. But don't send one of these leaders. We're sick of them and they're through." Mayor Hoan wound up every speech he made to these foreign groups by saying: "And you can vote as you damn' please."

The Italian Black Hand existed, at that time, in Milwaukee; the police hadn't been able to break it up. It had terrified thousands of Italians, controlling not only their votes but often their very business activities and means of livelihood.

Within a few weeks, after Hoan had taken away the advisory and political power of Italian political leaders, the Milwaukee Black Hand and other racial groups faded out of existence.

"Don't give cliques or gangs a chance to get organized." That's the simple secret of Milwaukee's freedom from racketeers and gangsters. Jacob Laubenheimer, the chief of police of Milwaukee, took me down into the "property-room" of the police department in the magnificent new "Safety Building," as it is called. Passing through, I saw certain shelves filled with "nickel-in-the-slot" gambling machines; I counted fifty-six of them. There were a few other gambling contrivances and many wooden punch boards of the sort used in candy and cigar stores.

"What do you do with these?" I asked the chief.

"Well, here's how we handle that petty gambling business here," he answered. "Every now and then these machines begin to appear, here and there, throughout the town. We don't say anything. Just let 'em pile up. Pretty soon, around the lobbies of one of the hotels, we'll begin to see well-dressed loungers. They're living on the money that comes from the slot machines and the punch boards. We let them alone, too, for a little while, until they get a good many thousands of dollars sunk into their local business.

"And then we pounce on 'em all—machines and well-dressed loafers. The machines are worth about one hundred and fifty dollars apiece. It isn't the gambling we're worried about. It's the fact that a gang is beginning to form, something like a storm cloud. We know what that means. But we don't let the storm happen. It means that, if we let the business grow, the crowd will begin to get rich. And when it begins to get rich it will begin to try to spend bribe money, just as organized vice and crime always does. We figure, here in Milwaukee, that it's the big bribe money of big organizations of vice and crime that lays the decent citizenry on its back, helpless.

Making Gamblers Work

"We have one big day of breaking up $10,000 or $15,000 worth of gambling machinery and sending the slot-machine racketeers to the penitentiary for from one to three years and we don't have any more trouble of that sort for several months. But," he added, "you'd be surprised how often the gamblers come back and try it over again."

We've seen that this town has had only two chiefs of police within a period of forty-six years. One was Chief J. T. Janssen, famous among police chiefs throughout the country for his nationwide knowledge of the old-fashioned crooks and their methods, in the days before the killing, motor-car gunman came into action.

Chief Janssen's chief inspector was Jacob Laubenheimer. Mr. Laubenheimer had a son named Jacob who, like most boys, wanted to be a policeman. This boy got his wish. The elder Jacob permitted his son to become a policeman. Today, this son, serving his thirty-seventh year in the police department as compared with the forty-eight served by his father, is Milwaukee's police chief. This is his tenth year in that office.

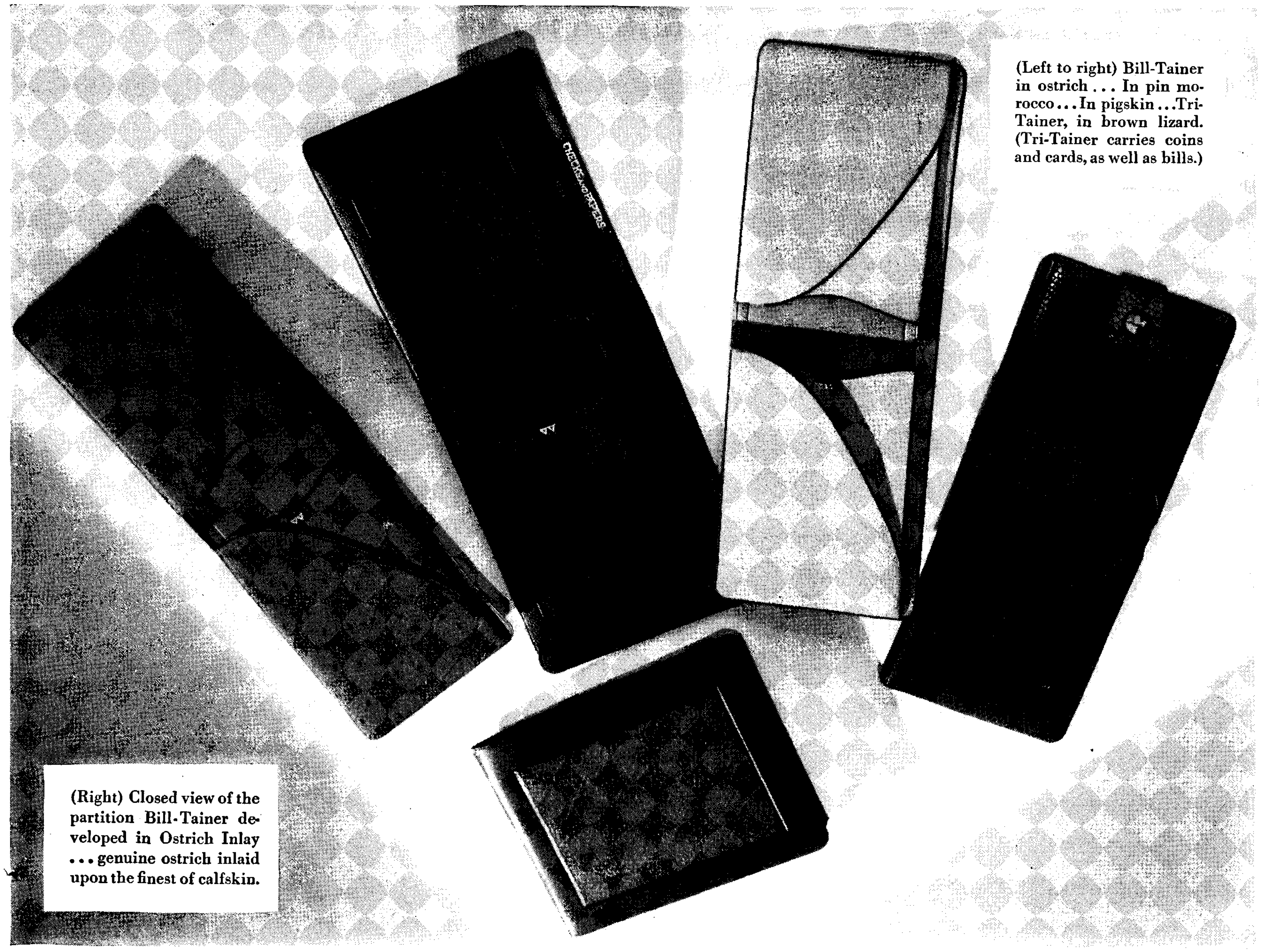
Policemen in other cities perhaps wouldn't like to serve under Chief Laubenheimer. Just to illustrate, stop to think how the traffic policemen in your town would like to have the chief of police order them to treat every traffic violator with the utmost respect and threaten a layoff, with a stoppage of wages, for every violation of this order.

How many times have all of us, in our many cities, had the traffic cop put his foot on the running board, thrust his head in through the window, into the very midst of the family group, and rid himself of some such query as, "Whatsa matter? You blind, or sumpin?"

"Don't put your hands on a car unless you must do so to prevent a crime," are police orders in Milwaukee. "Don't put your feet even on the running board. Stand away a respectful distance; for the car is the same thing as a room in the owner's home. If you must write out a ticket don't use any part of the car as a writing board; write it on your pad."

There's discipline in the Milwaukee

(*Continued on page 70*)



(Left to right) Bill-Tainer in ostrich . . . In pin morocco . . . In pigskin . . . Tri-Tainer, in brown lizard. (Tri-Tainer carries coins and cards, as well as bills.)

(Right) Closed view of the partition Bill-Tainer developed in Ostrich Inlay . . . genuine ostrich inlaid upon the finest of calfskin.

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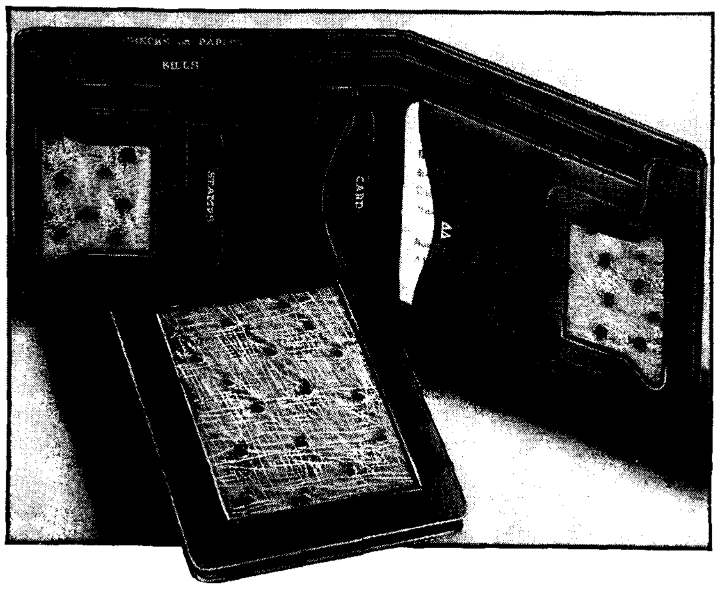

$10 is the price of this partition Bill-Tainer, in Ostrich Inlay. Most popular of billfolds, it ingeniously organizes all pocket miscellany. In several other leathers, $3.50 to $15.

GOOD-LOOKING, the Bill-Tainer! Partly because the leather is the best to be had. Partly because it's made entirely by hand.

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Look closely at the photographs. Note how handsomely the Bill-Tainer is finished. Here are no coarse threads, no ugly binding — but hand-tooled edges; flat, neat corners; trim, clean lines throughout.

Ingenious folding construction permits the Bill-Tainer to expand and contract with its contents. Empty or full, it's always flat and shapely. Handsomer, more convenient, to carry and use.

And because it's folded securely together where other billfolds are sewed, the Bill-Tainer has no threads to pull, no stitches to rip, no seams to wear out. Every Bill-Tainer lasts as long as the sturdy leathers of which it is fashioned. Indeed it is so guaranteed. If it gives out at any point, it is replaced free.

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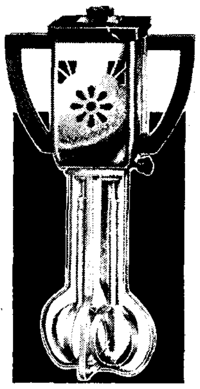

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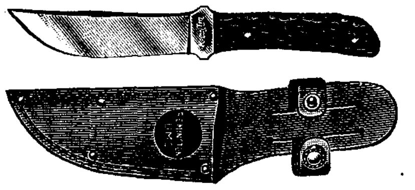

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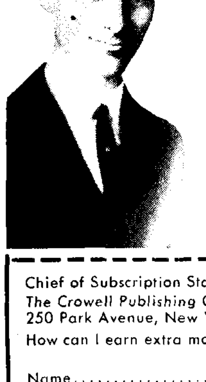

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Gunmen Dodge this City

Continued from page 68

police department, all right. As I went about the building with the chief on a certain hot summer day, every uniformed officer or clerk arose and put on his coat as we entered the room. The precision was military in quality.

There is a great schoolroom, seating three hundred, at police headquarters; there the policemen really "go to school."

"And one thing they're taught," said Chief Laubenheimer, "is to respect and protect our citizens. That's what they're hired for."

A Judge-Run Court

It is an astonishing fact that there are no professional murders in this city of 700,000. By professional murders Chief Laubenheimer means murders committed by professional criminals.

The murder rate in Milwaukee averages less than one a month because there are no professional murders there. The murders are those growing out of passions or emotions. Last year, for instance, there were only nine murders; all cleared up by the police. In 1928 there were ten; the murderers were all caught, except one Negro. In 1927 there were eleven; all murderers were caught. Back in 1926 a boy shot a groceryman in an attempted holdup. The police didn't catch him. And that's the only murder to go unpunished in that city in ten years! You feel that citizens count for a great deal and that human life has dignity and value in that gangsterless city.

Now there's one other man in Milwaukee who, among many other good officials, has insight enough to defer to the strong wish of Milwaukee's citizens to have a safe and decent town to live in, and to really work with that sole end in view.

He's a judge. His name is George A. Shaughnessy. In this large city his court has jurisdiction over all felony cases arising not only in the city but in the county. There are from 1,500 to 1,800 cases a year. He has no help on the bench; amazingly enough, he's the *only* judge.

Judge Shaughnessy showed me the court calendar. It wasn't a great, imposing docket book. It was only a little black notebook that he pulled from his hip pocket. There were four cases listed on it to be heard; they were all set for within the next ten days and not one of them was over two weeks old.

"I keep the books in this court," said Judge Shaughnessy. "I don't leave it to the clerk to keep it up to date. This is a judge-run court. I don't leave it to the county attorney, either, or to the lawyers.

"The only way any judge can keep his calendar up to date is to control that calendar for himself; to know what cases are coming on and when they're due.

"And when cases are to be tried I send word to the county attorney, just as I send word to the prisoner's attorney, that a case is to be tried at a certain time. There's no juggling around; no dickering as to whether the prisoner shall go free by pleading guilty to a lesser offense than the one with which he is charged. I believe," said this interesting and unusual judge, "that judges ought to work. That would help a lot to solve the crime problem in this country. The more time that elapses between a crime and a trial the less chance there is of giving either the prisoner or the public full justice.

"And what's more, it's quick justice that these professional criminals dread; it gives them no time to fix things. I work very closely with the police department and follow as closely as I can behind them or the county sheriff.

"Judge," I asked, "what would you and the police do to a Chicago gangster who turned up in your town?"

"Well, the police would pick him up in a day or two, if he stuck his head into a hotel lobby or a public restaurant. They'd bring him over here to the 'Safety Building,' where all our machinery of justice is housed, and throw him into jail as a vagrant. Almost every town has a vagrancy law something like ours, only we make *ours* work. It is an act of vagrancy for an idle person to be unable to give a satisfactory account of himself.

"The police look up his past record. If he has never been convicted before, anywhere, of a misdemeanor or a crime, it's ninety days in the workhouse. But, and here's where we put the teeth in our vagrancy law, if he has ever before been convicted of any offense, we count *that* as a previous offense; his presence as a vagrant in Milwaukee is considered a *second* offense. And he goes off to the penitentiary for a maximum of three years. And that would happen just a few short hours after the police had dug up his record.

"Something like this did actually happen. Three Chicago gunmen, some years ago, held up a suburban bank at eight o'clock in the morning, the opening hour. By noon they were in Waupun penitentiary for twenty years. And that's why the boys do not come to Milwaukee."

Perhaps the reader will note that, up to now, we have been discussing the relations of outside criminals to the city of Milwaukee. What about the inside criminals—the boys born in the town? Well, there are forty-eight playgrounds in that city. They are open days and late into the evenings; winter and summer.

Where Citizens Rule

"Boys try the pool halls. Girls try the sidewalks," said an influential old wiseacre of the town, years ago. "Playgrounds beat 'em both." And there are plenty of playgrounds in Milwaukee, with money for more, and a quick public willingness to spend it for that purpose when need arises.

I've told about three men who are helping Milwaukee to keep safe and clean. There are others; scores and hundreds of them. Civic organizations are scattered all over the city. They have frequent meetings. When anything goes wrong it is not necessary to raise a great hue and cry. The city officials hear of the trouble quietly but immediately.

The mayor has an advisory board made up of fifty citizens; every one of these fifty represents some organization of citizens. The mayor doesn't appoint this advisory board, by a long shot. The aldermen do. And that's a check on the mayor.

The best I can make of Milwaukee's secret is that several hundred thousand people in that town are keeping their eyes on affairs and are ready and able to raise a city hall earthquake any time they're not satisfied. That town and its people raise this question: Wouldn't it be a joke if we as citizens all found out, in our various communities, that rackets, racketeers, gangsters, gunmen, murders and gang massacres were all our own fault?

It seems to pay the business men and the citizens of Milwaukee to live in such a town as theirs. Holdups on the streets are rare. Burglaries are infrequent.

A cold-blooded New York insurance expert, who holds no brief for Milwaukee, or any other city but his home town, took a pencil and a set of burglary insurance tables covering the entire country and worked out these facts for me:

There is a certain risk, of course, of burglary or theft in Milwaukee but these insurance tables show it to be *much* less there than in any other city. The Milwaukee citizen, in his home, whether it is a private residence or an apartment, is 86 per cent safer from burglary or theft than citizens of New Orleans, St. Paul or New York. He is 114 per cent safer, in this respect, than citizens of Atlanta or Los Angeles, and 125 per cent safer than those of St. Louis or Chicago. As compared with citizens of Detroit he is 168 per cent safer. His margin of safety from burglars and thieves over his fellow Americans in Kansas City is 257 per cent!

No Booze Grands

And this safety is of more importance to him than the highly important distinction of not having gunmen banging away in his streets and smearing the front pages of his newspapers with gory news.

What's more, Milwaukee is becoming safer. Since 1921 the insurance rate for burglary and theft in residences has increased 10 per cent in New York, New Orleans and Chicago. It has increased 26 per cent in Los Angeles and 32 per cent in Detroit.

But in hard-boiled Milwaukee, in these times of spreading gangdom, it hasn't gone up one cent from the old days. *In fact it has been reduced 25 per cent.*

One thing that may explain the hair-trigger readiness of the Milwaukee police and the Milwaukee county courts to handle crime is that there is no state law in Wisconsin against traffic in alcohol, the Severson law having been repealed by the voters. The city itself repealed its own ordinances based on the state law and the Volstead Act against the traffic in alcohol.

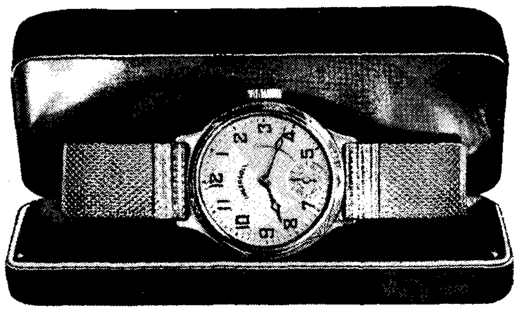
The Federal prohibition law, alone, remains.

In effect this means that if a police officer receives a complaint of liquor law violations he promptly passes the complaint over to the Federal prohibition policemen, and the police department, in a big book, keeps a close record of such complaints as have been thus disposed of. The duty of the Milwaukee policeman under this order ends there.

What the Federal officials do with the case is considered none of the police department's business, and such cases do not, therefore, jam the calendars of the local courts.

Because it is practically legal, so far as state and municipal laws are concerned, to make and sell booze, there is no beer or whisky ring in Milwaukee, with accompanying gunmen, highjackers and so forth. Liquor is so free and easy and its sources so many that the big profits have been taken out of it. There are no booze grands for thugs in Milwaukee.

FOR CHRISTMAS . . . SMART NEW



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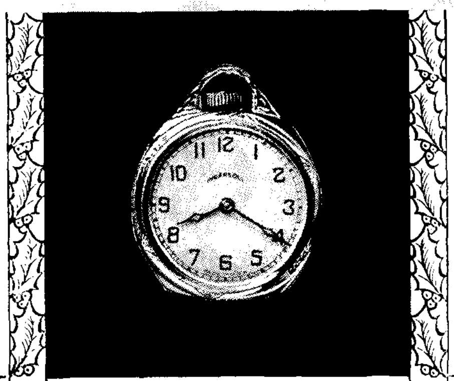
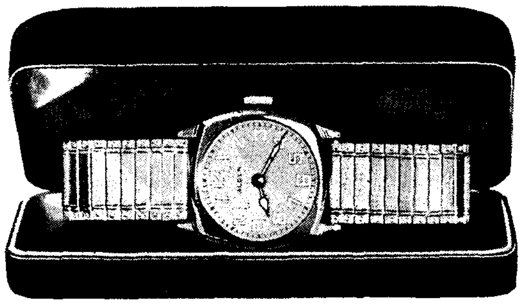
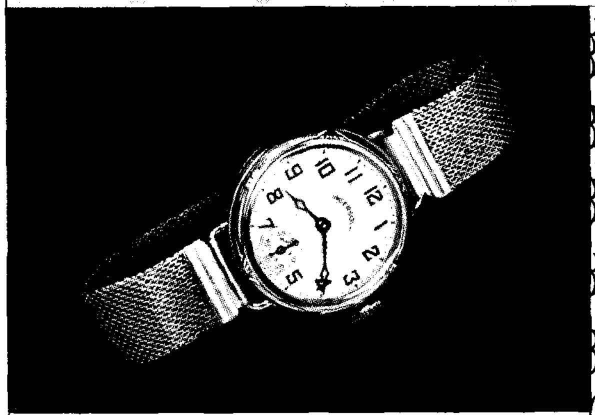


Pocket Mite, $5. A very small watch—for men or women. Chromium-plated case. *Radiolite, $5.50.*

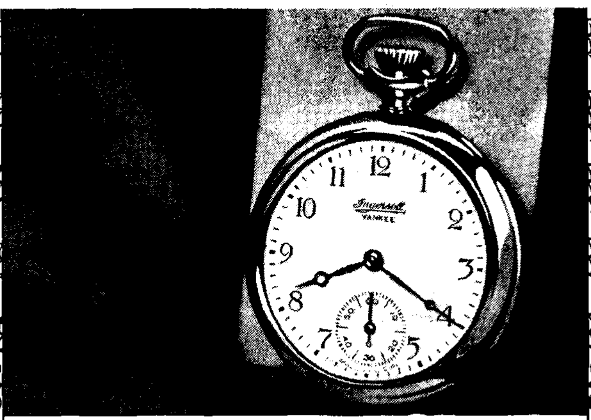


Alden Special, $13.50. A 7-jeweled wrist watch in a beautiful chromium-plated case and with non-tarnishable chromium-plated wrist band. Packed in a gift box of Texol and velvet.

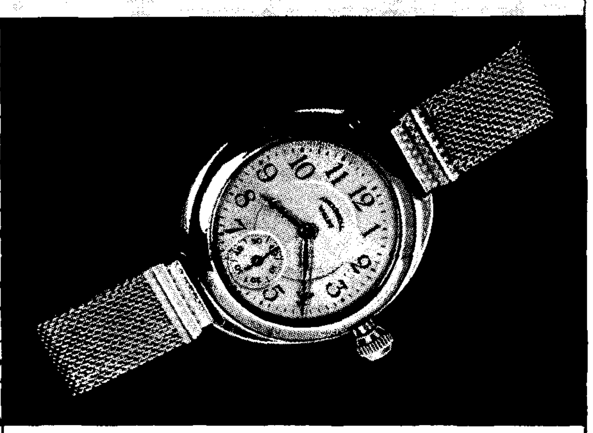
INGERSOLL WATCHES . . . $1 TO $13.50



Mite, $5. Most popular wrist watch in America. Small, smart, sturdy. Chromium-plated case of engraved design. Chromium-plated wrist band. *Radiolite, $5.50.*

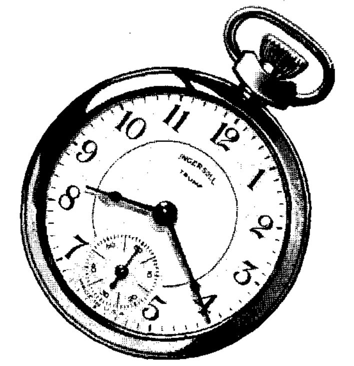


Yankee, $1.50. For appearance, for reliability, for value, the outstanding watch of all time...now smartly slenderized. A splendid gift! *Radiolite, $2.25.*

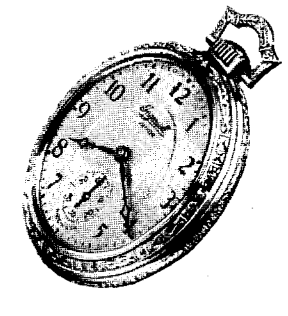


New Wrist, $3.50. New improvements on an old favorite! New metal dial, new chromium-plated back, new metal band. Exceptional watch value. *Radiolite, $4.*

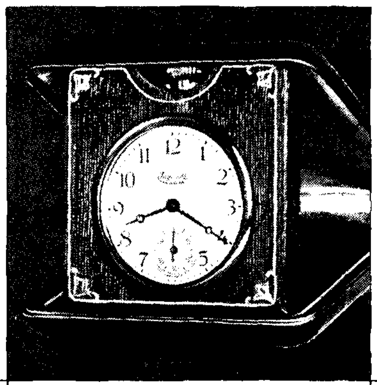
HANDSOME . . . STURDY . . . RELIABLE



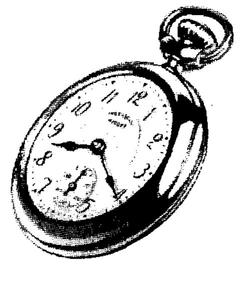
Trump, $1. The new Ingersoll Dollar Watch—"the watch that made the dollar famous".



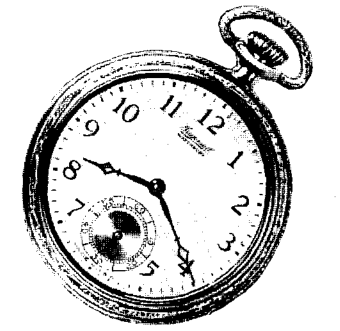
New Junior, $3.50. The 12-size Junior in a chromium-plated case of beautiful engraved design.



Traveler, $2.75. For desk or dressing table. Texol case in choice of 6 wanted colors. *Radiolite, $3.50.*



Midget, $3.25. Just the watch for a woman's handbag; also for girls and boys. *Radiolite, $3.75.*



All prices slightly higher in Canada

New Waterbury, $5. A splendid jeweled watch in a chromium-plated case. *Radiolite, $6.*

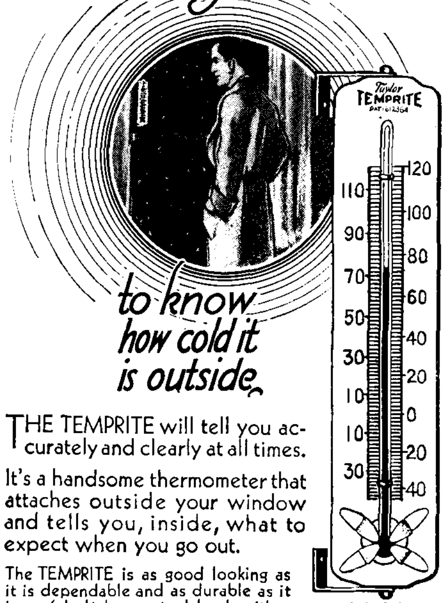
EASY TO GIVE . . . GREAT TO GET!

EVERYONE'S glad to get an Ingersoll Watch for Christmas. It may be a Mite for the wrist of a youthful hockey player. Perhaps a Midget for mother to carry in her handbag. Or again a Yankee for the youngster! . . . But as long as it's an Ingersoll, it will be a timepiece smart to look at, dependable to carry and inexpensive to buy.

See the new Ingersolls now. Particularly you'll like the new Mite . . . the smallest, smartest, sturdiest wrist watch ever priced at $5. It comes in a stainless chromium-plated case of handsome engraved design and is fitted with the latest style chromium-plated band. Its movement was designed with extra strong parts to prepare it for the hardy life a wrist watch must lead.

See also the new Junior in its chromium-plated case of engraved design; the diminutive Pocket Mite; the slenderized new Yankee. You'll find an Ingersoll just the gift for several names on your Christmas list. And Ingersolls are easy to buy . . . a convenient Ingersoll dealer in every neighborhood in the country!

THE INGERSOLL-WATERBURY CO.
INGERSOLL WATCHES AND CLOCKS WATERBURY CLOCKS AND ELECTRIC CLOCKS
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL



It's a big satisfaction to know how cold it is outside

THE TEMPRITE will tell you accurately and clearly at all times.

It's a handsome thermometer that attaches outside your window and tells you, inside, what to expect when you go out.

The TEMPRITE is as good looking as it is dependable and as durable as it is useful. It has a steel back with a vitreous white enamel face. The scale is large and easy to read and the tube, filled with cheerful red fluid, has a lens front to magnify the red column.

Altogether it's a friendly equipment for your home and the price is friendly too. You can get a TEMPRITE with brackets, screws and directions for attaching for only $1 from your dealer. If there is no dealer near you just pin a dollar bill to this advertisement, send it to us and by return mail a TEMPRITE will hustle out to you. You'll be glad you did.

TEMPRITE *makes a thoughtful item for a Christmas remembrance too.*

$1.00

IF you prefer a better thermometer for the same purpose here is the *Tycos* out-door thermometer. $3 from your dealer or direct from us.

$3

Taylor Instrument Companies
120 Ames Street, Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.
Canadian Plant, Tycos Building, Toronto
Manufacturing Distributors in Great Britain
Short & Mason, Ltd., London

Psyllium Seed

The first importation of the new 1930 French crop is now available. The seed is of unusual quality, black, lustrous, with a remarkably high oil content. Cleaned by a special process, all chaff, dirt and foreign substances have been removed, offering a perfect Psyllium Seed for medicinal use.

Try this amazing seed for the treatment of constipation. It is not a drug nor a medicine. It is a natural seed, combining in one treatment, the advantages of bran, agar and mineral oil. A five-pound tin will be sent postage prepaid, on receipt of two dollars and ninety-five cents to Seedol Laboratories, Dept. 18, 27 West 20th Street, New York City.

Corns

End Corn Pains instantly with Wizard Improved Corn Pads. Cushioned, but not bulky. Oh, so comfortable. Treated with mercurochrome (HW&D). *Safe.* 10c and 35c package. **FREE sample.** Write for it. Send your dealer's name and address.

TWO KINDS — for Soft Corns — for Hard Corns

Wizard Co. 1633 Locust. St Louis Mo

Wizard Corn Pads

$250 EUROPE

Price includes round trip ocean passage, transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, "E204"

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Victor J. Evans & Co., 631 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

The Ring

Continued from page 26

"That's a fine ring," I said. "It must be worth several thousand dollars. And it's a wise motto: 'Trust, but be careful whom.' But what's all this got to do with this business? Was it the dead man's ring?"

"It was on him."

"But what's the idea of saying you found it in the theater? Who do you expect is going to answer the ad?"

"Listen," O'Malley said. "What you don't know you won't be thinking about. If I told you who might answer the ad, maybe you wouldn't be so useful to me. All you got to do if someone calls you about the ring is say you found it under your seat in the theater; at first you was going to turn it in at the theater office, but then you saw it was valuable and decided to advertise it."

THE next morning the ad appeared in several newspapers. In the afternoon a voice called up and, an hour later, the speaker appeared at my apartment. He was a short man, heavy set and dark. He looked steadily at me.

"You got the ring?" he asked.

"I have. Can you describe it?"

"Sure. It says inside of it, 'Fid sed q vid.' "

"That's right," I confirmed.

I gave the ring to him and he took a roll of money from his pocket.

"I don't want anything," I told him.

"You're a square bird, but if you live to be a thousand years old you'll never have a nickel."

He went out and I went to the window to look down and watch. He got into a car across the street and drove away. So I called up O'Malley.

"Are you asleep?" I asked him. "Why weren't you on the job here? A man came and claimed the ring and I gave it to him and he's gone away."

"What are you trying to do now?" he asked—"be a detective?"

The next day he called me.

I met him and we drove to Brooklyn. It was a dismal street of once fine houses. There were men in citizens' clothes about, but anyone who didn't know they were cops would better go and live somewhere else. Four of them went up with us to the second floor and there they broke down a door. There were three men inside, and one of them was the man who had claimed the ring. They didn't fight because the cops had the drop on them.

"NOW maybe you'll tell me what all this means," I said to O'Malley, after they had departed in the wagon. "Of course you had the man who came for the ring followed, and he led you to the others."

"Sure. It was the way I guessed all along. The dead guy met these three guys and they saw his roll and got friendly with him and got him to go along with them."

"I don't mean that," I said. "I mean the ring."

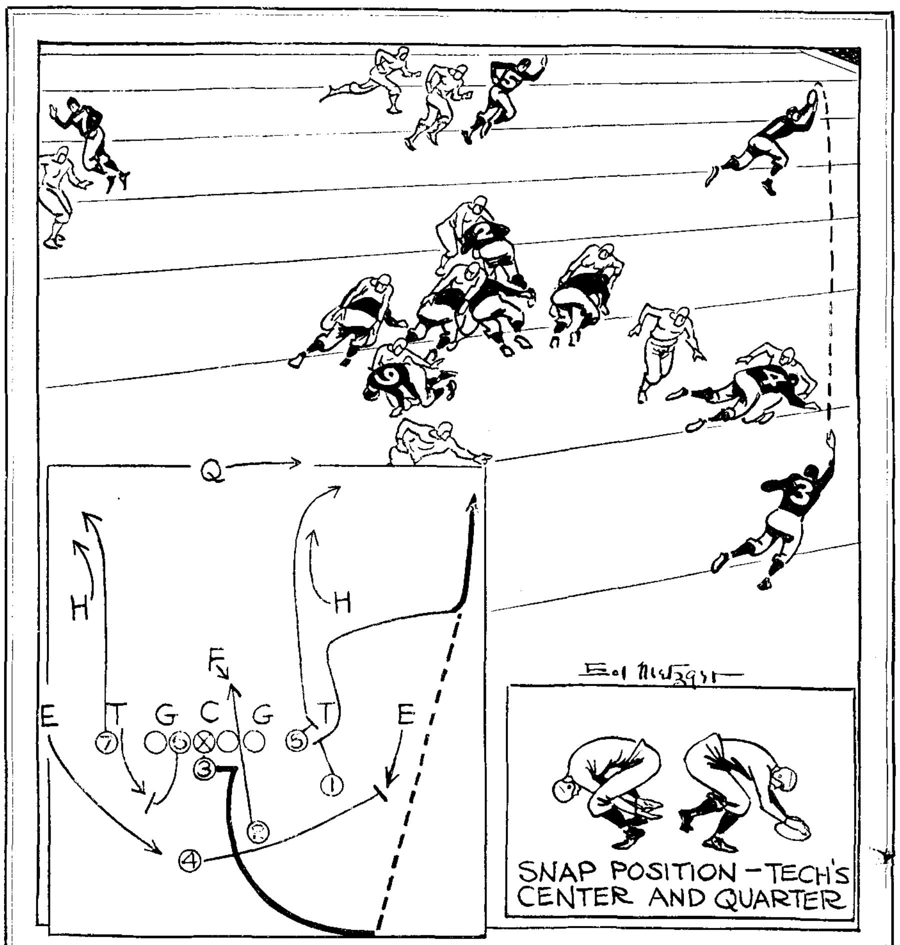
"Oh, the ring was under the dead guy's armpit. When one of 'em dragged him out of the car with his hands under the guy's arms, his ring come off and stayed there. The ring had been stolen a year ago in a jewel robbery. I figured it was worth enough so that, if he knew where he lost it, he'd have taken the chance of going back to look for it. So he didn't know where he'd lost it and, if they'd been to the picture theater and he saw the ad, he'd think he lost it there. I couldn't tell you that because when he come to see you he was looking for a plant. If things looked suspicious he'd say it wasn't the ring he'd lost; or it might be even that he'd bump you off."

"Much obliged," I said sarcastically, "for permitting me to take that risk."

"There wasn't no real risk," he said, "the way you'd do it."

"It was smart police work, O'Malley. You've the right to feel proud of it! And I'm pleased you realized that I would do it as it ought to be done."

"Sure," he answered. "The guy wouldn't suspect nothing as long as you looked dumb, and I figured you'd do that."



SNAP POSITION—TECH'S CENTER AND QUARTER

With his Back to the Enemy

By Sol Metzger

SAY, what's the matter with that guy?" screamed a spectator when Bill Alexander's Georgia Tech team began warming up for the lacing it gave California in the Rose Bowl two years ago. He referred to the odd stance of Tech's quarter, who was crouched with his back toward his center.

"Nothing," replied a fan. "Don't you see he's already spun." An apt description. Frequently today the quarter, upon receiving the ball, spins halfway around either to hand it to a passing runner or to fake doing so. Tech puts its quarter in the second position first.

It's effective. It lends itself admirably to strategy in those plays where this man, after faking disposal of the ball, carries it to the rear, pigskin hidden all the while from the foe.

Let us examine a Tech play. Let us select the forward pass it uses so effectively in conjunction with line bucks.

View the diagram above. It is Tech's ball. The quarter (3) receives it from center and until now has handed it to No. 2, who plunged ahead. Several times this buck gains. The enemy begins fearing it. The trap is laid.

Here it comes again. But this time the quarter fakes the pass to No. 2 and, as the latter plunges, No. 3 hotfoots it to the rear, veering toward the right side line, ball hidden. Leading him is a back (4), who blocks the charging defensive left end. Trailing is the left guard (6), who checks the rush of the opposing right tackle.

Now watch. Tech's left end (7) is off downfield and to his left—a decoy to lure a defensive back from the zone of attack, the one player to tip off the foe that a pass may be coming.

Tech's No. 1 back and No. 5 end have charged the defensive left tackle. What would you do if you were the defensive left half? Sprint forward to stop the threatened run?

That is just what coach Alexander figured this back would do. Then the play suddenly unfolds. Tech's Nos. 1 and 5 quickly untangle themselves from the defensive tackle after a three-second struggle with him. No. 1 races to the right, No. 5 straight down and then to the right, both into the zone deserted by the defensive left half.

What chance has he to turn and intercept the forward pass that Tech's quarter now hurls to No. 1? Snowballs and drought! It's a touchdown!

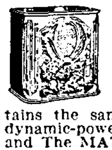
Bob Zuppke's flea-flicker play, an Illinois masterpiece that repeatedly astonishes the football world, will be discussed next week.

An Amazing *New* Radio Sensation—

Startlingly Low in Price

A most complete line of Radio Receivers by

CROSLEY

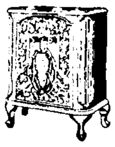


The BUDDY

An exquisite mantel, table or clock type self-contained receiving set, with power speaker, only 15⅜" high, 15⅛" wide and 9¼" deep, so small in size and light in weight that it is easily moved from place to place. Contains the same type receiving set and dynamic-power speaker, as The PAL and The MATE. Employs three Screen Grid tubes. Nothing ever equalled it at so low a price..........................

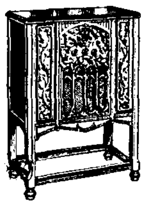
$64.50 With Tubes

The PAL



A marvelously beautiful cabinet, 25⅛" high, suitable for use as an end, bedside or occasional table. Contains the same receiving set and dynamic-power speaker as The MATE, and employs same number and type of tubes. The price is amazingly low for the quality and performance...........

$74.50 With Tubes

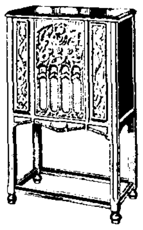


The MATE

A delightfully designed and executed cabinet that harmonizes with any surroundings in the home. It contains an entirely new receiving set and dynamic-power speaker. Employs three type -24 Screen Grid tubes, one type -45 and one type -80. The unusual value of The MATE at the exceptionally low price is self-evident..

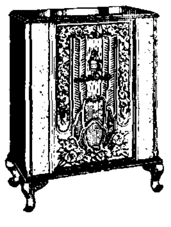
$79.50 With Tubes

The CLASSMATE



A marvelous cabinet exactly like the famous Crosley MATE except that it is five inches higher. Contains the same highly sensitive and selective receiving set as The MATE and, in addition, incorporates the latest type Crosley electro-dynamic moving coil power speaker. Amazingly low in price at only............

$85.50 With Tubes

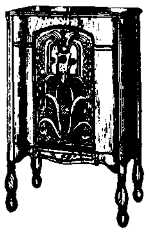


The DIRECTOR

A particularly beautiful cabinet containing a receiving set employing three Screen Grid tubes type -24, one type -27, two type -45, and one type -80. Positive automatic volume control, local-distance switch and latest type Crosley moving coil dynamic-power speaker are features of this set. Astonishingly low in price.......

$107.50 Less Tubes

The ADMINISTRATOR

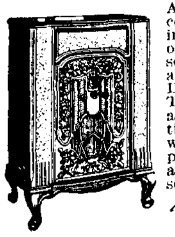


Here is a truly magnificent cabinet of thoroughly modern and special design housing the same type receiving set and latest type Crosley moving coil dynamic-power speaker as The DIRECTOR. Has positive automatic volume control and local-distance switch. Priced startlingly low at only................

$112.50 Less Tubes

The ARBITER

ELECTRIC PHONOGRAPH AND RADIO COMBINATION

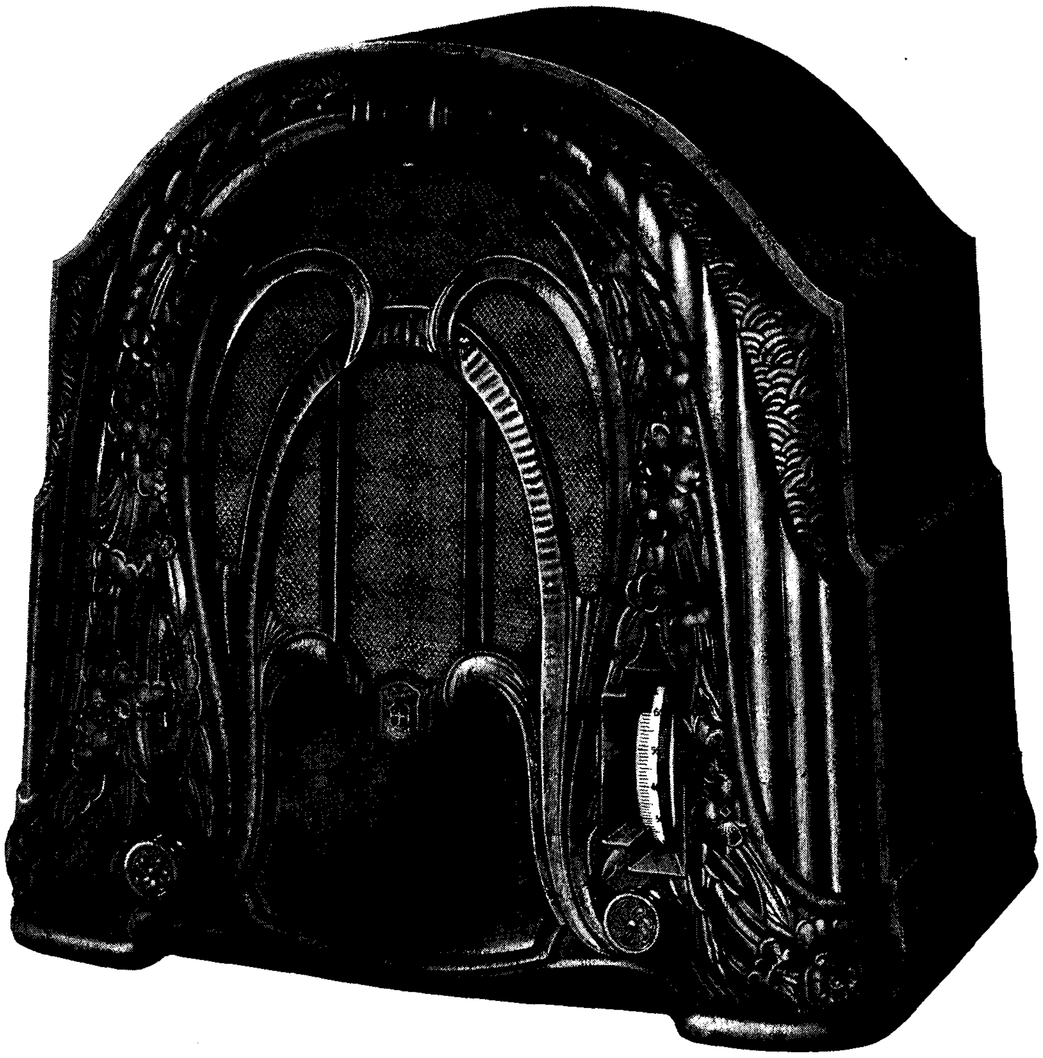


A truly versatile instrument that provides complete entertainment for any occasion in the modern home, complete in a cabinet of superlative beauty. The same super-selective and sensitive radio receiving set and dynamic-power speaker as in The DIRECTOR and The ADMINISTRATOR. A marvelous electric phonograph and radio combination for what you would ordinarily expect to pay for a radio receiving set alone...........

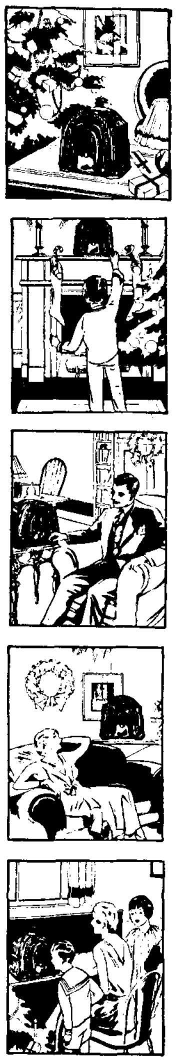
$137.50 Less Tubes

Available with induction type self-starting motor at $147.50

A Delightfully Beautiful and Ultra-Performing Self-Contained Mantel, Table or Clock type, A.C. Electric Radio Receiving Set having Three Screen Grid Tubes, Neutrodyne Circuit, -45 Power Output Stage and Dynamic-Power Speaker, all in a One-Piece Cabinet of Crosley Repwood "B," only 15½" high, 17" wide and 9½" deep



For EVERY Room in the Home!



The Crosley BUDDY BOY

Now comes this amazing new radio sensation—The Crosley BUDDY BOY—suitable for endless uses in the home—suitable for use in every room of any house—delivering ultra-performance on all not too far distant stations—incorporating all of the most recent Crosley radio developments—and sold *complete with tubes* at an astonishingly low price. The cabinet introduces new beauty in receivers of this type—and an entirely new method of construction—a one-piece cabinet without seams, joints, nails or screws. See this new radio marvel now—your nearest Crosley dealer will gladly demonstrate. There's nothing approaching it in the radio world today at anything like the low price of only..

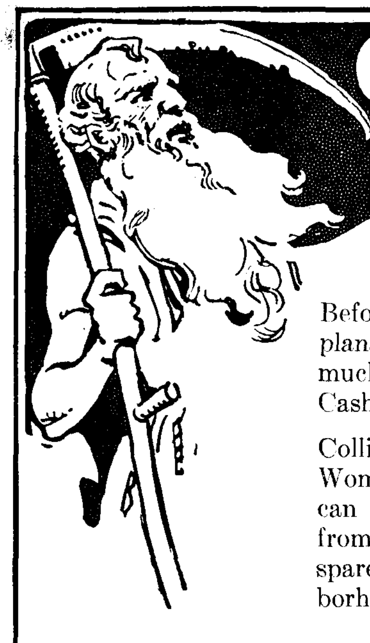
$59.50 Complete with Tubes

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION

Powel Crosley, Jr., *President* CINCINNATI Home of "*the Nation's Station*"—WLW

You're *THERE* with a Crosley

CROSLEY RADIO



One Minute Now!

Before old 1930 slips away, take stock of your plans for 1931 and resolve to turn just as much of your spare time as possible into Extra Cash.

Collier's and the other Crowell publications—Woman's Home Companion and The American Magazine—offer you a chance to earn from $25.00 to $40.00 a month extra in your spare time by acting as one of our local neighborhood representatives in your town.

You Can Easily Qualify—

for a position on our Subscription Staff—and this pleasant, profitable employment need not in any way interfere with your regular occupation. Right in your own neighborhood—in your own circle of friends and acquaintances there are hundreds of magazine readers whose new subscriptions or renewals you can easily secure.

Liberal spot-cash commissions, extra monthly bonuses and useful Membership gifts await you. Get the details of how many ambitious men and women are adding to their earnings. *Write today* for free working outfit and complete instructions. They will be sent promptly and without obligation. Perhaps by acting quickly you will be able to earn some money to help with your Christmas shopping.

Do You Want A Spare Time Income?

Hundreds of readers of COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell magazines have found that without interfering with their regular occupations, they can easily earn

$25 to $40 a Month Extra

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-121
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, N. Y. C.

I'm taking one minute to ask for details of your plan for earning extra money.

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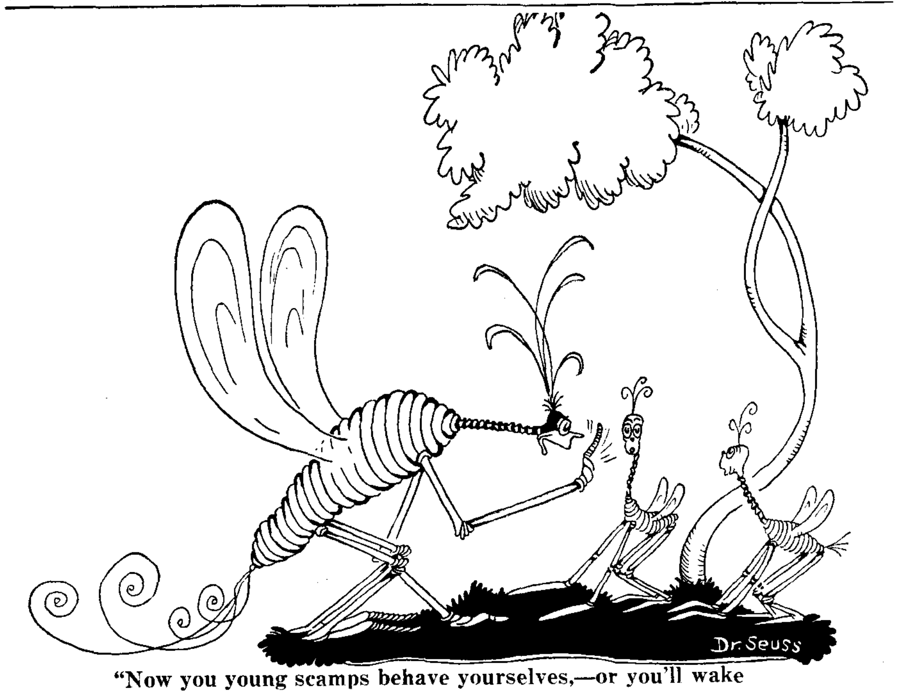
State..



"Now you young scamps behave yourselves,—or you'll wake up on Christmas and find your stockings full of Flit." (Advertisement)

Be your own Gem Expert

Continued from page 30

"I call this my Rogues' Gallery. Every gem in it is a clever forgery. Here, for example"—he laid a lovely locket of lapis lazuli on the table, an oval of the intense blue of a Persian night, studded with a graceful design in tiny pearls and diamonds. "I picked this up in Switzerland. A clever trick. It is nothing more than agate, which possesses, to a degree no other stone does, the property of being absorbent. Boiled in a strong solution of Prussian blue, it soaks up all the beauty of true lapis—until it fades in the sunlight."

Next he drew a diamond and emerald bracelet from the case, turned it over, scraped the back of one of the diamonds with his file, and showed me the minute scratch. "Diamonds, every one of which was originally flawed and lifeless. But at the back of each, with infinite art, a foil has been placed, giving it the sparkle of a fine diamond—just a drop of colored liquid compounded with Machiavellian cleverness."

The Sunlight-Card Test

He swept the whole fraudulent mass scornfully back into the case.

"My Rogues' Gallery will give you some idea of how easy it is for the dishonest dealer to impose on the public. Fraud is constantly practiced, and there are likewise cases when the buyer is cheated, not with any malicious intent on the part of the jeweler, but through the dealer's own ignorance of gems. The only safe rule is to buy from a reputable firm—and that is a rule which the small retail dealer must also observe.

"But in addition to dealing with a reputable firm I think it is most valuable, and certainly intensely interesting, for people to have some knowledge of gems themselves and of how to distinguish true stones from false.

"There are exquisite blue stones, much like a fine blue diamond, that are really the old, almost unmarketable brown zircons of Siam, which the clever natives have learned to treat with chemicals and intense heat until they turn a strange, unearthly blue. But as between the diamond and even the finest specimens of zircon, beautifully cut, one can learn to distinguish by the eye alone. A diamond has certain striations—a kind of graining, like wood. It splits readily along these lines of crystallization, which are called lines of cleavage. These lines of cleavage must be determined, under the microscope, before a diamond can be cut. But the zircon has no grain—no lines of cleavage. It is as grainless as a drop of water; has, indeed, a watery look; and though, looking it straight in the face (that is, looking down into the table or top surface), one may be deceived by its specious brilliancy, one has only to tilt it sidewise to find its fire extinguished and a vacant expression; whereas from whatever angle you examine a diamond it shoots forth showers of colored light.

"Then there is the matter of hardness. One can actually *see* the hardness of a diamond. Its edges take a sharper cut than do those of any other stone, all of which are softer than the diamond. These razor edges on the facets of a diamond make its hardness actually visible.

"Another simple test for the diamond is based on its great power to disperse light—to divide it up into the various colors of which white light is composed. Hold a white card a few inches back of a diamond in strong sunlight and you will see all the colors of the rainbow reflected on the card. All colorless stones, like the white sapphire, topaz, zircon and just plain glass (of which all imitations are made) will likewise show these spectra faintly, but in no case will the colors be so brilliant and the ruled lines of color so widely and clearly separated as in the diamond.

"The sunlight-card test will likewise distinguish between many other gems and their imitations. For example, the emerald. If you have a real emerald in your hand, double images (very close together in the emerald, though they are quite far apart in the zircon) will appear on the card—two distinct little spots of light from every single beam of light that enters the gem, and only single spots of light in the case of the imitation. In the same way a ruby may be at once distinguished from even the finest garnet or spinel ruby (both genuine stones, frequently used to substitute for the ruby) as the ruby yields double spots and the other two stones only single spots; and the glass imitations of the ruby may be similarly distinguished. In fact, any stone except the diamond, spinel and garnet may be distinguished from glass imitations by this test.

"A simple test for the hardness of gems is the file test. If nothing will scratch your stone but a diamond, it is, of course, a diamond. A well-hardened steel file has a hardness of about seven (the diamond, one of the hardest of all known substances, is rated at ten) and glass imitations (and all imitations except synthetic stones are of glass) have a hardness of between five and six. Hence a glass imitation will be easily scratched by a file but none of the *precious stones* (*diamond, ruby, emerald* and sapphire) can be scratched by a file, all being over seven in hardness; and many of the semi-precious stones cannot be attacked by a file. This, therefore, constitutes an excellent test for distinguishing imitations from real stones. But the novice should never rely upon *one* test. Always apply as many tests as are practicable in order to check your judgment.

Discovering the Doublet

"Another class of frauds is the 'doublet.' A doublet is a flat, shallow, precious or semi-precious stone, usually of poor quality and color, which has little marketable value but which is enormously increased in beauty (though not in value) by the simple device of gluing a bit of beautifully colored glass at the back. There are genuine emeralds so thin, so pitifully weak in color, so flawed that they have practically no value; but mount such a stone on an intensely green bit of glass, beautifully cut, and it acquires all the brilliance and wicked greenness of a fine emerald. If it is cleverly joined at the girdle (the widest part of the stone, which is usually concealed by the setting) this joining is not visible. To discover whether a stone is a doublet, run a file across the back and if it scratches you may be sure the stone is backed with glass. Another method is to soak the stone in water or oil, when the colored cement loses its color and the line of demarcation becomes clearly visible.

"Now we come to the synthetic or reconstructed stones of which we hear so much. Is there such a thing as a synthetic stone? If so, what is it? Is it any better than, or different from, paste imitations? How can one distinguish these stones from real stones?

"A number of years ago someone invented the process of making large stones out of small particles of gems—a process of crushing up small or inferior stones, melting these particles under intense heat as they dropped on a revolving carbon stick, and then cutting them just as the natural stones are cut. This method is fairly successful with the corundum gems (the ruby and sapphire) but has never worked commercially with the diamond or emerald. The corundum gems so made, being fine in color and having most of the properties of the natural stones, are highly deceptive.

Science Versus Nature

"The great difference lies in the way the two gems—natural and scientific—originate. Due to the way the scientific stone is formed—a round blob gradually increased in size by the addition of molten concentric layers of gem material—it consists of swirl after swirl, whereas the natural stone is in angular crystallizations. With a lens this difference in formation is easily seen. In the natural stone you will distinctly perceive sets of fine, straight parallel lines meeting at the angles of a hexagon, 120 or 60 degrees; and in the scientific stones no such so-called 'silk' appears. Another difference is the presence in the natural stone of tiny enclosures which are always angular, whereas in the scientific stone they are round and bubble-like. And lastly, the surface finish of the scientific stone is never equal to that of the natural. All this is known now and easy to detect, but in the beginning even the experts were occasionally fooled.

"Nothing trains the eye like the constant, direct comparison of the real stone with the imitation or true substitute, the fine stone with the inferior. Place your zircon beside your diamond, your tourmaline beside your emerald, your synthetic stone beside your natural gem, your doublet beside your complete stone, your transformed quartz beside your true topaz, study them closely in all lights, turn them this way and that, and you will soon begin to distinguish the true beauty of the fine stone from the spurious effects of the inferior gem. Thus little by little you will become an amateur gem expert."

Tasmanian Terror

Continued from page 21

"Oh," said Bill. "I've agreed to go ten rounds with anybody they pick."

"Well," I said, sarcastic, "you'll go one round with me, first, in the courts. I'm your manager."

Emily called him from somewhere.

"I can't argue now," he said. "Got to go inside."

"Wait a minute," I said, following him. "I'll be over in the morning to settle this thing. I'm stopping at the White Horse Inn tonight."

And I did. It was one of those old-fashioned dumps that would have been a Washington's headquarters but business was always good enough without plastering it with history. The place was built for acoustics. A guy on the main floor could hear another guy shaving on the roof.

I'm sleeping, when about 4 A. M. the telephone buzzes through the building and the night clerk rustles me up and down. It's Emily, the maid, telling me something terrible has happened at the Marsh place and I must hurry over.

I hurry in a cab that might well have been another of Washington's headquarters. The girl, Emily, is waiting at the main door of the Marsh place and she rushes me into a room as big as an armory. The butler is running serious risk of cracking his back bending over an old guy on the floor. Bill Hocks is standing by, flabbergasted, while Miss Gwendolyn Marsh is at a telephone in the corner calling up doctors.

This has happened: Bill is spending the night bodyguarding Cedric upstairs, Cedric being dead to the world and all surrounding suburbs. Bill hears a sound of somebody moving about downstairs. He descends in the dark, sees a figure teetering through the hall and slugs it on the jaw. It's old man Marsh and he's been out for twenty minutes when I arrive.

A doctor comes bustling along almost as soon as I've got all this and Mrs. Marsh sails in from somewhere to tackle Gwendolyn about the disturbance. They lift old man Marsh to a couch. The right side of his face is a beautiful blue.

"This is your finish," I said to Hocks, who's standing beside the maid, Emily. She'd brought water and whisky from a sideboard.

"Is he seriously hurt, Doctor?" booms Mrs. Marsh.

"Not seriously," says the doctor. "His jaw may be slightly fractured. It appears to have been struck with a blunt instrument."

"I only 'it 'im with me 'and," said Bill, showing the duke.

Mrs. Marsh tightened her jaws.

"Let's go, Bill," I said, in a whisper. "We've got five hundred of their dough and I'll attend to all arguments."

"Hocks will remain," said Mrs. Marsh. "Gwendolyn, have the butler show Hocks to a guest-room for the night."

Just then old man Marsh opened his eyes and sputtered.

"I warned the driver," he moaned, "about that grade crossing."

Mrs. Marsh towered over him.

"You richly deserved it, Arnold," she soothed him. "Entering your own house like a burglar at this hour."

THE party broke up. In the morning I went back to the Marsh place. Even Emily the maid smiled a greeting, and Mrs. Marsh came out like a friendly she-bear when Gwendolyn announced that I was there to talk business. Everybody was happy, except Cedric, who looked as if he was waiting to be hung on a laundry line, and his old man, who had enough bandages on his head to make a corset cover for the Statue of Liberty. The old bird, it seemed, was in a repentant mood. He had actually promised to help along his womenfolks' idea of a society boxing bout for charity.

"He's going to find a suitable opponent for Hocks," said Mrs. Marsh.

"Well," I said, "in view of what happened last night we'll make easy terms. One thousand for Bill Hocks provided it's just a sparring match and not a boxing contest. Also providing I'm the referee."

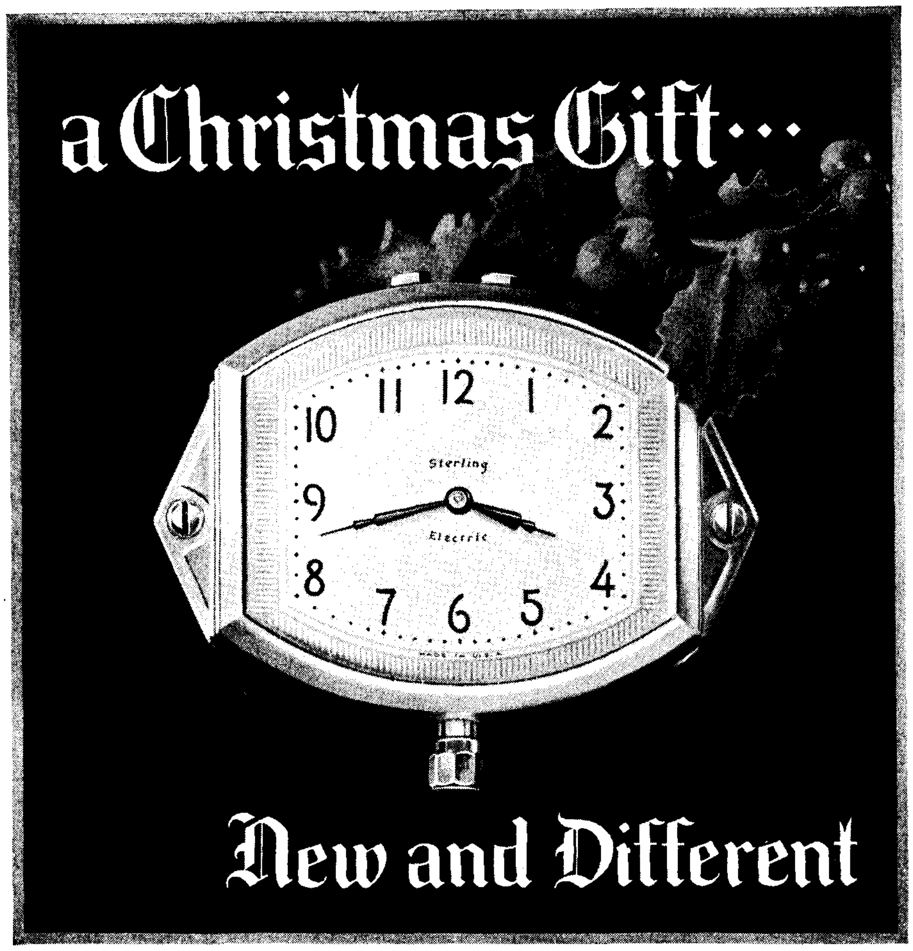
Gwendolyn looked surprised.

"You wouldn't think of demanding a thousand dollars for a charity bout, would you, Mr. Hocks?" she says.

"No," says Bill.

"Very well," said Gwendolyn, holding him with her eyes while she shot her words at me. "We'll make it five hundred for Mr. Hocks."

(*Continued on page 76*)



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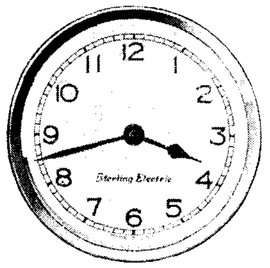

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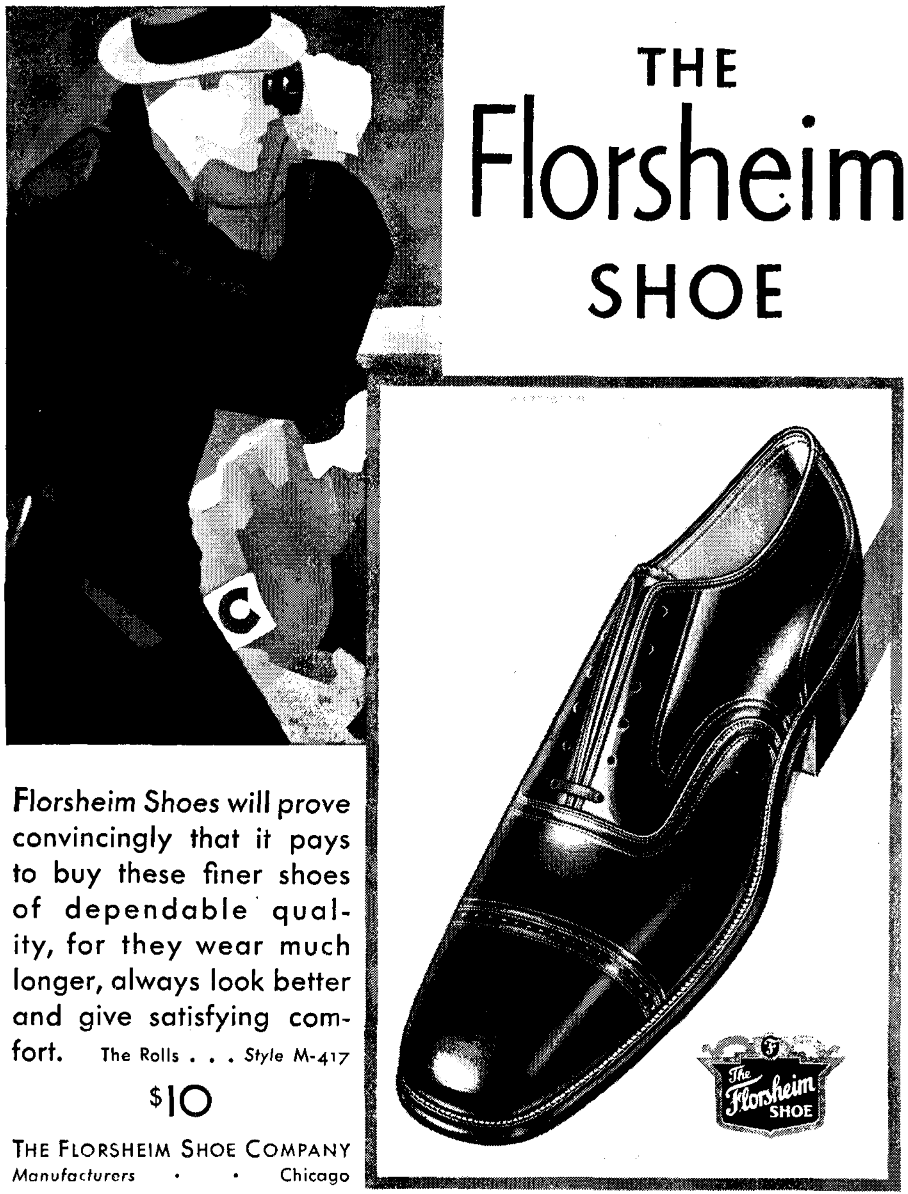
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ALL STAR – ALL ACTION – ALL AMERICA

(Continued from page 75)

"It's too much money," said Mrs. Marsh, a gleam in her eye like a she-bear about to have a paw amputated.

But that was it. Five hundred for a sparring contest and I'd be referee.

And what "suitable opponent" did old man Marsh find? Battling Bill Bryan—the trial horse who had never licked a champion and never been really licked by one. I set up a squawk; but old man Marsh was what you call adamant.

The papers ballyhooed that event plenty. All the snooty North Shore colony were in on it, and the way ringside tickets sold at auction those cats and dogs it was held for would be able to hire valets for the rest of their nine or ten lives.

I WENT out before the night of the bout, which was to be held on the grounds of a polo club, to pay off a pair of sparring partners I'd sent out to get Bill Hocks into some kind of shape. The boys were in Hocks' room over the garage lapping up highballs with Cedric.

"Two more jolly bodyguards," said Cedric when I glared in.

"Where's Hocks?" I asked.

"He's out with the girl," said Cow-Ear Jones, one of the pugs.

"What girl?"

"Gwendolyn is pacing him for his road work," said Cedric. "She always does." I left the garage and Emily, who seemed to be waiting for the chance, gave me the lowdown. Miss Gwendolyn Marsh was personally supervising Bill Hocks' training, since I was occupied in town.

"Seems to be very fond of 'im," said Emily, a good imitation of a scowl on her pretty face. "They'll be along in a minute. It's nearly 'is dinnertime."

Before we'd finished talking, Bill came pounding up a gravel roadway that wound for miles about the Marsh estate. Gwendolyn Marsh was on horseback, cantering to time his pace.

It struck me something was wrong with the world when this candy-box Diana and a knockout like Emily could have any use whatsoever for a ton of unused beef like Bill. I lit into him as he and Gwendolyn stopped.

"What do you think I sent those two tramps over here for?" I said. "To a sewing circle?"

Bill looked ashamed; his freckles kindled, and I could see that Emily's giggle scorched him.

"You've no right to scold Bill," piped Miss Gwendolyn from the horse.

I had to laugh. ("Ah," I flash to myself. "She calls him Bill now. Who knows when it'll be honey?")

"Bill's taken this match seriously," she said, "so I encouraged those other two boxers to keep Cedric company while Bill trained."

"I'm ready for the go," Hocks spoke up. "What more do you want?"

"That's right, Bill," said Gwendolyn, "come in to your dinner."

They went off.

"Does she eat with Bill?" I asked Emily.

"No," she pouted. "'E's eaten with me up to now. But not any more. If 'e wants 'er, 'e can 'ave 'er. After what 'e told me the first night 'e came 'ere."

"What did he tell you?" I asked.

"'E said 'e 'ad a 'ome in Tasmania waiting for a girl like me—when 'e becomes champion."

"Of course," I said, "that's a hell of a long wait. But he meant well."

"'E's a bloomin' fortune 'unter," said Emily.

Bill reappeared, and after saying six times she wasn't hungry, in went Emily to join him at dinner.

"Battling Bill Bryan," I said to myself, "should push this guy over easy."

But even the worst regulated families spring surprises. The Marsh method of staging a scrap and training a scrapper had some merit. That night at the polo club more than half of North Shore society was there in wraps, jewels and side-whiskers. The snootiest mob I'd ever seen. After the bout there was to be a supper dance at the Marshes' for the committee members, who, as usual with a charity, made a list as long as a Scotchman's thirst, and just as spendthrift.

Cedric parked himself between two cops in the corner to be occupied by Hocks, and had his sister and parents behind him in case of other accidents.

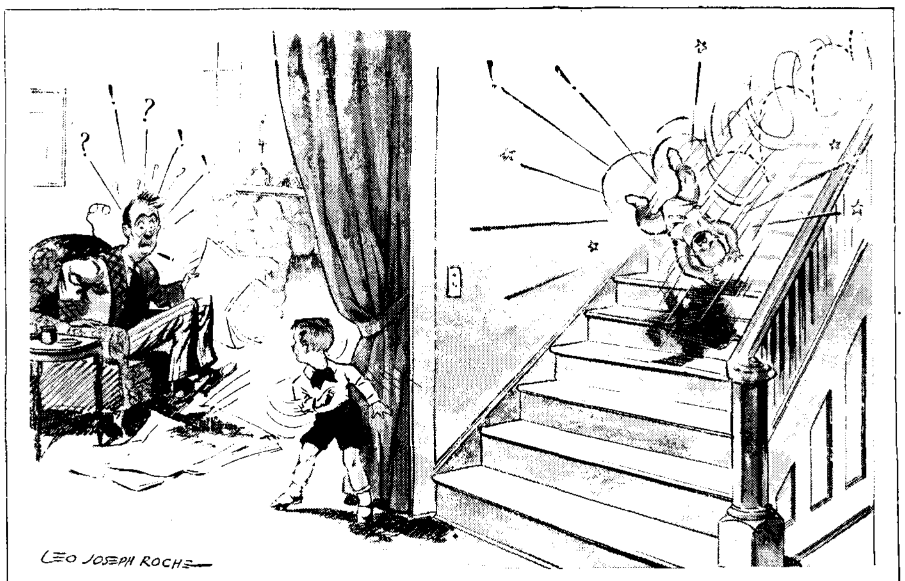
The main bout came and I hopped into the ring.

"Take it easy," I says to Battling Bryan, who had a chin like a blue tombstone and a neck that made him wear a belt for a collar. "Hocks don't know much. No murder!"

"Yeh?" says the Battler. "Don't call it a foul if I sneeze."

HOCKS squared off, hands stuck out like locomotive bumpers. He was a favorite with the mob, who went wild over his freckles. Bryan smacked him on the chin right away, then held his teeth while Hocks socked back. The crowd shrieked. The Battler grinned. He found Hocks could massage to his taste. He fooled around with the Tasmanian Terror for the rest of the round and let the crowd yip all it wanted.

In the second he clipped Hocks again, and my big boy staggered into a clinch. The Battler held him up, and as they waltzed by, said to me:



"Quick, Pop! . . . the movie camera!"

"Is your dance card filled, dearie?"

It was plain that Hocks was in line with what you call the tradition of British heavyweights. I kept six feet away to let him take a full-length fall. It didn't come. The Battler hooked him one that singed the hair on his neck. He staggered a bit, but didn't go down. I signaled for the end of the round. The Battler's second motioned me and offered me a wrist watch.

The third round found the social mugs raving. Bryan caught Hocks a savage haymaker to the temple and he fell. I counted six, slow—so slow that Bryan leered at me:

"I'll set the alarm clock for the next one," he said.

Hocks got up groggy and plunged into Bryan. He backed the Battler to the ropes, while the mob, sensing a real fight instead of a boxing exhibition, yelled in ecstasy. A wild swing got the Battler's eye and he fell against the ropes. Another dug into his stomach and he grunted. I called the round.

THE Battler came out for the next one grim and speechless. He smacked and wrestled Hocks all over the ring. Bill went down from one under the heart. I whispered to him to take ten. I might as well have whispered to Niagara Falls to take it easy. He jumped up and whaled away at Bryan.

The crowd roared for anybody's blood.

Bryan feinted to one side and gave Hocks a hammering on the kidneys. My big fellow took it gamely. His eyes were glass marbles and he breathed in stitches. I called the round. Hocks was done. But the crowd was fight-mad.

"Can't you help him?" Gwendolyn Marsh called to me. I held up my hand to warn her, and from right back of her came another voice—Emily's. " 'E's been fouled," she yelled.

People laughed and roared. They came out for the fifth round. Hocks rushed at Bryan. Bryan backed away. As Hocks floundered, Bryan measured a punch like an undertaker. Whang! straight to the button.

We carried Hocks to his corner—and then to a dressing-room.

"What did you get out of this?" I asked the Battler as we rode for the fussy supper at the Marshes'. Hocks had been taken along by Gwendolyn Marsh and Cedric.

"Old man Marsh promised me a thousand on the side if I gave this bird a lacing," said the Battler.

Well, the old boy had his revenge for the sock Hocks had given him. He enjoyed it that night at the supper, when the wine flowed—not too freely. Mrs. Marsh saw to that. Old man Marsh came over to where Hocks and the Battler and I sat at a side table with Cedric and seemed to gloat over Hocks' busted face. It wasn't nice.

And something else wasn't nice. About the time Hocks could pry his swollen lips loose to gnaw some food there was a disturbance in the front of the room. A launch had run up to a quay behind the house. We could see its front light as it rode on a rope. Its engine was going.

As the butler was busy, Emily the maid came through to Cedric and told him a gentleman wanted to see him. Wobbly with wine, Cedric forgot his caution and left us. He didn't come back. Three other guys did. They wore handkerchief masks and guns. One of 'em spoke while the others covered the mob.

"Make it snappy," he said. "Everybody's money and jewelry. Quick."

The women screamed and the men lined up. Gwendolyn Marsh slid near our table as a gunman stepped over, stopped her and covered Hocks and Bryan. The spokesman of the thugs started cleaning up rings, watches and necklaces and going through the gents' pockets.

"Can't you do something—you two fighters?" Miss Marsh cracked at us.

"Shut up, miss," barked the gunman nearest us.

I could see her pretty face harden in a sneer as the other thug stripped off jewelry and packed away wallets. Hocks and Bryan were helpless. One move and they'd be plugged. I wasn't feeling any too healthy—kicking myself for ever getting in on this racket from the start.

Then into the door comes the maid, Emily. She stopped, surprised.

"Mister Cedric's been hurt!" she cried.

The gunman guarding the door stepped back to her, and Miss Gwendolyn Marsh picked that spot to hiss in the faces of Bill Hocks and Battling Bryan:

"Cowards!"

The two bruisers stood with their hands up like paperhangers, taking it. They had to.

This gunman by the door grabs Emily's wrist.

"Git in there!" he growls and shoves her into the room. The girl recoiled and screamed. He walked up to her and slapped her across the mouth.

That ended it. I thought a chandelier had dropped, but it was Bill Hocks. In one leap he landed on the jaw of the gunman guarding us and sent him spinning, his gun rolling on the floor. The guy by the door shot and the bullet crashed through a picture. Hocks rushed at him while the ladies and gents ducked and sprawled. Whether the gunman was scared of hitting too many, or just surprised, I can't say. His pal raiding the party wheeled to plug Hocks, and somebody was bright enough to trip him. It turned out to be old man Marsh.

By that time Hocks was on top of the door guard. A pistol cracked. And so did Bill Hocks' fist. The gunman went down, and stayed down. When they picked him up they had to wait five days before they could identify him in the Rogues' Gallery.

Hocks got a bullet in his right shoulder. That was all. Of course the yeggs were from Jake the Gyp's mob, although nobody could ever prove that. They'd knocked Cedric senseless when he wouldn't produce and stepped out to break even on his guests.

A BUNCH of us—Gwendolyn Marsh, her mother and father and some of the guests, waited at the hospital where they rushed Bill Hocks. After a while an interne came out for me.

"This man wants something, he said.

Bill was on a short-size cot, groaning out of ether. His eyes flickered open and he muttered.

"Hurt much?" I asked the doc.

"Not badly," said the doc. "He's calling for some girl."

"I know," I said.

Outside I motioned Miss Marsh to go in. She and I stood at the cotside. Bill's eyes opened wide. He saw her and his freckles mixed in a grin. The girl smiled down at him. Then he frowned.

"Emily," he said. "Where's Emily?"

She was there as soon as we could bring her.

"Well," I said, after they'd necked a bit. "You lost one scrap and won another."

"Get me some fights," Bill murmured.

"Well," I began, and caught myself as the gal's toe bit into my shin. "Oh, sure," I changed it. "We'll match you with Carnera or Schmeling next. How about it?"

"Okay," said Bill. "I'm no boxer, but I got a good pair of dukes."

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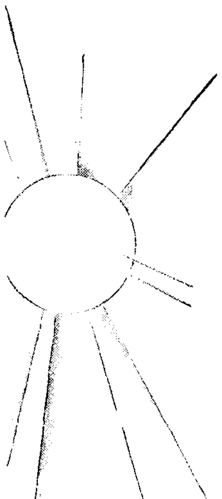

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Before the Deluge

REPEAL of the Eighteenth Amendment is inevitable. The only remaining uncertainty is the time. Now that the tide has turned, the time will be short enough if we are to escape more experiments, noble in purpose, but corrupt and calamitous in operation.

The anti-repeal forces still have effective majorities in both houses of Congress but opinion runs against them. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin are wet territory now, ready to vote the Eighteenth Amendment out of the Constitution at any time.

Sentiment in other states is shifting. The trend is toward a drastic repeal. No one need delude himself concerning the impossibility of constitutional changes. Amendment is impossible only when the voters are apathetic. No one is apathetic about prohibition.

The informed conscience of a large part of the American people is definitely opposed to a continuance of Federal prohibition.

There is moral fervor in the demand for repeal.

The important opposition to prohibition comes from men and women who want to protect their country from the corruption and violence of gangsters. They believe that a secret unlawful liquor traffic is far worse than an openly recognized and legally controlled trade. An aroused conscience is an invincible force in government. Make no mistake. The Eighteenth Amendment is on the way out.

Reasonable men and women, whether wet or dry in their sympathies, have an opportunity now which may never return. It is possible now coolly and deliberately to plan a desirable alternative to Federal prohibition. If this is not done, we are destined to face some disagreeable days.

When prohibition is repealed the vast army of bootleggers, gangsters and gunmen who have built up the outlaw industry will be difficult enough to demobilize. Hundreds of thousands of men and women are employed in this criminal business. Unless we make plans to take care of the situation this criminal army will be vastly more troublesome after repeal than it is now. The police have work ahead.

More urgent even than the appalling prospect of a demobilized army of criminals and bootleggers is the problem of how best to control the liquor traffic once the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed.

Nobody who cares about the public welfare wants to see the saloon returned. The saloon was destroyed and it deserved destruction. It was evil.

What then? Other countries have experimented in the control of liquor traffic. No perfect system has been invented but many systems far better than our bootleg traffic have been evolved.

Quebec has adopted a system which possibly we may find best adapted to American conditions. In Quebec the sale of "hard" liquor is a government monopoly. Government stores distribute whisky and other liquors of high alcoholic content.

Beers and wines are sold in taverns and drinking of light liquors is allowed on the premises. The Quebec system is more liberal than the Ontario plan. It might work successfully in many American states.

The vital point is that as soon as possible the opponents of the Eighteenth Amendment should work out practicable American alternatives to bootlegging. Congress, through the Wickersham commission or through a joint committee of the House and Senate, should undertake this without delay.

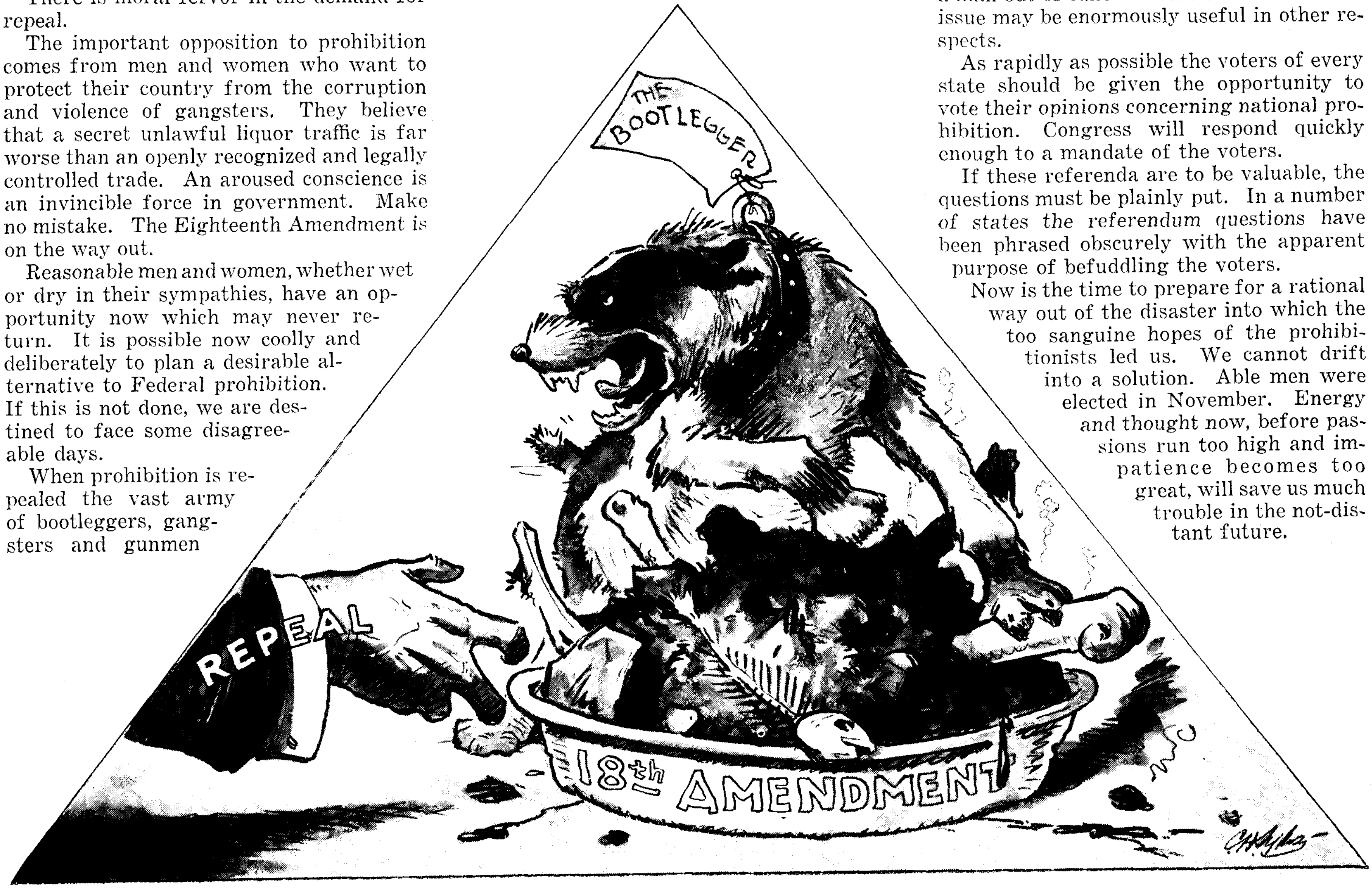
Prohibition cannot be taken out of politics for the simple reason that the decision must be made by the voters. If we are wise we can, however, limit the confusion which so far has been brought about by this issue.

The easiest way to clarify the political situation is to vote on repeal as a separate issue and not to tie the question into the candidacies of senators and representatives. After all, Congress has other business and a man out of tune with his state on this one issue may be enormously useful in other respects.

As rapidly as possible the voters of every state should be given the opportunity to vote their opinions concerning national prohibition. Congress will respond quickly enough to a mandate of the voters.

If these referenda are to be valuable, the questions must be plainly put. In a number of states the referendum questions have been phrased obscurely with the apparent purpose of befuddling the voters.

Now is the time to prepare for a rational way out of the disaster into which the too sanguine hopes of the prohibitionists led us. We cannot drift into a solution. Able men were elected in November. Energy and thought now, before passions run too high and impatience becomes too great, will save us much trouble in the not-distant future.



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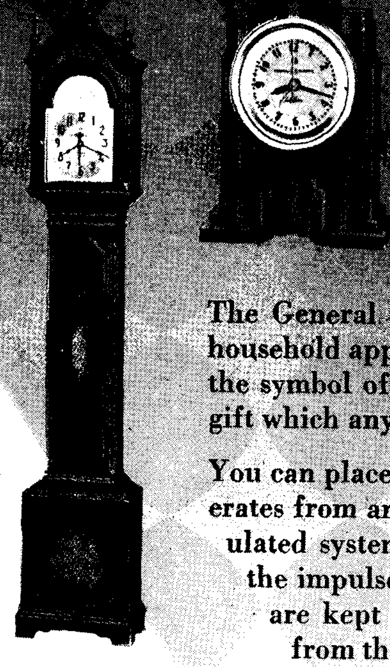
SIGNALS



[illegible]mas [illegible] joy-time [illegible] time. And what time [illegible] more appropriate for giving a General Electric Clock to friend or family?

The General Electric Clock is the latest convenient household appliance to bear the famous G-E Monogram, the symbol of electrical quality and dependability. It's a gift which anyone will be proud to receive.

You can place a General Electric Clock anywhere, for it operates from an ordinary electrical A.C. outlet on any time-regulated system. It maintains correct time from then on because the impulses of alternating current from your local power station are kept constant by comparison with the Radio Time Signals from the U. S. Naval Observatory.

In every General Electric Clock is one of the marvelous little Clock motors... Telechron... which began to revolutionize time-keeping over ten years ago, and now at its highest point of development General Electric places it at your service in the General Electric Clock.

A General Electric Clock has no springs to wind, no escapement to oil or repair, no pendulum to require a level clock base. Just send us the coupon... and we'll gladly tell you all about the various models.

A Variety of Models

Some with chimes—a choice for any room in the house—tiny bedside time-pieces with softly lighted faces to stately grandfather clocks.
$9.75 to $375

Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday evening over a nation-wide N. B. C. network.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
CLOCK

Merchandise Department • General Electric Company • Bridgeport, Connecticut

Section T-2812, Merchandise Dept.,
General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.
Please send me the booklet, "Time-O' Day by General Electric" that tells about General Electric Clocks.

Name..

Address..

The Gift that keeps on Giving

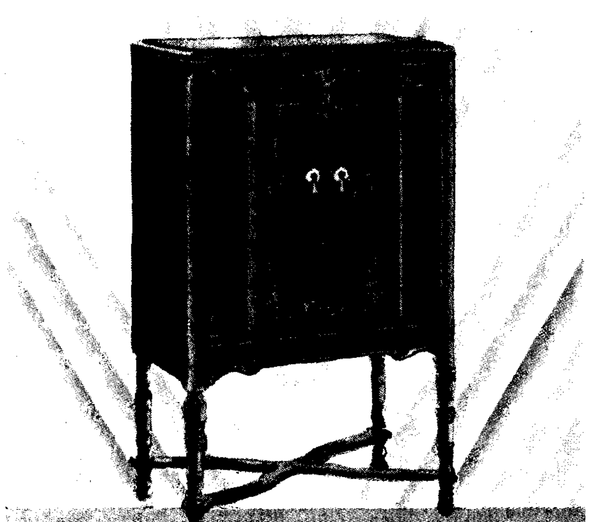
VICTOR RADIO ELECTROLA RE-57

Combines Victor Micro-Synchronous, Screen-Grid, Five-Circuit Radio, the New Victor Electrola, and Victor Home Recording in one cabinet. Makes and plays records electrically in your own home—of your own voice or selections from radio. List price $285, less Radiotrons.

The NEW Victor Radio

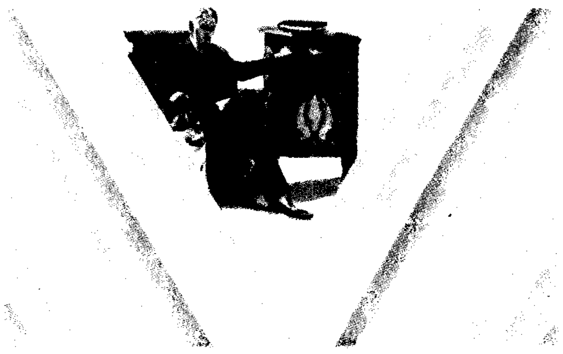
For those you love...a joyous, generous gift...more lasting happiness than ever possible before...the NEW VICTOR RADIO reveals an added measure of radio enjoyment...of *new* musical beauty.

The great NEW VICTOR RADIO ELECTROLA not only gives you *all* that radio can give, but also brings you unrivalled joy from the New VICTOR RECORDS...VICTOR TONE, and the music you want *when* you want it... And that is not all! This instrument creates the new sport of easily making your own records... living, speaking "vocal snapshots" of yourself, your children, your friends!



NEW VICTOR RADIO R-39

Identical in equipment and performance with R-35 ... In distinctive de luxe classical Italian cabinet of alluring beauty; 43⅝" high, 27" wide and 16⅞" deep. List price $185, less Radiotrons.



The compelling beauty of the new Victor cabinets is such that they have been called *"a totally new conception of radio designing."*

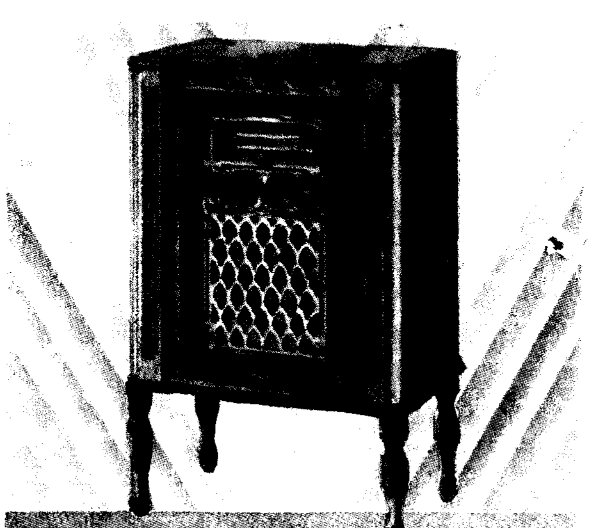
Why wait another day. *You* can easily afford the exquisite Victor model of your choice TODAY! Never before have such sensationally low prices been possible with supreme Victor quality and craftsmanship.

Only Victor's 30 years of musical leadership could bring you so much . . . at *any* price. The Victor name is your guarantee of dependability. By all means see and hear the NEW VICTOR RADIO.

The New
Victor Radio
HOME RECORDING
Electrola

Copyright 1930, RCA Victor Co., Inc.

1 *First five-circuit, micro-synchronous, screen-grid radio.*
2 *Home Recording*—Victor's latest development!
3 *Victor Acoustic Tone Control*—created by Victor.
4 *Victor Tone*—More beautiful than ever!
5 *New Beauty of Appearance*—most striking cabinets Victor ever designed.
6 *The New Improved Electrola*—plays Victor Records with startling new beauty.
7 *Micro-Synchronous Tuning*...is precision tuning. Slide indicator to the station number, there's your station.
8 *New Sensitivity*—Bringing you the station you want—*when* you want it.
9 *New Selectivity*—sharply separates the station you want from all others!



NEW VICTOR RADIO R-35

The great new micro-synchronous, screen-grid, 5-circuit radio . . . New sensitivity, selectivity and power . . . Matchless Victor Tone. Walnut finished cabinet. Victor quality throughout. List price $152.50, less Radiotrons.